

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 820

AUGUST 15, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

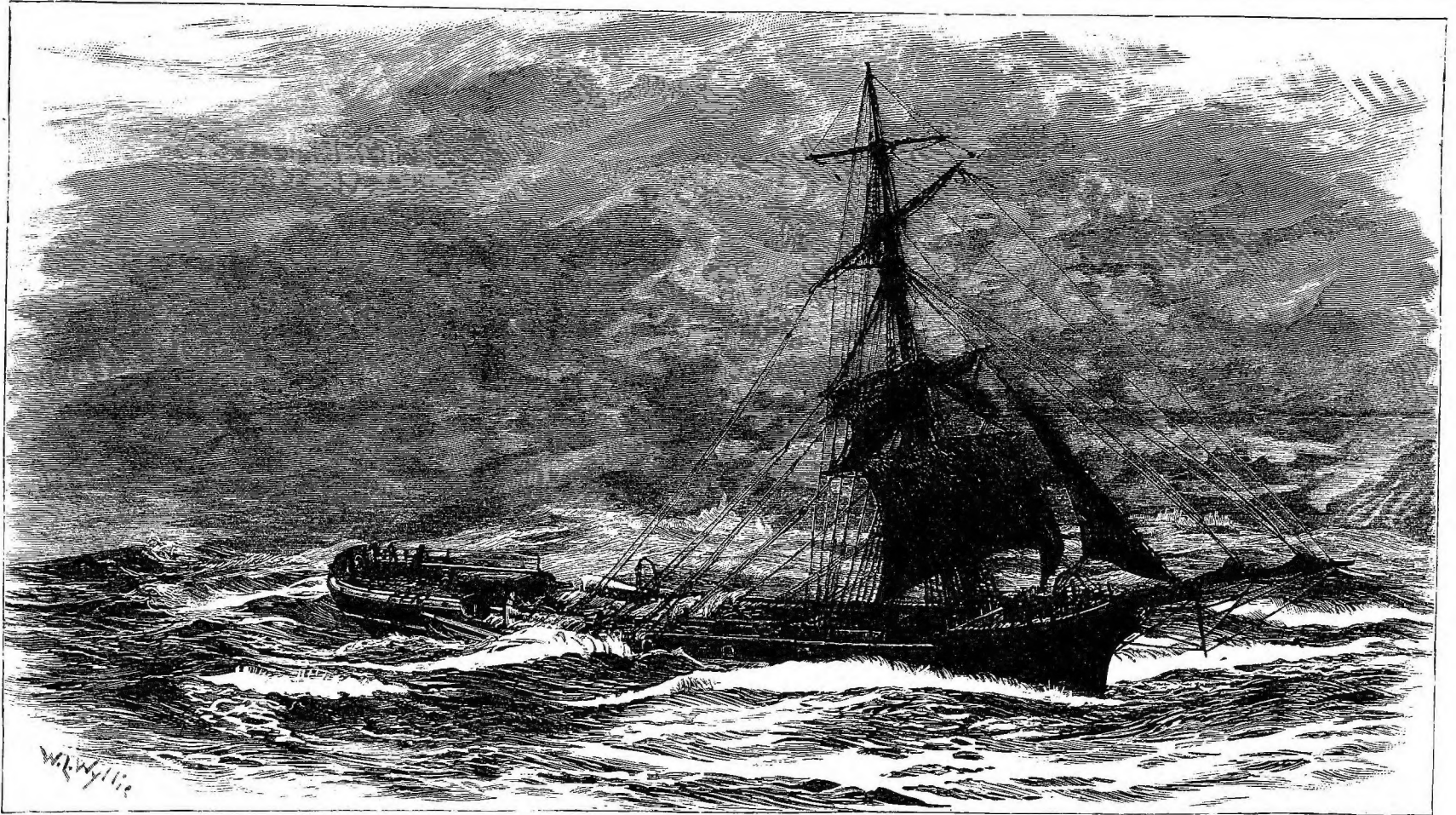
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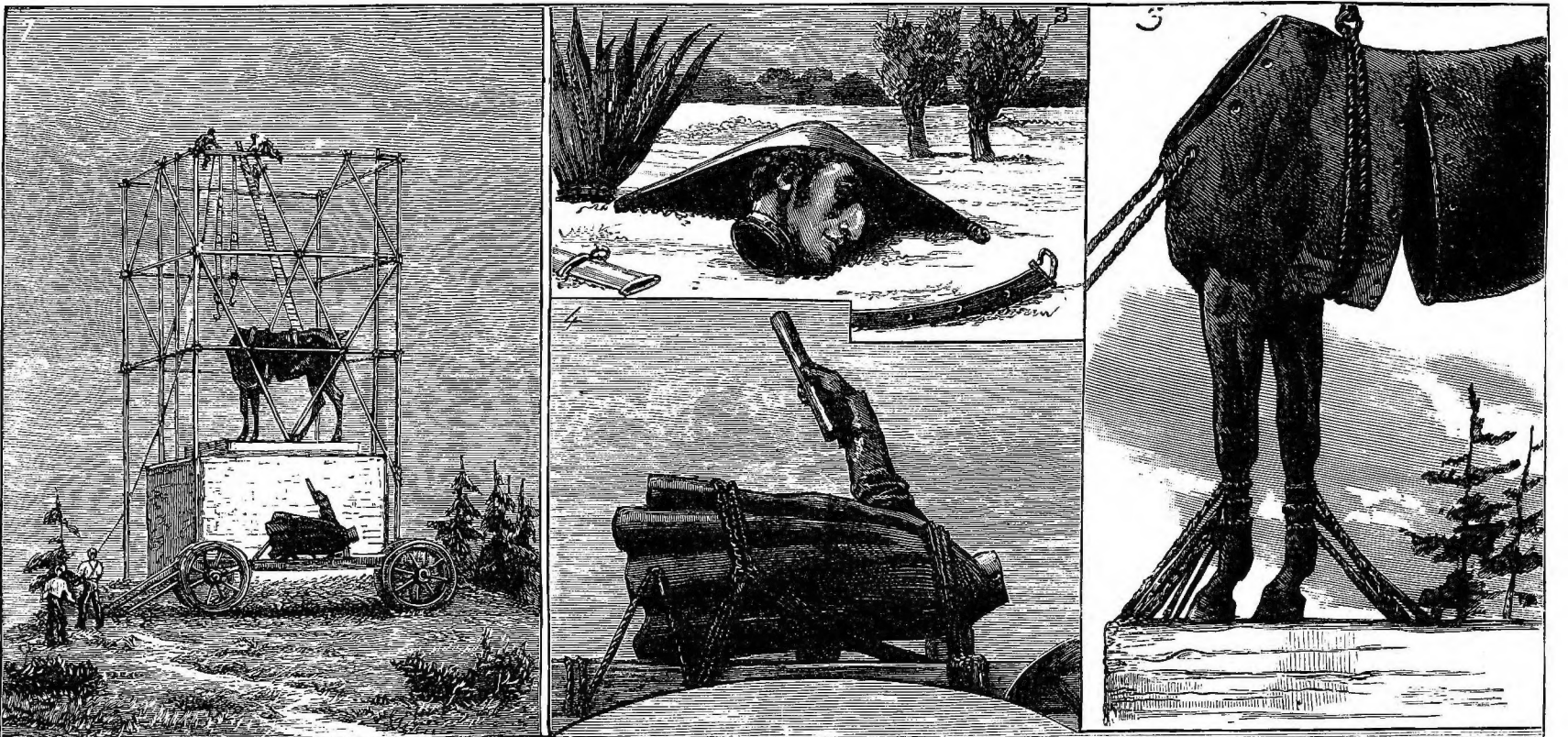
No. 820.—VOL. XXXII.
Registered as a Newspaper] ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



A STORY OF THE SEA—THE BRITISH SHIP "NORTHBROOK" THE DAY AFTER A GALE, MARCH 4, 1885, NEAR CAPE HORN
(THIS VESSEL WAS NAVIGATED NEARLY 9,000 MILES UNDER THE ONE MAST AND A SMALL JURY STUMP AFT)



1. From the Farnborough Road.
2. The Cocked Hat and Feathers.
3. A Closer Inspection of His Grace's Horse.
4. His Grace's Body Tied and Bound.
5. The Statue Completed—General View.

THE ERECTION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S STATUE AT ALDERSHOT

Topics of the Week

MODERATION IN POLITICS.—The present generation has seen nothing more remarkable in politics than the change which passed over the temper of Parliament immediately after the accession of Lord Salisbury to office. It seemed suddenly to occur to the Members of both Houses that their proper work is to transact the business of the country, and the good resolutions to which they were led by this happy thought have been maintained to the end. Measure after measure has been discussed without any unnecessary loss of time, and the result is that a larger amount of solid work has been done during the last few weeks than in any similar period for many years. In the coming political agitation the Conservatives will, of course, make the most of this fact, but it would be unfair to attribute it to them alone. If the Liberals had tried, it would have been easy for them to render legislation impossible. They recognised, however, that the Tory Government was placed in a peculiar and very difficult position, and they have considered all its proposals in as fair and reasonable a spirit as if their own leaders had been in power. It is perhaps, too much to hope that this moderate tone will prevail in the innumerable speeches which will soon be addressed to the new constituencies, but there appears to be no good reason why it should be abandoned. Great issues will be raised, but they will be raised in all sincerity, and it is hard to see why the politicians of either side should not start by assuming that their opponents, although mistaken, are dominated by honest motives. Political discussion conducted in this way might seem tame to zealous partisans; but it would have the advantage of being infinitely more interesting than violent declamation can ever be to the vast majority of educated men and women.

DEPRESSION OF TRADE INQUIRY.—Royal Commissions are probably of more practical use indirectly than directly. Since the Commissioners themselves, as well as the experts who are called before them as witnesses, are usually already well acquainted with the subject of inquiry, and as the "Blue Books" in which their collective wisdom is entombed are little read by the general public, it might be supposed that a great deal of time, money, and brain-work had been expended without any adequate result. But it should not be forgotten that these same "Blue Books" are mines of wealth to the journalist, the facts and inferences therein contained are condensed and reproduced in a popular form in newspapers and magazines, and thus, if there is any interest to be got out of the topic at all, the many-headed public are gradually induced to feel that interest. The alleged depression in trade, however, stands on a different footing. People cannot help being keenly interested in the subject. But at the same time they feel that it is a big subject, concerning which no one person can be really well informed, and therefore they will welcome the statements of a conference of experts summoned together by a Royal Commission. Such being the case, it seems a pity that the members of the Opposition who were solicited to sit on the Commission did not cheerfully accept the invitation, instead of sulkily standing aloof. Their excuse is that they would be swamped by the number of Protectionists and Fair Traders already nominated. But if they had been patriots, instead of narrow-minded partisans, they would have joined the Commission for this very reason, so that it might represent all shades of opinion. Nor would they be bound to concur in the Report of the other Commissioners. They might have issued a separate Report of their own, and left the public to judge between them. And as for any fear of unfairness, the chairmanship of Lord Iddesleigh, himself an avowed Free Trader, and a most honourable man, is a guarantee against such a contingency. These excuses, however, do not constitute the real reasons of the Opposition for their abstention. They cannot feel sure that the newly enfranchised voters are ardent Free Traders, and therefore they may imagine that the existence of the Commission may cause Lord Salisbury and his friends to be regarded with favourable eyes. But the abstention may be also due to pure "cussedness." Having squandered the unrivalled heritage of political power which they obtained five years ago, they are possibly annoyed with themselves and everybody else.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The "gift of the gab" is very often a possession most fatal to its owner. Too often has Mr. Gladstone *père* found his tongue run away with him, while Mr. Gladstone *fils* has more than once experienced the same sensation. No doubt, then, Sir Frederick Milner thought that he had his opponent "on the hip," when he published the formidable array of correspondence in which the leaders of the Government, and Mr. Parnell himself, so flatly denied the truth of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's statement as to a "treaty" existing between themselves and the Home Rulers. This time, however, Mr. Gladstone, junior, ate no humble pie. He did indeed withdraw the word "treaty," but, after a fashion become of late years only too familiar in the House of Commons, he substituted for it the word "understanding," and justified his use of it in a way that must have been very galling to the Tories and their champion. True it was that Lord Salisbury had

not met Mr. Parnell in solemn conclave, and drawn up an agreement in black and white. But it was equally true, in Mr. Herbert Gladstone's opinion, that the same results had been attained as if the said agreement had been really in existence. Had not the Government refused to renew the Crimes Act? Had they not reopened the Maamtrasna inquiry, and discredited Lord Spencer? Were they not occupied in passing an Irish Land Purchase and an Irish Labourers' Bill, and did this conduct correspond with their opinions when in Opposition? On the other hand, why was it that Obstruction had become an obsolete custom in the House of Commons, that questions had diminished from "fifties" to "tens," that business which formerly took a week now came to a speedy conclusion in one evening? Surely this was due to the honourable fulfilment of something which, if not a "treaty," was at any rate an "understanding." On this occasion then, Mr. Herbert Gladstone's remarks, though somewhat over-strong in expression, seem substantially justifiable.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS.—The references made by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings to the Dautsey Trust have at least had the merit of attracting renewed attention to the whole subject of secondary education. Our great public schools were never more efficient than they are now, and our system of primary education will compare favourably with that of any other country. But we have few really good secondary schools of the kind which ought to be accessible to the children of people of moderate means. Any one may start what is called a middle-class school, and the task is still often undertaken by persons who have no adequate idea of the conditions of true success in their chosen calling. This state of things is often spoken of as if it affected only the middle classes, but in reality it is injurious to the country as a whole. In every primary school there are children who, if they had a chance, would be able to profit by higher instruction; but they have no opportunity of developing their talents, and so the nation derives little advantage from their exceptional gifts. An ideal educational system would be one in which it would be possible even for the poorest of clever and industrious pupils to pass, by means of scholarships, from the elementary school to a school of a more advanced grade, and from the secondary school to the University. Perhaps the Democracy may attempt to establish some such system as this, but it would be infinitely better if it could be done by private effort. The State might, however, safely intervene so far as to determine that schools shall be formed only by persons who have given evidence that they are fit for their work. We do not allow any one to recover fees as a doctor unless he has a medical degree. Why should we be less careful about the qualities of a teacher than about the qualities of a medical practitioner?

BLUE v. GREY.—General Grant, though an excellent soldier, could scarcely be styled a great general according to European standards. His chief opponent, Lee, was certainly his superior in strategy; but then Grant had the advantage of the "big battalions," and so, though at the cost of terrible losses to his own force, he won the series of battles which practically ended the struggle between North and South. Both as a soldier and as a man Grant won the respect of his adversaries during the war; his behaviour towards them was manly and straightforward; nor was he guilty of the acts of inhumanity which were charged against some other Federal leaders. Twenty years have now elapsed since the war was over; the youngest survivors of the fray are middle-aged; the Southern States lie no longer crushed under the heel of the "carpet-bagger," but have recovered their local independence; the revival of agricultural and other industries has healed the terrible wounds caused by that protracted conflict; the manumission of the negroes has been fairly successful; in short, the South accepts her defeat, and is content to remain under the banner of the Stars and Stripes. The presence of ex-Confederate statesmen, officers, and soldiers at the funeral of General Grant was one of the most noteworthy features of a remarkable public spectacle. Too much significance, however, must not be attached to the fact. As observed above, this friendly Southern invasion was greatly due to the personal respect entertained for Grant himself. There are or have been Northern generals to attend whose obsequies no ex-Confederates would willingly cross Mason and Dixon's line. Still, after making these deductions, the incidents of last Saturday will certainly increase the friendship between North and South. Materially, their interests are already identical, for if the North wants Southern produce, the South is always ready for Northern capital. The danger of disruption, therefore, has now passed out of the sphere of practical politics.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—This unfortunate building has by no means proved a mine of wealth to those concerned in it. The original shareholders have obtained few and scanty dividends on their investment, while the fate of the lessees is told periodically in the reports of the Bankruptcy Court. The Palace in the north, despite its magnificent position and beautiful grounds, has always been unlucky. Opened with great ceremony, and largely attended during its short life, it was burnt down within three weeks. Rebuilt after a comparatively short interval, it has had alternate periods of prosperity and depression, but the prosperity has been brief, and the depression lasting. There

have been several reasons for this. The Alexandra Palace has never become the fashion; consequently it has not received from the lower and middle classes, who always follow in the wake of "society," as much support as has been accorded to its older rival at Sydenham, and its young competitors in South Kensington. Only on Saturdays and public holidays has there been a sufficient number of people to make it pay, while even then the expense of the attractions provided has left little margin for profit. Nevertheless it is to be hoped that some one will yet be found able to make it a success, for it would be a great pity if the magnificent park should become the sporting-ground of our old friend the "speculative builder." Already he has been busy in the neighbourhood; the Palace is even now surrounded on three sides by houses and shops; it will soon become the only oasis in a desert of bricks. Save, oh! save it from being itself absorbed!

LORD HOUGHTON.—Every educated Englishman heard with sincere regret the tidings of Lord Houghton's death. As a writer he was not, of course, in the foremost rank; but he wrote some remarkably graceful verses, and his *Life of Keats* is one of the gems of English biography. It used to be the fashion among biographers to lavish extravagant praises on their heroes; whereas it is now customary to print everything which can be said to the disadvantage of an eminent man. Lord Houghton avoided both these extremes; and, with the instinct of a true artist, he sought rather to interest his readers in his subject than to display his own cleverness. As a politician, Lord Houghton was always on the side of those who aimed at the intellectual and moral elevation of the people; and it was highly creditable to him that he discerned the importance of what are called Social questions long before their significance was understood by the majority even of his own party. For about half a century he was a very prominent figure in the social and literary life of England, and it was his good fortune to be able to establish friendly relations with the representatives of many different schools of thought. He maintained to the last his reverence for the great writers who had influenced his youth, but this did not prevent him from recognising the genius of men of a later generation. His biography ought to be a book of extraordinary interest, for he knew everybody who seemed to him to be worth knowing, and his judgments of his contemporaries are not likely to be marked either by censoriousness, or by excessive amiability.

HOSPITAL NURSES.—A lively controversy has been raging on this subject. The All Saints' Sisters who farm the nursing of University College Hospital are accused, not of bad nursing, but of proselytism. This charge is strenuously denied, affirmed, and then denied again. Why, it is asked, should a share of the Hospital Sunday Collection, contributed by persons of all creeds, be given to an institution where a nurse is practically shut out from employment unless she belongs to a particular Church of England Sisterhood? To this it is replied that the contributions of Church of England people to the Hospital Sunday Fund far exceed those of all other denominations put together. But then comes a rejoinder. Only a section of Church folk would approve of the opinions and actions of these All Saints' Sisters. They are in their doctrines much nearer to Roman Catholicism than to Protestantism, and they persuade their patients to use books of devotion which are avowedly Roman Catholic. Such are some of the allegations which are made, and it will be perceived that they contain the materials for a very pretty and protracted quarrel. The subject is one of considerable delicacy and difficulty, and we shall not venture to interpose with any dogmatic assertions. But we fancy that if a sensible and dispassionate house-surgeon were asked his opinion on the subject, he would answer somewhat to the following effect: A hospital is intended for the healing of the sick, and not for the inculcation of religious opinions. There were excellent women among the old race of nurses, who regarded nursing merely as a means of gaining a livelihood. But there was no solidarity or organisation among them; they were usually uneducated and narrow-minded, and sometimes they were careless, neglectful, and cruel. The nurses provided by the Sisterhoods are probably more efficient than their predecessors. They are disciplined, organised, fairly educated, and more intelligent. But, being completely under the control of the Sisters, they are obliged to conform to their religious observances. And the Sisters themselves, if conscientious and thorough in their belief, cannot help proselytising. If all the world were of one religion, this would not matter, but as some people consider the doctrinal teaching of these Sisterhoods objectionable and erroneous, all sorts of difficulties arise.

POSTAL CONVENIENCES.—It is stated that Reply Post-Cards will shortly be discontinued. The public has not "taken" to them, the postmasters say that scarcely any are sold, and consequently it is no longer worth while issuing them. This is probably quite true of the inland variety. Few people have correspondents who are in such indigent circumstances, or who live in such out-of-the-way places, that they cannot obtain post-cards for themselves. Besides, they prefer sending a stamped and directed envelope to ensure obtaining a reply, rather than one of these reply-cards. The foreign "double" cards on the other hand really fulfil a want

which is otherwise unprovided for. One cannot send a stamped and directed envelope abroad for the simple reason that foreign stamps cannot easily be obtained in England. It is very convenient then to be able to send one of these "double" cards, by which the writer makes certain of an answer without causing an expense to his foreign correspondent of twopence half-penny for postage. There is another question with regard to post-cards which deserves notice. Most people have observed at the railway stations certain red boxes for the supply of post-cards, stamps, and letter-paper. The mode of working them is after the fashion of the clock-work models at the Crystal Palace. A penny is dropped into a slit at the top, and a drawer is thus opened containing the required post-card. Sometimes, however, the penny is dropped in, but the "model does not work," either because the machinery is disarranged, or because the supply of post-cards is exhausted. As moreover the disappointed penny-dropper does not get his coin back (this was our experience the other day), he is apt to regard the whole affair as "a sell." The company, therefore, to whom these boxes belong should take care that they are regularly filled and inspected.

BISHOP BERKELEY.—To every one interested in philosophical literature it will be good news that a sculptor has been commissioned to execute a recumbent figure of Bishop Berkeley for Cloyn Cathedral. Subscriptions have been received for the purpose in Ireland, England, and the United States. It is surprising that an attempt should not have been made long ago to provide a worthy memorial of so great a man. A thinker of more subtle philosophical genius has not, perhaps, been produced by any country in any age; and his ideas, unlike those of the majority of later philosophers, are presented in a style which is as remarkable for its grace as for its strength and precision. In private life Berkeley was one of the purest and noblest men of his time. Pope, who was not given to extravagant laudation, attributed to him "every virtue under heaven;" and Swift described him as "one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue." He resigned the Deanery of Derry, worth £1,000. per annum, in order to carry out his famous "scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda;" and when this project failed, and he was obliged to return to the Old World, he devoted himself with splendid fidelity to the duties of his position as Bishop of Cloyn. One instance of his kindness to his neighbours ought to recommend him to the goodwill of Mr. Parnell. Cloyn was so small a place that "it was not reasonable," says one of Berkeley's biographers, "to expect much industry or ingenuity in the inhabitants. Yet whatever article of clothing they could possibly manufacture there, the Bishop would have from no other place; and chose to wear ill clothes and worse wigs rather than suffer the poor of the town to remain unemployed."

THE IRISH VOTE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—It is doubtful whether a more convenient expression will ever be found for the lumbering official title applied to these islands, "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The difficulty, of course, is to find a generic name, together with a corresponding adjective, which shall embrace the several nationalities inhabiting the United Kingdom. The word "English," used generically, gives offence to Scotch, Welsh, and Irish; the word "British," though it may be held to include the two former, still keeps Paddy out in the cold. We may mention here that many years ago we suggested in these columns a name for the three principal divisions of the kingdom, compounded of the first few letters of each of the national appellations. The name is "Enscotiria," and we once more offer it for popular acceptance. An amusing little discussion took place on this subject in the House of Lords last Monday, in the course of which Lord Salisbury jocosely observed, "Whether Ireland has annexed England as yet I do not know at present." Seriously, however, such a contingency is by no means impossible so long as the two great Parliamentary parties continue their senseless strife. In the late House of Commons the Parnellites were numerically a feeble folk, yet it was owing to their action that the Conservatives were seated on the Treasury Bench. In the new Parliament their numbers are likely to be much increased. They are sanguine—to use their own words—"of sweeping the vast majority of the Irish constituencies." This result may be deplored, but it must be accepted as inevitable. If the majority of electors at any given place are Parnellites, nobody can complain of them for seating the Parnellite candidate. But these ingenious Irishmen are also bent on obtaining an ascendancy in England and Scotland. There are many boroughs where, the Tories and Radicals being pretty evenly balanced, the Irish can decide the contest if they resolve to vote solid. The temptation to win a seat by uttering hasty and insincere pledges is very great; but we should despair of a House of Commons doing justice to Ireland, or, indeed, justice to anything, which contained many recruits of this kidney.

CAB-LICENCES.—An interesting case came before Mr. Hannay at Clerkenwell Police Court last week. A cabman summoned his last employer for having "chair-marked" his licence, and so prevented him from obtaining employment. This "chair-marking" consists in writing the dates of entering and leaving the employer's service in words instead

of figures. This peculiarity signifies to cab-masters that the driver had not paid his employer for the last day's hire of his cab. After hearing the case Mr. Hannay decided that the man had not suffered any wrong for which he could obtain a legal remedy, and dismissed the summons. Now this system of marking the licence so as to make it act as a certificate of character seems very ingenious, and very convenient for the cab-master; but, at the same time, it is somewhat dangerous. It is evident that masters would be chary of employing a man whose licence bore the fatal words. Although, then, the majority of the masters only use them probably in cases where the man really has behaved badly, yet it is quite possible that occasionally a very slight fault might cause a choleric or ill-tempered master to ruin a cabman by a few strokes of the pen. There is no appeal from his decision; the victim, only too often a husband and father, would be out of work perhaps for the greater part of a twelvemonth. Now, although it is to be hoped that such cases are rare, yet it seems dangerous to place so much power in the hands of always irresponsible and sometimes unjust individuals. Some new licence system should be devised by which masters may be unable to convey damaging information except through the orthodox channel of correspondence.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to an ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWER OF LONDON, written by the Rev. J. W. Loftie.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.



THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 8 will be played the Comedietta, by C. M. RAE, FIRST IN THE FIELD, followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. CARTON and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.40, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (5.700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, August 17, Mr. MACKINTOSH and COMPANY.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY.
AUGUST 25, 26, 27, and 28, 1885.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.—Madame ALBANI, Mrs. HUTCHINSON, Miss ANNA WILLIAMS, Madame PATEY, Madame TREBELL, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, Mr. JOSEPH MAAS, Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. F. KING, Mr. WATKIN MILLS and Signor FOLLI.

SOLO VIOLIN. : : : : : Señor SARASATE
CONDUCTOR. : : : : : Herr RICHTER.

BAND AND CHORUS OF 500 PERFORMERS.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.
TUESDAY MORNING, August 25.—"ELIJAH."
TUESDAY EVENING.—NEW CANTATA, by Mr. FREDERICK H. COWEN, entitled "SLEEPING BEAUTY," composed for this Festival; and a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION, including OVERTURE, by WAGNER.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, August 26.—"MORS ET VITA," composed expressly for this Festival by Monsieur CHARLES GOUNOD.
WEDNESDAY EVENING.—NEW CANTATA, by Mr. THOMAS ANDERTON, entitled "YULE TIDE," "VIOLIN CONCERTO," composed by Mr. ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE; and SYMPHONY, by Mr. FREDERICK PROUT.
THURSDAY MORNING, August 27.—"A NEW CANTATA," "THE SPECTRE'S BRIDE," by Herr ANTON DVORAK (composed expressly for this Festival); "Mr. GLADSTONE'S Latin Translation of 'ROCK OF AGES,'" composed by Dr. BRIDGE, Organist of Westminster Abbey.
FRIDAY MORNING, August 28.—NEW ORATORIO, "THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN," composed for this Festival by C. VILLIERS STANFORD; BEETHOVEN'S "CHORAL SYMPHONY."
FRIDAY EVENING.—"MORS ET VITA."

Tickets for Secured Seats for each Morning Performance : £1 1 0
For Unsecured Places : : : : : 10 6
For Secured Seats for each Evening Performance : : : : : 15 0
For Unsecured Places : : : : : 8 0

The STRANGERS' COMMITTEE will Ballot for and Select Places for persons (whether resident in Birmingham or not) who cannot conveniently attend to Ballot for their own places.

Application to the Strangers' Committee, accompanied by the price of the places required, may be made either personally or by letter, to R. H. MILWARD, Esq., the Chairman of that Committee, 41, Waterloo Street, Birmingham.
Persons desirous of engaging Apartments are requested to make application personally or by letter to Messrs. Harrison and Harrison, Music-sellers, Colmore Row and Bennett's Hill, Birmingham, where a Register of Lodgings may be inspected.
Applications for detailed Programmes to be addressed to Mr. Robert L. Impey, Secretary to the Festival Committee, 26, Waterloo Street, Birmingham.

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THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT
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ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, and on
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS
at THREE as well.
Doors open at 3.30 and 7.
Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7.
No fees of any description.

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ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY," and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

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MAYTIME. BASIL BRADLEY.
TWO LOVE AND DUTY. S. E. WALLER.
NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON."
THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER.
DAWN (Companion to do.).
THE MISSING BOATS. R. H. CARTER.
A PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH. DENDY SADLER.
FIRST DAYS OF SPRING. ISENBART.
PARTING KISS. ALMA TADEMA.
&c., &c., &c.

N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices.
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From Victoria 13.0 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton.
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Aug. 15 Dep. 8.45 a.m. Arr. 6.40 p.m.
" 17 " 11.5 " 9.15
" 18 " 11.5 " 9.15
" 19 " 1.25 p.m. " 11.45
" 20 " 1.25 " 12.20 a.m.
" 21 " 9.30 a.m. " 9.40 p.m.

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FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class, 2nd Class, Available for Return within One Month. Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s. 6d. 17 0 44 1 0
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A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
The Trains between London and Newhaven, and also between Paris and Dieppe, are fitted with a communication between Passengers, Guard, and Driver, and are provided with the Westinghouse Automatic Continuous Brake.
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FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's, Ludgate Circus Office.
By Order) P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE DE LUXE EDITION

"THE GRAPHIC"

Issued every week, is printed on heavy plate paper, and stitched in a hand-cover printed in colours. The extra thickness and superior quality of the paper will prevent any risk of the letterpress on the back showing upon the face of the engravings, so that the objection to printing on the back will be obviated.

It is hoped that this Edition de Luxe may conduce to a closer and more critical examination by the public than is generally accorded to the pages of a newspaper.

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PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE "NORTHBROOK"

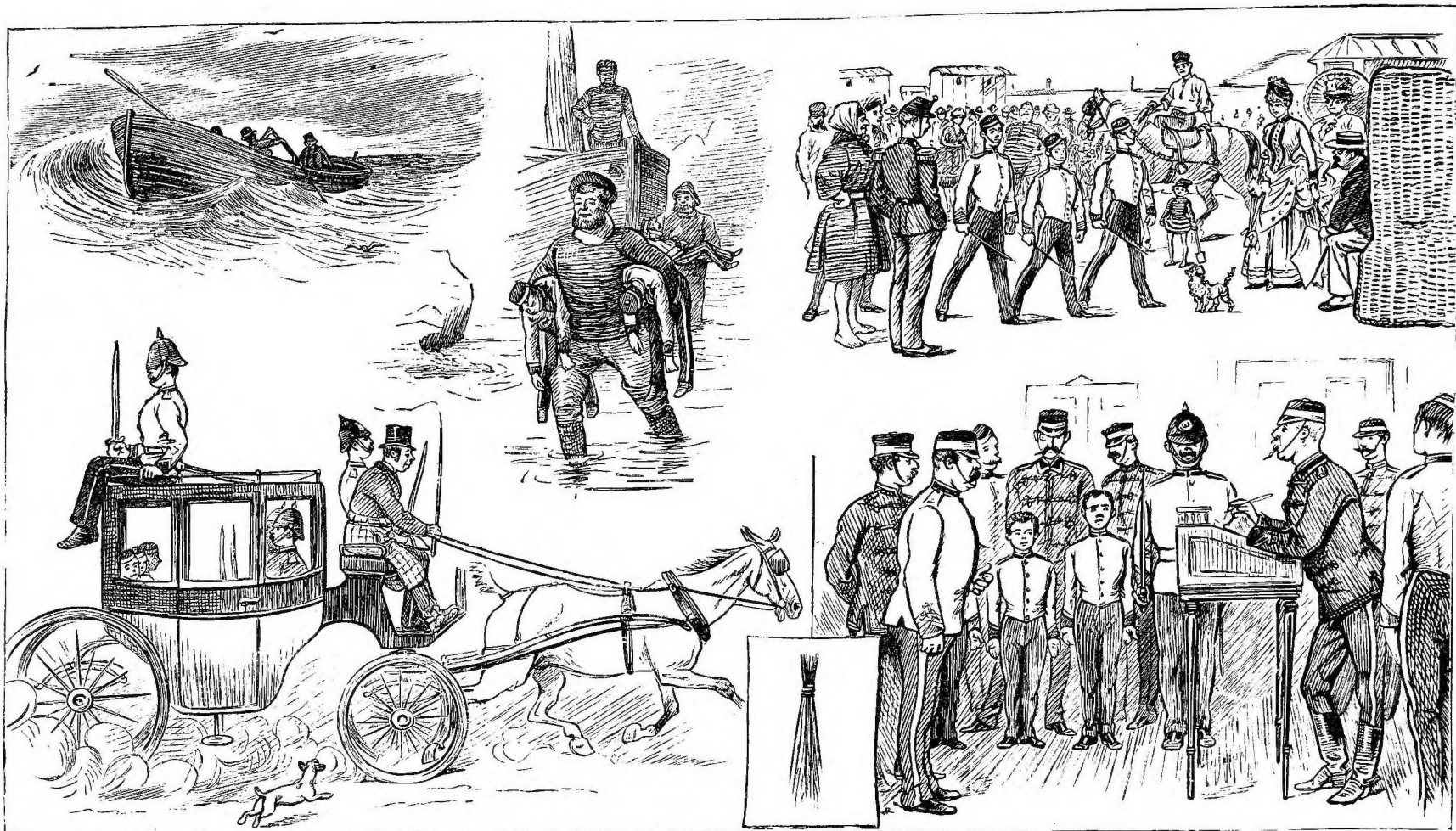
AND

RETURN OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES SOUDAN CONTINGENT TO SYDNEY

See page 181

THE WELLINGTON STATUE AT ALDERSHOT

The monument of the great Duke of Wellington, which has recently been erected at Aldershot, stands on a small hill called the "Round Hill," in close proximity to the Queen's Pavilion (South Camp) in an angle formed by the Farnborough Road and that leading to the Long Valley. It faces south-west, the horse's head being inclined towards the Pavilion, while the Duke is pointing in the direction of the Long Valley, the scene of many fights of modern times. The pedestal is perhaps a little small, and the statue does not, being situated in so open a place, appear quite so large or imposing as it did at Hyde Park Corner. But the position is, on the whole, well chosen, and it can be seen from many parts of the camp. The appearance presented by the statue during the process of erection was sufficiently ludicrous to afford subjects for the accompanying sketches. Near the scaffolding the body of the Great Duke in his martial cloak lay on an open truck bound by ropes, the hand pointing in an aimless manner to the skies, the head in its cocked hat lay some yards distant gazing into the ground, the plumes stood erect like a sheaf of corn, while a few feet to the left lay sword, belt, and scabbard. It is gratifying, however, to relate that His Grace did not long remain in this undignified position, for in the hands of the contractor all the parts have been rapidly adjusted in their respective places and the monument now presents a finished appearance, and will no doubt be fully appreciated in the military camp where it has been so suitably placed.—Our engravings are from sketches by Captain the Hon. Alwyne Greville.



A TALE OF THREE TRUMPETERS

SHOWING HOW THREE DARING BUGLER BOYS CROSSED THE CHANNEL.—NOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

In the Royal Engineers there were buglers three,
A-staying at Ramsgate all down by the sea,
The water was smooth and the sun was hot,
So says one to his mates, "Why should we not
Emulate this here Oxford crew,
By rowing across the Channel too?"
Thus spake this youth, the least of the three,
But small and plucky, like Lord R. C.
"We're game for the job," his pals replied,
"And we'll start at once, by this very tide,
So they hired the 'Nellie,' which lay on the beach,
Took a pint of water and a biscuit for each,
And thus provisioned 'gainst every chance,
Set out for that frog-eating land called France.
They rowed and rowed and rowed away,
They rowed and rowed the livelong day.
The sea was smooth, but the sun was hot

And one of them murmured, "May I be shot
If I can pull a furlong more,
My hands are so blistered, my back so sore."
So said they all, and when hours fifteen
Had passed, the moon looked on a sorry scene.
Three gallant trumpeters, quite worn out,
Helplessly drifting, scarce able to shout,
But shout they did, and a pilot-boat came—
The "Alliance," that was her welcome name—
The crew were as kind as kind could be,
For they hoisted aboard these buglers three.
"Poor little innocent chaps," they said;
So they gave them some supper and put them to bed.
Next day the "Alliance" reached Boulogne,
And the kindly pilot, who'd boys of his own,
Went ashore, his back with a bugler laden,
While another was brought by a fisher-maiden.

The lads grew presently smart and spry,
Arousing much curiosity
For the French folks said, "What is the occasion
That prompts this novel British invasion?"
But the poor boys didn't know what to do,
For they'd got no friends, nor a single sou,
Till the British Consul came on the scene,
And sent them to board and lodge at an inn,
Where they stayed until the following day.
When the Ramsgate steamer took them away,
But though safe again in their native land,
They had plenty of trouble still on hand,
They had broken, by having their little spree,
The regulations military.
And as Justice was longing to be at 'em,
They were carried off by rail to Chatham.

Then a soldier on top with his bayonet,
Guarded the cab to the barrack-gate.
The prisoners alight, they are shivering and pale,
For it may mean a number of years in gaol.
Then the critical moment arrives, for lo!
"The judges are ranged, a terrible show!"
And the adjutant says, in accents clear,
"Mr. Bugle-Major, explain this here."
Then the Bugle-Major, he clears his throat,
And he answers, "What sent these boys afloat?"
Why! Knowing their characters, sir, that one,
That little 'un there, set the others on.
What vision is this? I seem to spy.
A rod in pickle, hanging on high.
Be merciful, sirs! There was nothing foul
In their fault, don't punish their *lark* with a *howl*.



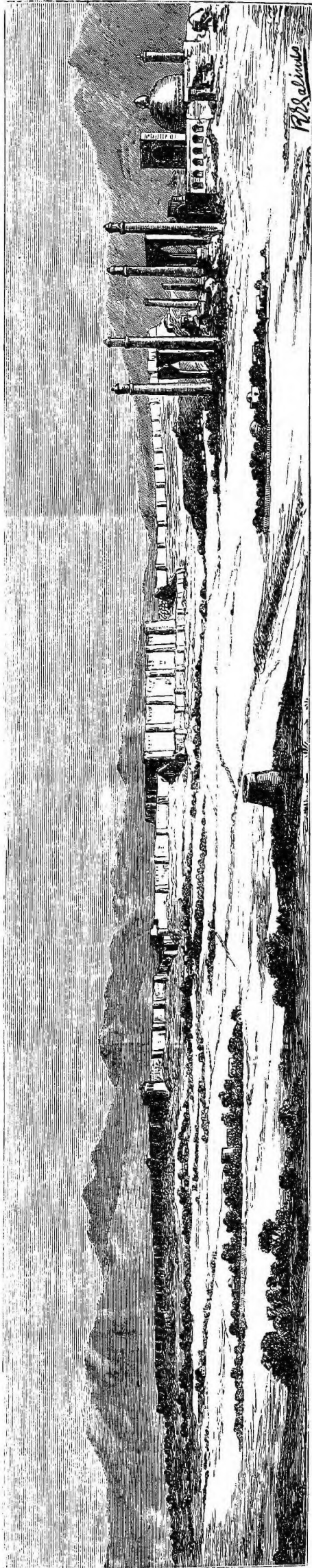
THE "TWELFTH"—A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE

KHUSH GATE

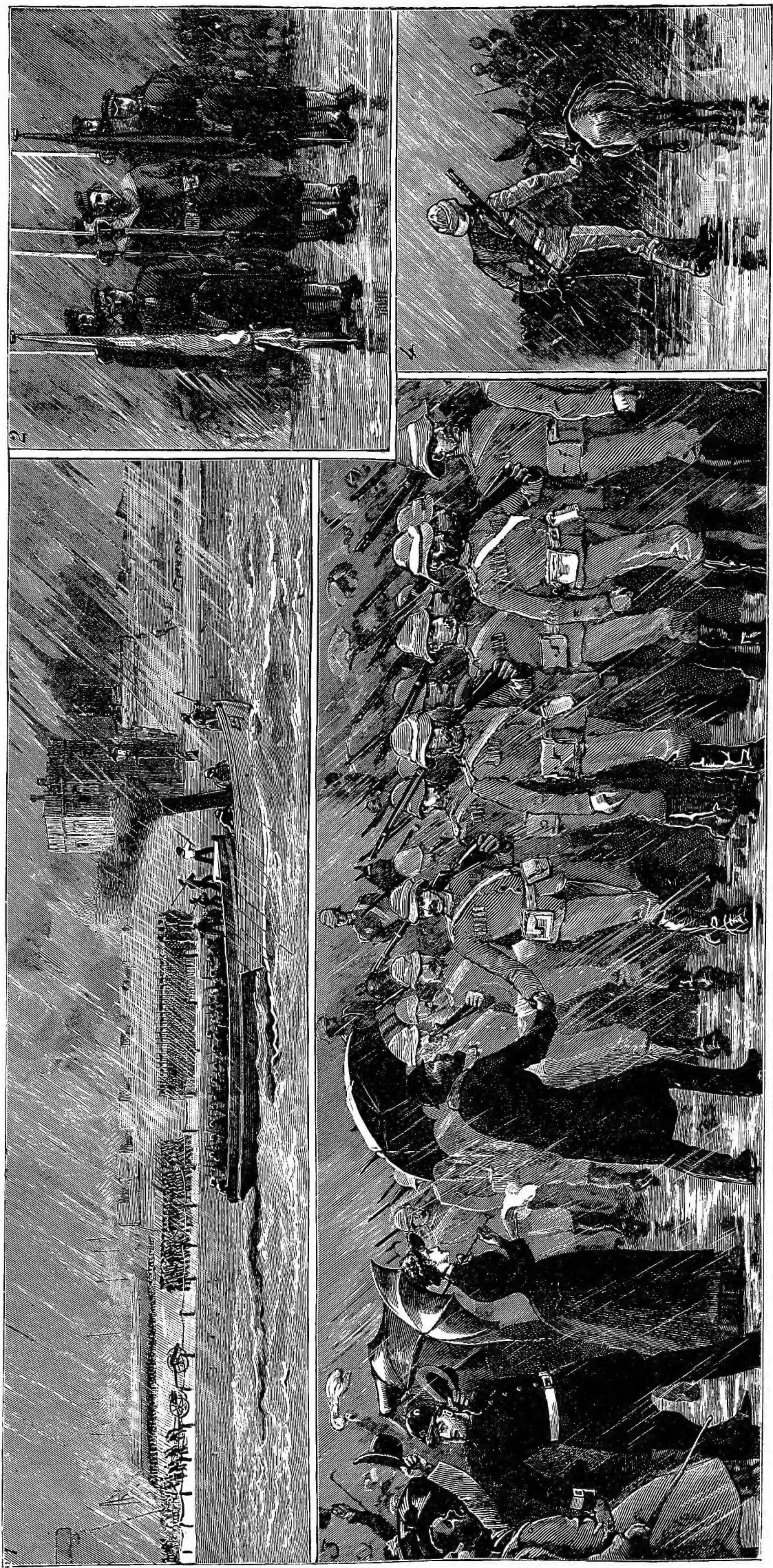
CITADEL

KUTUB CHAK GATE

RUINS OF THE MOSALLA



ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND AFGHANISTAN—GENERAL VIEW OF HERAT FROM THE NORTH-EAST
FROM A SKETCH BY A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION



1. Naval Brigade Landing at Fort Macquarie
2. Naval Colour Party
3. George Street: "Here are our Boys!"
4. A Prisoner (Donkey Captured from the Arabs)

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST—A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE

THE famous Ballybotham fox is said to have made a practice of reading the "Hunting Appointments" in the newspapers, and of arranging his movements accordingly. Whether any old cock grouse, who are wily birds enough in their way, manage to get an inkling of the approaching Twelfth from the gushings in the daily and weekly prints during the first fortnight of August we cannot pretend to say; but we fear that many a father of a Tetraonic family with his wife and children went through painful "moments of suspense" and surprise as they heard the first near sound of a gun, or caught sight of approaching dogs and sportsmen last Wednesday morning.

Any one who, before the shooting season has commenced, has quietly stalked among the rocks and heather, and, unobserved, been able to watch a happy family of red grouse, has seen a very pretty and interesting sight; so much so that the tender-hearted shrink from the idea of death and destruction being dealt among the group. The red grouse, *Lagopus Scoticus*, both from a sporting and gastronomic point of view, is the most important of the four species of *Tetraonide* which are found in this country, and may claim to be one of the indigenous fauna of our islands, being located in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but not found on the Continent or elsewhere. Hence it has been suggested that *Britannicus* would be a good specific name for it. A very handsome bird is the cock when fully grown and in full season. The plumage is a rich sienna brown, beautifully waved and mottled, and shaded with lighter tints, the throat sometimes assuming a coppery hue, and the belly deepening into black, or nearly so. The feathers of the tail, which are not forked like those of the blackcock, are brown, barred and edged with red. It has the same rough scarlet spot over the eyes as the other members of the grouse tribe, and the legs, in marked contrast to the rest of the body, are almost white, being "feathered" to the very toes, whence the generic title, *Lagopus*—"haresfoot." It is a strange fact that no two grouse are marked exactly alike, and that they vary considerably according to the districts they inhabit, just as trout do in different rivers. Just now the young grouse, which are hatched about the middle of May, are nearly full-grown, and have assumed a large proportion of the adult dark red plumage, having already cast the soft-spotted quills of nestlings, and acquired the strong black primaries of winter. Those who only know the adult bird as he hangs in the poulterer's shop, or as taken from a hamper, however carefully packed, can have little idea of his beauty as seen alive in his native habitat, or even when first killed and not much mangled with shot.

But the beauty and innocence of this interesting family avail them not. Like many other creatures *feræ nature* in this country, they must fall a prey to the ruthless sportsman; and after all, whatever our sensibilities may be, it is hard to say anything harsh against grouse-shooting, which of all sport is from various points of view the least objectionable. As to the birds themselves, though they have their "moments of suspense" and surprise, they suffer no long anticipation of death, nor have they to endure, like the fox and the fish, prolonged agonies before the supreme moment comes. Thousands of the hardworkers and toil-worn at this time of year are indebted to our *Lagopus* for a blissful holiday and the inlaying of a fresh stock of health; and few of us cannot sympathise with the well-known cry:

The moors, the moors, the spreading moors!
The purple seas which have no shores!
The hills sublime
Who would not climb
All in this golden autumn time?

A TALE OF THREE TRUMPETERS

See page 172

HERAT

"THE first view of the famous city of Herat," writes Sergeant R. E. Galindo, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "is obtained when debouching from any of the gaps in the line of hills lying a couple of miles to the north. At first sight it is disappointing, as there is really little to be seen but a vast stretch of grey mud wall. On the north-west, however, are the ruins of what was evidently at one time a magnificent building—the Mosalla—which was a mosque and college combined. A great part of it is yet standing. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the scene is the beautiful fertile valley in which the city stands. When we saw it, it was a great expanse of waving yellow corn, dotted over with islands of dark green verdure formed by the numerous little villages, each embowered in fruit-trees. At one point, beside the citadel, there is a gap in the wall (whether intentional or caused by dilapidation could not be seen at the distance we were), through which a glimpse could be got of the countless domed houses in the interior of the city."

An interesting account of a visit in May last to Herat appears in this month's *Blackwood*, from which we gather that it is a mistake to suppose that Herat is in ruins. "I should think," remarks the writer, "that there is a great part uninhabited (it is impossible to tell from direct evidence), but Herat is not built of that material of which ruins are readily made; and it might all be inhabited from the look of it. Yet probably there are not more than from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants there at present." The population is divided into two portions, the ruling class and the ruled; the Kabulis being the former, and the Heratis proper, who belong to the Durani tribes of the south. Between these two classes there is no love lost—the Heratis hating their rulers; but they both appear to have welcomed the writer and his two brother officers. "All had heard of us," he states, "priests, soldiers, and people. The people had swarmed in from all the country side to see us. Again and again had we been told by the soldiers that the presence of British officers was the one thing most desired in Herat. The priests had offered up prayers in the Mesjid that our entrance might prove a happy omen for Herat." The fortifications of the city, which mainly consist of mud walls 80 feet high, appear to be in very good preservation, and now that they are being strengthened and thoroughly set in order may be reckoned to offer a better defence against an attack than pessimists have been wont to allow. There are five gates to the walls, each defended by a small outwork, and on the north side of the fortress is the citadel, a square castle of burnt brick, flanked with towers at the angles, and like the town itself built on a mound, enclosed by a wet ditch. The interior of the city is divided into quarters by four long bazaars which run from four of the gates, and meet at a quadrangle in the centre. Although Herat is a great mart for Central Asia, and was formerly known as the "Emporium," there are no noteworthy indigenous products, and to a casual observer the bazaars are little superior to those in a second-rate Indian town.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

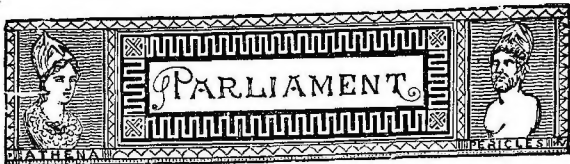
MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 176.

THE LATE SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

See pp. 177 et seqq.

THE TOWER ILLUSTRATED

See page 185 et seqq.



THE Parliament of 1880 has at length quietly closed its memorable history. Fulfilling the prophecy of the poet on the eve of another struggle, "Few parted where many had met." The ceremony of Prorogation by Royal Commission is one so grotesque in its details that sensible men would, if they had their choice, rather not be present. But it was no sentimental feeling of this kind that made the gathering of to-day so scanty. For the past fortnight, with increasing velocity as the days have passed, members have fled from Westminster. Wednesday was absolutely the last day on which any kind of serious work was going forward. When, on Wednesday night, the House rose, the Whips eased their yoke. There was not even the necessity of keeping sufficient members together to form a House; for, with wise prevision of what is likely to take place at the end of a Session, it has been ordained that the summons of Black Rod makes a House.

Up to Friday night in last week the attendance in the Commons was maintained with unusual success. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill was still in hand, and feeling running high on the matter members remained in town to see it through. Having sat till three o'clock on Friday morning it was thought that an hour or two on Friday night would complete the work, and accordingly the Lords remained in attendance to receive the Bill. But the next order happened to be the Housing of the Working Classes Bill, and there was a disposition to believe that if this were delayed it would be abandoned. Accordingly, members who regard it as an undesirable piece of legislation devoted themselves with fresh energy to discussion of amendments on the Criminal Law Bill, with the result that the unfortunate Lords were kept waiting till twenty-five minutes to one in the morning. Happily the inconvenience was not far reaching. It takes forty members to make a House in the Commons. The difference between the individual capacity of a Peer and a Commoner is strikingly marked by the fact that three Peers, including the President *pro tem.*, suffice to make a House in the Lords. Lord Halsbury being seated on the Woolsack, and two other Peers bravely scattered about the House, the Commons' amendments to the Criminal Law Bill were solemnly received, ordered to be printed, and the House of Lords adjourned. On Monday the Commons' amendments were considered and agreed to, and this measure has been added to the legislative achievements of the Parliament now no more.

The appointment of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade has led to some lively scenes in both Houses. On Monday Lord Iddesleigh explained at some length the series of rebuffs he had met with in endeavouring to secure the co-operation of Liberal authorities in the work. Mr. Goschen, who had been confidently looked to for assistance, had declined to have anything to do with what he scarcely disguised was in his opinion a mischievous farce. Mr. Forster, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. J. K. Cross, and other well-known Liberals had also declined to sit on the Commission, the list of refusals being crowned on the following day, when Lord Iddesleigh in despair asked Mr. Broadhurst to join the Commission. Lord Iddesleigh in his remarks dealt with this misfortune in the same resigned spirit with which Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons used to deplore the fixes in which he found himself owing to the vagaries of Lord Randolph Churchill. But Lord Salisbury rather lost his temper, and had a smart encounter with Earl Granville on a matter of fact upon which it turned out the Marquis had been misinformed. Earl Granville had remarked that Mr. Shaw Lefevre had declined to join the Commission because of the preponderance of Fair Trade advocates. How could that be, Lord Salisbury frowningly asked, when Mr. Shaw Lefevre was invited to join the Commission before it was constituted. It turned out, however, that in conveying the invitation Lord Iddesleigh had submitted to Mr. Shaw Lefevre the names of eighteen of the gentlemen he proposed to place on the Commission, and who subsequently accepted the invitation.

Monday's sitting was practically occupied with discussion on the Housing of the Working Classes Bill. This is a measure which, like the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, has come down from the Lords, and also like it is not originally a Government measure. As Sir Michael Beach observed on Monday night, it is the Bill of a Royal Commission. The Chancellor of the Exchequer met with prompt contradiction by some of the members of the Commission who were present. But his description is near enough. The Bill is one of those measures of a non-political character which the recent unprecedented coalition of parties has made more familiar than they used to be. Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Salisbury have joined in drafting the Bill, just as they laboured together to create a Redistribution Bill. In the many divisions that have taken place on the measure there have been none on strictly party lines. Liberals and Conservatives have met in one lobby, and Conservatives and Liberals in another. Sir Charles Dilke, returning to his Parliamentary duties after a brief absence, has taken a leading part in the debates on this measure, and, when divisions have been challenged, has usually been found in the same lobby as the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

By dint of hard work and sitting up through successive nights the work of the Session has been wound-up, and comprises a truly astonishing list of achievements. As has been before pointed out in this column, the present position of political parties is unprecedented. There is a Ministry in office, and an Opposition in power, and since the Ministry discreetly avoid taking any course that would rouse the Opposition, business has gone forward by leaps and bounds. A striking illustration of the conciliatory manner of the Government was furnished in the House of Commons at a late hour on Tuesday night. On the much-debated Clause 3 of the Housing of the Working Classes Bill, which proposes to allot the prison sites at cost price to the authorities building houses for the working classes, Mr. Cheetham moved a proviso that portions of the sites might be reserved for the School Board of London to purchase for the erection of schools. Mr. Tomlinson proposed to extend the privilege to any other public elementary school, beside Board Schools. This amendment was, with the approval of the Home Secretary, carried. Whereupon the Radicals revolted, and hotly moved to report progress. Here was a storm that threatened fatally to interfere with the progress of the Bill. Sir R. Cross instead of battling with it meekly bent his head, and it blew over on the understanding that Mr. Cheetham's amendment should be withdrawn, and with it, of course, Mr. Tomlinson's amendment. Anything to get the Bill through was evidently the motto of the Treasury Bench, and sitting up till daybreak, not only was the Housing of the Working Classes Bill got through Committee, but the Irish Land Purchase Bill was considered on the report stage.

On Wednesday the House met at three o'clock with special permission to sit till its work was done. This comprised the moving of a vote of thanks to the military and naval forces engaged in the Sudan, a task performed by Sir Michael Beach, seconded by Lord Hartington. In the Lords a similar vote was agreed to upon the motion of the Premier, seconded by Lord Granville. The report stage of the Land Purchase Bill was disposed of in the long sitting, which extended to twenty minutes to four on Wednesday morning, and the measure was forthwith read a third time. A quarter of an

hour sufficed on Wednesday afternoon to dispose of the Housing of the Working Classes Bill, and then the Irish members took possession of the Commons, Mr. Sexton, fully conscious that this was his last opportunity, orating at interminable length. But the end came, members being disappointed to find that owing to an oversight they were obliged to meet on Thursday, in order to comply with the formalities attendant upon the passing of a Money Bill.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE

OUR Public Schools with their traditions and customs must ever hold a prominent place in the memories of our after-life; their associations being rarely, if ever, forgotten. Thus, Thackeray, it may be remembered, makes old Colonel Newcome when answering the summons of death, say "Adsum," the familiar word which he had so often repeated in his childhood when the school roll was called over at the Charterhouse. Indeed, the recollections of school life have an additional interest when we recollect how intimately they have been connected with the boyhood of our leading men at all times; the majority of whom have always looked back to this period of their life with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure. It must not be forgotten, too, that schools like all other institutions have generally had their own peculiar customs and legendary rites; many of which it would be no easy task to abolish, so thoroughly interwoven are they with the cherished traditions of bygone years. In most Public Schools the Conservative spirit is supreme, and although oftentimes there may be long standing customs which many a boy would gladly see discontinued, yet, when he thinks how they have been handed down from the venerable past, he recoils at the idea of their being in any way touched. Thus the late Dr. Moberly, Bishop of Salisbury, at one time head master of Winchester, informed the Dublin School Commissioners that he doubted whether the "Vimen Quadrifidum," or Winchester Rod, designed by a Warden of the fifteenth century, was so well adapted to its purpose as a birch rod, but that it was held sacred by the traditions of the School. Speaking of flogging, some of the most striking anecdotes in the annals of our Public Schools are associated with this usage. Most of our readers, for instance, have heard of the celebrated Dr. Keate, head master of Eton; the rigid severity of whose discipline has long become a standing joke in that School, and is not likely to be forgotten. Then there was the celebrated Dr. Busby, of Westminster, whose memory as a disciplinarian has long ago become proverbial. According to his mode of scholastic punishment the culprit was hoisted on the back of one of his school-fellows, when the birch rod was duly applied. This ceremony, if it lacked elegance, was most effective; the humiliating posture having been disliked more than the actual flogging itself. A popular term at Harrow for this kind of chastisement is a "whopping," and among the original instructions handed to the first master of the School by its founder, John Lyon, mention is made of correction "by a very thin ferula on the hand for slight negligence." The appointment of Dr. Arnold to the head mastership of Rugby was the era for an entire alteration in the system of school chastisements, for his notion was that boys should be led, and not driven. In short, "Corporal punishment was in Dr. Arnold's view," says Mr. Sadler, in "Every Day Life in our Public Schools," "a thing to be abhorred, degrading in itself, and quite unnecessary except as a severe warning to the refractory, for hitherto boys had been flogged indiscriminately."

Referring to bullying—which once made a Public School a world of awe to tender-hearted mothers—there can be no doubt that this cruel system has for many years past been on the decline. Beyond the traditional kick which was formerly the recognised mode of welcome at Eton, very little rough treatment amongst the boys has taken place to blot the pages of its famous history. Indeed, "so smooth and even does the course of school-life run there now," writes the author of "The History and Traditions of Eton College," "that Etonian fathers are apt sometimes to doubt whether their sons do not find things made rather too pleasant for them."

On the other hand, Westminster and Winchester were not so free from reproach in this respect, and at the latter a system known as "spanking," or indiscriminate minor punishment, was very wisely abolished some years ago, when certain salutary reforms were made. Then, too, there was the practice of "tunding," which consisted in the monitors or prefects having the power of thrashing with ash sticks any boy guilty of breach of discipline. But this custom finally terminated in the "Tunding Row," when this ill-advised order of things was rectified. Closely allied with abuses of this kind was that of "fagging"—an old usage which, although kept up in many of our public schools, has been so far modified as to have been deprived of most of its arbitrary and servile character. At Eton fagging has become almost nominal, except in College, and even in the latter case the life of a fag is liberty itself, we are told, when compared with olden days.

At Rugby, too, fagging is by no means arduous, although to a certain degree monotonous. By an old school law the sixth form boys may compel fags to do anything for them, but "custom has narrowed, and is ever narrowing, the exercise of this law." Of course, the fagging rules vary in different schools, but it may be safely asserted that if a boy is good-tempered and manly he finds nowadays little inconvenience from this time-honoured usage. If, too, a fag is suspected of dishonesty or untruthfulness, or any mean action, then he is subjected to extra fagging, but this is a contingency for which he generally has only himself to blame.

Turning to the festive side of the Public School life, it has, in most cases, its anniversaries and its red-letter days. Thus the Charterhouse commemorates its benefactor on the 12th December, a graphic account of which is given by Thackeray in his "Newcomes." Then, at Eton, there is the 4th June—the great gala day on which was once observed the far-famed "Eton Montem," the origin of which has been so keenly disputed. At Winchester, all Saints' days are holidays, when boys are free to do as they like, provided they attend "names calling," at 5 o'clock. At Merchant Taylors', St. Barnabas Day is observed as the great annual commemoration of the scholars. And at Westminster the "election" takes place on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Ascension Day. An important epoch in our Public School calendar is "breaking-up day," but most of the customs associated with this event have fallen into disuse. Winchester, however, still retains its "Domum Day," when the well-known *Dulce Domum* is sung. The Harrow speeches, delivered in the new speech-room towards the close of the Midsummer term, were established by a former headmaster, Dr. Heath, who abolished the old festival of "Harrow Shooting," thus sweeping away what had grown to be a great evil. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1731, p. 351), the custom is thus noticed:—"August 5th. According to an ancient practice, a silver arrow, value 3s., was shot for at the butts on Harrow-on-the-Hill by the youths of the free school, in archery habits." With the Harrow shooting may be compared "Hunting the Ram" at Eton, to which Lipscombe, in his "History of Buckinghamshire," thus refers:—"The College had an ancient claim upon its butcher to provide a ram on the Election Saturday, to be hunted by the scholars, but the animal having upon one occasion been so pressed as to swim across the Thames, it ran into Windsor Market with the boys after it." Amongst other customs may be mentioned the "lemon-peel fight" at the Charterhouse on Shrove Tuesday; and the "tossing of the pancake," on the same day at Westminster. Numerous other illustrations of these old usages might be quoted, but the few we have given are sufficient to give some idea of the Public School life in present and bygone years.

T. F. T. D.



THE QUEEN has raised General Lord Wolseley a step in the Peerage by conferring on him the rank of a Viscount. Viscount Wolseley will resume his duties as Adjutant-General on the 1st of September.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE embarked last Saturday on board the famous *Sunbeam* for a voyage on the coast of Norway. Among their companions on the trip are Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey, Sir Andrew Clark, and Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., son of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P. Before the ex-Premier's departure the medical treatment which he received, under the supervision of Sir Andrew Clark, had much mitigated the severity of the throat complaint from which he has been suffering. The *Sunbeam* has since been heard from off the Norwegian coast.

IN A LETTER to the President of the Chelsea Liberal Association, Sir Charles Dilke declares himself innocent of the charge brought against him (referred to in our Legal column), and that he "looks forward with confidence to the result of the judicial inquiry which must now take place." He asks that a meeting of the Council of the Association should be summoned; and, if they wish it, he is prepared to retire from all political life until the accusation has been disproved. It is understood that, pending consultations of the local leaders of the Chelsea Liberals, no action will be taken for several days by the Association.

ONE OF THE MOST SALIENT STATEMENTS in an elaborate speech made to the Bristol Conservatives on Saturday by Sir Michael Beach was that the Government are determined to recognise our obligations to the Egyptian people, and not to leave Egypt until those obligations have been fulfilled.—Replying to a Bristol deputation of supporters of women's suffrage on Monday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed himself doubtful as to the expediency of the measure, chiefly because if the franchise were conferred on any class of women its extension to married women would be demanded, and he was not prepared to give husband and wife a vote each, and as it were introduce politics between them.

ON WEDNESDAY at a Conservative fête at Wimborne, Lord Randolph Churchill made a characteristic speech, defending himself and the Government, and assailing, in his usual slashing style, the critics of both. After denying the charge that the Conservatives wished to tax the food of the people, he made the retort that it was the late Government which had attempted to impose such a tax in proposing to add to the beer-duty, "that great national drink" being in his opinion quite as much the food of the people as bread.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE DEPRESSION OF TRADE is now all but constituted. There are to serve on it two members of the present Government, Lord Idlesleigh, of course, and the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Dunraven, who has Fair Trade proclivities, three Conservative members of the House of Commons, Mr. Houldsworth, M.P. for Manchester, Mr. Ercroyd, M.P. for Preston, a decided Fair Trader, and Mr. Muntz, M.P. for North Warwickshire; three Liberal members, Mr. W. Fowler, M.P. for Cambridge, Mr. C. Palmer, M.P. for Durham, and Mr. Storey, M.P. for Sunderland. Among the other noticeable members of the Commission are Mr. Aird, of the firm of Lucas and Aird, Sir James Allport, late General Manager of the Midland Railway, Mr. David Dale, of Darlington, Mr. Inglis Palgrave, now, or formerly, Editor of the *Economist*, Mr. Lionel Cohen, and Mr. H. H. Gibbs, as an authority on bi-metallism. Labour is to be represented by Mr. Birtwhistle, of Accrington, Secretary of the Weavers' Association; Scotland by Mr. Pearce, of Messrs. Elder and Co., the Glasgow shipbuilders, and by Mr. Jennison, the President of the Scotch Society of Accountants; and Ireland by Mr. Arthur O'Connor and by Mr. Cory, the Belfast shipowner. The invitation given Sir Louis Malet, formerly of the Board of Trade, a decided Free Trader, has not been definitely accepted. Quite as decided a Fair Trader, Mr. W. J. Harris, M.P., has declined to serve on the ground that his views will be well represented, and that he will be more free to speak as a witness than as a Commissioner.

REFUSALS TO SERVE ON THE COMMITTEE have been received, from, among members of the late Government, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. J. K. Cross, and Mr. Hibbert; and, among Liberal and Free Trade M.P.'s, from Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Norwood, Mr. Slagg, Mr. Broadhurst, and Sir Hussey Vivian. A correspondence between Lord Idlesleigh and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has taken place, in which the latter declines to serve on the Commission, on the plea that, with few exceptions, the list of members is not calculated to gain the confidence of Free Traders. This view is endorsed in a letter to Sir M. Hicks-Beach from Lord Hartington, who declares that no addition of Free Traders or prominent Liberals would rectify the present composition of the Commission.

IN A RECENT SPEECH AT LEEDS, Mr. Herbert Gladstone charged Lord Randolph Churchill and the former Conservative Whip, Mr. Rowland Winn, now Lord St. Oswald, with having negotiated, on the part of the Government, a formal treaty of alliance with Mr. Parnell, and he challenged all three of them to deny the truth of his statement. Sir Frederick Milner, the Conservative member for York, took the trouble to write to them and to Lord Salisbury on the subject, and received letters from all four of explicit and emphatic denial. Mr. Herbert Gladstone returns to the charge in an elaborate letter, as regards matters of fact the most noticeable passage in it being a reference to "the long and confidential conversation which took place between Mr. Rowland Winn and one of Mr. Parnell's leading colleagues in a corridor of the House of Commons not long before the defeat of the late Government."

THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY encamped at Shoburyness on Saturday, and on Monday the first prize for shell firing was carried off by the 4th West York (Sheffield), and the second by the 1st Chester and Camarvon (Chester). The honours of Tuesday, when the firing was with shot from the breech-loading 40-pounder Armstrong, were monopolised by Lancashire and Yorkshire, the first prize being won by the 2nd East York; the second by the 2nd Lancashire; the third by the 4th Lancashire, and the remaining fourth by the 4th West York. On Wednesday the firing was with the same Armstrong gun for the Lords and Commons prize, and three others given by the National Rifle Association. The Lords and Commons Cup was won by the second detachment of the 4th Durham (West Hartlepool), the second prize by the first detachment of the 1st East York (Whitby), the third prize by the 2nd East York (Hull), and the fourth prize by the 1st Mid Lothian (Edinburgh).

ON SATURDAY, too, some 6,000 volunteers arrived at Aldershot, for association in drill and manœuvring with the regulars of all arms. This is the largest number of volunteers encamped at Aldershot since the organisation of the force, and their conduct from all points of view has been everything that could be desired. On Tuesday, the volunteers constituted almost entirely one of the two forces, not very unequal in numbers, which engaged in a sham fight, at which the Duke of Cambridge was present. After this there was a march past, in which the volunteers showed very creditably. Some 2,000 of the volunteers were engaged in brigade drill with the regulars on Wednesday, after which there was a march past, followed by a sham

fight, in which the volunteers showed that they had already derived great benefit from their association with the regular forces.

THE CONVERSION OF THE GARDEN OF RED LION SQUARE into a public recreation ground, undertaken, as previously chronicled in this column, by Lord Brabazon and his Metropolitan Public Garden Association, has been completed. It was formally opened to the public on Monday by Lady Marion Alford, after appropriate speeches from Lords Dorchester and Brownlow.

MR. HERKOMER has been appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, in succession to Mr. Ruskin, who has been attacked by an illness so serious as to cause great anxiety.

BESIDES the deaths of Lords Houghton and Halifax (whose portrait and memoirs we shall shortly publish), our obituary also includes the death, in his eighty-second year, of Sir H. J. Stracey, who represented the Conservative interest in East Norfolk, Great Yarmouth, and Norwich successively; in his seventieth year, of Sir John Salusbury Trelawney, the representative of a very ancient and distinguished Cornish family, whose seat, Trelawne, has been in their possession since the time of the Confessor, and one of whose ancestors fought at Agincourt, while another, Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol in 1685, was among the famous seven committed to the Tower by James II.; of the Hon. F. W. Walsh, one of the Judges of the Irish Court of Bankruptcy; of Mr. Robert Potts, M.A., of Cambridge, well-known in the mathematical and educational worlds by his very popular edition of "Euclid," and at Cambridge as a zealous University reformer; of fever, at Sierra Leone, of Dr. Nathaniel Cameron, of the Army Medical Department, a distinguished *alumnus* of the University of Aberdeen, in which he was Assistant-Demonstrator of Anatomy, becoming afterwards, for a short time, resident physician at the Macclesfield Infirmary; and, in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. Horace Wigan, younger brother of the late Alfred Wigan, and an actor and dramatist of some note.



THE expectation of legitimate fun from Messrs. Stephens and Yardley's burlesque of *Olivia*, brought out at the Gaiety on Saturday evening, was not wholly disappointed; but the piece is rather too long and the satire flags too often to enable us to chronicle a complete success. No doubt it will shock some persons to know that irreverent hands have been laid upon Mr. Will's beautiful play; but it must be confessed that the authors of this "respectful burlesque perversion" have exhibited no malice, or other sinister purpose, unless a desire to extract amusement out of the heightening and colouring of certain obvious weaknesses is open to that reproach. It must have struck a good many people that the Vicar—at least the Vicar of the stage—exhibits a degree of simplicity and a freedom from all suspicion of guile which might very easily have been made to overstep, as it certainly approaches, the extreme limits of the credible. Mr. Irving's and Miss Terry's peculiarities of tone, gesture, and movement may also be admitted, without serious abatement of our admiration for the genius of these distinguished performers, to show a tendency to mere mannerism. These, and such-like traits, both in the conduct of the story and in the performance, are generally held to be fair mark for the satirist, and it is upon these that the authors of *The Vicar of Wakefield*; or, *the Miss-Terry-ous Uncle*, have concentrated their attention. The mimicry of Miss Terry, by Miss Laura Linden—of course with the needful dash of exaggeration—is really perfect. Mr. Arthur Roberts's Vicar, who is represented as privately an artful and designing personage, is occasionally—though only occasionally—equally good; and there is a quaint sort of drollery in Mr. Squire's Burchell and Mr. Jarvis's Moses. Perhaps the best hit is the prominence given to the curious blindness of the Vicar's knowledge to the dangers so obviously threatening the loving and impulsive Olivia. So much for the satire. For the rest the burlesque is bright and stirring; Miss Violet Cameron as the profligate squire acts and sings with vivacity and taste; and the music of M. Pascal, the dances, choruses, and picturesque features of the piece will contribute further to its chances of success at a house long famous for this class of piece. The burlesque is preceded by a revival of the late Mr. Oxenford's three-act comedy, entitled *Lord Dundreary's Brother Sam*, in which Mr. Lytton Sothorn plays the part originally represented by his father, in a style that vividly recalls the peculiarities of that popular actor.

The early date fixed for the production of Messrs. Jones and Wilson Barrett's play, entitled *Hoodman Blind*—that is, Tuesday, the 18th inst.—testifies further to the managerial faith in the attractive power of romantic drama. The play is in four acts, with many changes of scene, and an unusually extensive list of personages. The hero—to be played by Mr. Wilson Barrett—is, it seems, a young Buckinghamshire farmer. Miss Eastlake plays the part of the wife of this hero, and also another part, somewhat vaguely described as that of "a wail."

If the report that the new play by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, in preparation at the Adelphi, is a realistic nautical drama of the present day be correct, turret-ships and torpedoes may be expected to take the place on the stage of the sailing ships and old-fashioned tokens of warfare which since the days of Mr. T. P. Cooke have flourished almost without challenge. The stage horripole must now, we fear, be regarded as a thing of the past. There is no room for this sort of thing in turret-ships.

The late Gerald Griffin's classical play *Gisippus*—one of Macready's famous ventures—has been revived by the Messrs. Holt at the Surrey. The taste for dramas of this sort, however, seems to have declined; and the performance on Monday evening was only partially successful in enlisting the sympathies of the house.

LONDON MORTALITY continues fairly low. Thus the deaths during the last two weeks have numbered 1,750 and 1,720, showing respectively an increase of 124, and a decrease of 30, and being 57 below and 8 above the average, while the death-rate reached 22.4 and 22 per 1,000. The mean death-rate during the last five weeks has been 20.8 per 1,000 against 22 in the previous nine years. There were 10 and 5 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 4 and decline of 5), 348 and 309 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 64 and a fall of 39), 13 and 11 from cholera or choleraic diarrhoea (a rise of 8 and decrease of 2), 71 and 58 from measles (an increase of 6 and a decline of 13), 47 and 41 from whooping-cough (a fall of 4 and 6), 23 and 20 from diphtheria (a rise of 1 and a decrease of 3), 18 and 20 from scarlet fever (an increase of 7 and 2), 8 and 10 from enteric fever (a rise of 1 and 2), 2 and 4 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2), and none from typhus. Last week the fatal cases resulting from diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 184 from 172, but were 4 below the average. 47 deaths were due to violence, and 41 of these were caused by negligence or accident. During the two weeks there were 2,459 and 2,164 births registered, an increase of 36 and decrease of 295 respectively, and 261 and 470 below the average. Last week the mean temperature was 59.4 deg., and 3.3 deg. below the average, while there were 28.8 hours of bright sunshine in London against 47.8 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



ARTIFICIAL HONEY is the latest American deception. A little of the genuine article is mixed with a syrup made by treating maize starch with an acid, and both taste and appearance exactly resemble good old honey.

A COMPETITION FOR THE BEST BOOK TO TEACH THE BLIND has been decided on by the Congress of Teachers of the Blind, just held at Amsterdam. A prize of 125*l.* will be awarded to the successful author at the next Congress, to be held at Breslau in 1888.

AN EXTRA-REMARKABLE DIAMOND WEDDING has just been celebrated in a Leicestershire village. The happy couple were married in the Waterloo year, 1815, and kept their golden wedding twenty years ago. A diamond wedding is usually celebrated on the sixtieth anniversary.

YET ANOTHER COMET HAS REAPPEARED. The periodic comet known as Tuttle's was seen on Monday morning by the Director of the Nice Observatory, having been last observed in 1871 from Marseilles. It was first discovered in 1790 by a Parisian observer, and was then lost sight of till 1858, when Mr. Tuttle, of Cambridge, United States, identified a comet with Mechain's discovery.

THE SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY will open their eighth annual Exhibition at Glasgow on October 24, and intend for the future to admit works by other painters besides Members of the Society. The Exhibition will be held in the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, and artists are invited to contribute water-colour paintings and monochromes on October 9th. London painters may send their works to Mr. J. Bourlet, 17, Nassau Street, W.C., up to October 5th.

THE PARIS PANTHÉON is now again open to the public for the first time since Victor Hugo's burial. All the religious emblems and furniture have disappeared, save a few statues of saints, and the walls look wretchedly bare, as the mural frescoes are by no means finished. Some of the vacant spaces are veiled by tapestry. The enormous mass of memorial wreaths offered to Victor Hugo have been thoroughly sorted, and the most lasting garlands are retained. Some are laid upon the steps leading to the grave, others are heaped up close by, and those contributed by the family and most intimate friends cover the poet's bier.

"EXPIRING WAVES," a faint green, "aurora-tipped snow," a pinkish cream, and "silvery moonlight," a delicate blue tint, are the fashionable early autumn colours for French country toilettes. Real flowers are worn in profusion on the bonnets and hats, at the throat and belt, and scattered in bunches over the evening dresses, while the latest fancy for provincial aristocratic weddings is to wreath the bride's carriage with white blossoms, twining garlands of lilies, roses, pinks, and orange-blossoms round the windows, the lamps, and even the spokes of the wheels. In Auvergne lately ropes of white roses formed the harness for the bridal carriage.

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION of next year will include a most interesting "Karkhana," or series of palace workshops, illustrating Indian handicrafts. To the present day industrial colonies of this kind thrive within the precincts of Eastern Courts, where, as they chiefly work for Royal employers, the men produce the highest specimens of workmanship. Accordingly a minute representation of this Karkhana will be arranged within a palace courtyard, which will be entered by the gateway lately given to England by the Maharajah of Scindia as a specimen of Indian art. A native bamboo bridge will also be erected in the Indian section.

THE GREEK ANTIQUITIES FROM NAUCRATIS, collected by Mr. Flinders Petrie for the Egypt Exploration Fund, are now on view at the rooms of the Royal Archaeological Institute in Oxford Mansions, Oxford Circus. Until the end of next month visitors will be admitted between ten and four on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, by presenting their card. These antiquities were unearthed from the Nebireh Mound, now identified as the famous Naucratis, the earliest Greek settlement in Egypt, and the cradle of Hellenic art. The exploration was so complete that Mr. Petrie has managed to construct a plan of the city, fixing the sites of two temples to Apollo, of which the earlier was constructed between 700 and 600 B.C.

THE ALPINE DEATH-ROLL counts two more entries. When two French tourists last week were crossing the Col du Géant from Courmayeur to Chamounix, one of the mountaineers, M. Rey, slipped on some rocks close to the summit and fell over a precipice. He was killed instantly. The other victim was a young Viennese physician, Dr. Zsigmondy, who lost his life in a perilous ascent among the Dauphiné Alps. In company with a brother and a friend, Dr. Zsigmondy had just scaled the Pic de la Ney from La Grave—hitherto regarded as impracticable, when the rope connecting him with the rest of the party broke, and he was dashed to pieces. Curiously enough, he had just published a book on the dangers of the Alps.

THE FORTHCOMING ELECTIONS will cost the French Government a pretty penny for working expenses in Paris alone. An ingenious statistician has minutely estimated the cost of counting and sorting the votes for the thirty-eight candidates who crave the honour of representing the capital. This process will entail 652 voting-places throughout Paris, each provided with six tables, and three officials to each table. Last year the votes took a week to count, this time only twenty-four hours will be allowed, so the number of officials has been greatly increased. Our statistician enumerates the salary and keep of the officials, and even the cost of oil for the lamps, pencils, inkstands, gum, scissors, and like minor details till he reaches the total of 420*l.* per head for each deputy returned.

THE CONGO FREE STATE is painted in very glowing colours by the Belgian physician to the International African Association, who has just returned home after three years stay in the Congo region. In a long statement published by the *Indépendance Belge*, Dr. Allard emphatically denies that the natives are opposed to the Association, and declares that the relations between the whites and the Congolese are excellent. As a proof of friendliness two Kings of the Vivi region have sent home with Dr. Allard their two young sons to visit "the great King M'Poutou," or Sovereign of White Countries, as they style the King of the Belgians. The boys are bright little negroes, of ten and fourteen, Lutété and Lussala, who speak a smattering of French and English, while the former is devoted to music and can play the scales. Dr. Allard speaks well of the Congo climate—which has certainly agreed with him—and points out that only thirteen out of 150 Europeans have died during the three years of his residence. Certain precautions, however, must be taken, such as rest during the midday heats, perfect sobriety, light clothing, and above all no indulgence in fits of passion. He acknowledges that mistakes have been made in fixing some stations in unsuitable sites, but these have now been removed to more healthy positions, while for the future Europeans will have plenty of fresh meat, as the Association has transformed a large island into pasturage grounds for rearing cattle. Five doctors are now established in the State, and an excellent hospital flourishes at Boma.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"His lean brown hands trembled as he held out to her a something in a binding of faded golden filagree."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER IX. (continued)

BY-AND-BY they were all seated in the garden together, and O'Rourke and Fraser came in, and each took a chair in the hot shade of the trained limes. Angela, Farley, and Maskelyne were just beginning to feel at home together, and were gliding into talk. O'Rourke sat near and kept silence, though it was a common habit of his to lead conversation. He was esteemed a good talker, but his power as a listener was rarer and more remarkable. As a listener he was full of subtleties. He responded silently to the slightest shade of thought, and the talker always felt certain of sympathy with him. He had not sat there long before Angela, who was perhaps a trifle more sensitive than a healthy girl should be, had discovered this rare and curious faculty of O'Rourke's, and began almost unconsciously to include him in the talk, not by any direct address, but instinctively, and in her own mind.

It is not to be supposed that O'Rourke was peculiarly sensible to the charms of feminine beauty, or that Angela, though blessed with more than an average share of good looks, was of that commanding and compulsive type which—according to the creed of which Théophile Gautier was once high priest—can bring a man to his knees by a glance. But it is none the less true that, though but a

single glance had passed between them, the young politician was interested, and felt a little drawn forward out of himself by the girl's clear and frank regard. His occupations gave him but little time to think of sentiment, and, in spite of his red hair and his Celtic blood, he had but little warmth of temperament in that direction. He was paid for the political service he rendered to his party, but not largely, and he was still dependent for one-half his livelihood upon his exertions as a journalist. He was fond of style, and since he lived, as a matter of habit and custom, a little beyond his means, he had to keep his nose to the grindstone pretty well all the year round.

He had thought often enough of marriage as a means of escape from this continued necessity, but he had seen clearly that his politics were against him. There were not many wealthy people on his side. The moneyed classes were arrayed against him, and he and his party against them. He was well born and well bred, and was reasonably if not overwhelmingly conscious of his advantages of person and intellect. He knew very well that a young man like himself would have been welcomed with open arms on the Tory side, and that a brilliant social career, including probably a brilliant marriage, was there for any man of his capacities. There was no hint of treachery in these reflections. He was a young man whose

speculations invaded many regions, and he knew his own value. It would be unfair to say that O'Rourke was on the look out for a susceptible heiress—he was too busy a man to have much time for that sort of search—but when he heard of an heiress the word struck a responsive chord, which vibrated for a moment. And Angela's eyes had appealed to him to begin with.

As he sat there sympathetically listening, he said to himself with a candour which was somewhat removed from sentiment,

"There's another girl I might have tried for. Maskelyne's after her? Well, there are not many girls who would say No to Maskelyne."

He saw but little of feminine society, and knew but little of women's manners or their interior ways. He watched with a closer interest than he could altogether have accounted for at the moment for any sign of rapport between Maskelyne and Angela, and saw none whatever on either side. Dobroski sat by, silent, and many glances of affection and understanding passed between the girl and him, but none between her and Maskelyne.

"Engaged, perhaps," said O'Rourke to himself. "Sure of each other." A moment later, with a little touch of passing anger at his himself, "What has it to do with me?"

"We are organising a little expedition, Mr. Farley," said Angela
(Continued on page 191)

Life of the Late Sir Moses Montefiore

BORN OCTOBER 24, 1784

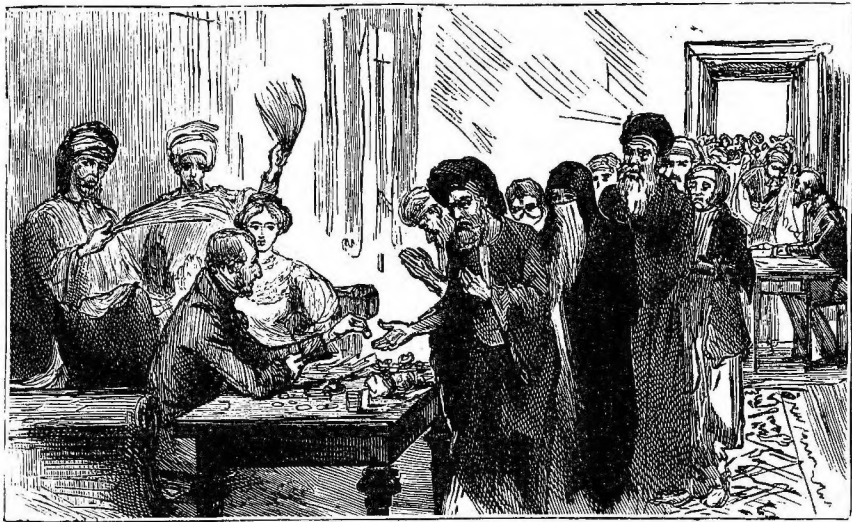
DIED JULY 28, 1885

MOSSES HAIM MONTEFIORE was born on the 24th of October, 1784 (8th Heshvan, 5544), at Leghorn, where his father, Joseph Montefiore, a not very wealthy merchant, whose family had for some time been settled in England, was buying for the English market. Returning to England with his parents, Moses Montefiore was privately educated, and after spending a short time in a wholesale tea-house, became one of the twelve Jewish Members of the Stock Exchange. This privilege was purchased for him by his uncle at a cost of 1,200*l*. About this time a volunteer force was raised to repel the threatened French invasion, and Moses Montefiore joined the Surrey Militia, in which he rose to the rank of captain. He attained great popularity on 'Change, where he was presently joined by his brother Abraham. He also had business connections with Nathan Mayer Rothschild, which were strengthened when the two friends respectively married the two daughters of Levy Barent Cohen; moreover, Abraham Montefiore wedded Henrietta Rothschild, sister of the great financier, thus forming another link between the two families. This connection has continued till now, for Lord Rothschild is one of the executors of Sir Moses' will. The latter married in 1812. He has recorded that his brother-in-law, N. M. Rothschild, who lived next door to him, roused him at five o'clock one morning to tell him of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, news of which the great financier had learned before it had become known to the Ministry.

In 1824 Mr. Montefiore retired from business and settled in Park Lane. "Thank God, and be content," was his wife's behest, and henceforward he was engaged almost entirely in various works of benevolence, though in conjunction with his friends he founded the Alliance Insurance Office, the Imperial Continental Gas Association, and the Provincial Bank of Ireland. The Alliance Office was successful from the first. This success was in some measure due to the fact that the Hebrews, who were numerously represented among the insured, live longer than Gentiles. Of this longevity Sir Moses was himself a striking example. The Gas Association on the



IN THE CITY, NOV. 9, 1837—HER MAJESTY KNIGHTING SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE
honorary distinction of a gold pass. One of his last financial transactions was the financing of the loan of 20,000,000*l*., by which Salomons, a friend of Mr. Montefiore, was elected the first Jewish Sheriff of London, but being unable to take the qualifying oath



THE VISIT TO THE EAST, 1839—DISTRIBUTING ALMS AT ZAFED

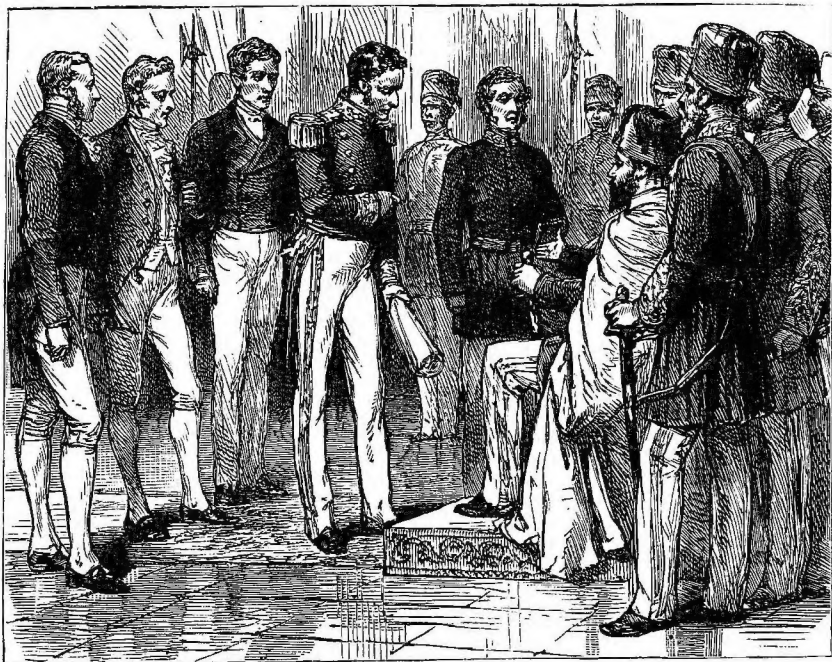
other hand had a hard struggle for existence, but succeeded at last. In connection with the banking business, Sir Moses twice travelled

the British Government achieved the slave-emancipation movement of 1833.



THE VISIT TO THE EAST, 1839—ENTERING INTO JERUSALEM over Ireland. He was also for a short time a director of the South-Eastern Railway, and in memory of this received in 1883 the purely

they were debarred from sitting in either House of Parliament, and from holding most public offices. In 1835, David



THE VISIT TO THE EAST IN 1840—INTERVIEW WITH SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID

In 1827 Mr. Montefiore began the long series of expeditions in the interest of his poorer co-religionists which form the chief incidents in his career. His first visit was to Palestine, the most convenient route to which then lay through Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore travelled overland through Europe. The latter in her interesting diary mentions that at Radicofani her husband gave the curate a dollar for the oldest person in the place, little thinking that he would himself so far exceed the allotted "threescore and ten."

At Alexandria, the British Consul, Mr. Salt, strongly advised them not to proceed to Palestine, but the travellers were undaunted. They sailed to Jaffa, and rode into Jerusalem, where they found the Jews in a very miserable condition, living in extreme indigence, much oppressed by the officials, and actually paying 300*l*. a year for permission to weep at the "Wailing-Place of Jerusalem." The travellers distributed bountiful alms, and Mr. Montefiore made many inquiries with a view to introducing industries, and so ameliorating the condition of his co-religionists.

On their homeward journey they brought some of Admiral Codrington's despatches describing the Battle of Navarino, which had just been won.

After his return, Mr. Montefiore became a member of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, which under his direction took a lively interest in the welfare of its foreign brethren. The English Jews were themselves engaged in a struggle for political emancipation, for at this time they were debarred from sitting in either House of Parliament, and from holding most public offices. In 1835, David

exercised only an imperfect jurisdiction. However, in the same year Lord Lyndhurst passed a Bill to relieve him. In 1837 Mr. Montefiore became the second Jewish Sheriff, and, as holding that position at the Coronation, was knighted by the Queen. As Princess Victoria Her Majesty had, by the courtesy of the owner, often used the grounds attached to the house at East Cliff, Ramsgate, which Sir Moses occupied for more than sixty years.

After serving his term of office Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore departed on their second pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On their way they visited the seven synagogues of Rome, as well as the various works of art and museums in the Imperial City. They next went to Malta, but here news met them that the plague was raging in Palestine. Sir Moses accordingly prepared to proceed alone, but Lady Montefiore would not leave him. Like Ruth, she said, "Where thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge," and like Ruth she prevailed. They received an enthusiastic reception in Jerusalem. Sir Moses distributed the funds entrusted to him by the Chief Rabbi, and returned to Beyrout. Determined to introduce agriculture among the Jews of the Holy Land, he obtained a decree from Mehemet Ali authorising them to acquire land. His plans were destined to fail, however, for unfortunately at this time the Sultan sent his armies against Syria, and destroyed the rule of Mehemet Ali.

In 1840 the often repeated, though always false, accusation of human sacrifice was brought against the Jews in Rhodes and Damascus. In both places in consequence they were much oppressed, the richer Hebrews being often imprisoned in hopes of ransom. Some of them perished in their prisons. Sir Moses at once took up their cause. He called a meeting of his fellow

(Continued on page 180)



SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFF'S Mission to EGYPT arouses wide interest throughout the Continent. For the moment all attention is centred on the attitude of TURKEY towards England, which has distinctly improved of late, and gives hopes of a better understanding. Indeed the Sultan specially invited the British Minister at Constantinople, Sir W. White, to the Palace, and though avoiding any discussion of the political objects of Sir H. Wolff's mission, expressed his pleasure at the coming visit. Still, these signs of amiability will hardly lessen the serious difficulties expected to confront the British Envoy, thanks alike to Palace intrigues and to the opposition of the Arab party. Sir Henry will first discuss with the Porte the Egyptian financial situation and subsequently the Soudan question, requesting Turkey, it is believed, to occupy certain districts in the Soudan. It is on this latter point that the gravest differences are anticipated, and it is feared that the Porte may raise unacceptable conditions. As, however, Sir Henry is expected at Constantinople at the end of this week, speculation will soon be set at rest. In general the Mission is discussed abroad in a kindly spirit. Austrian and German opinion especially approves a more energetic British policy, but Russia is suspicious of an Anglo-Turkish Alliance on the Afghan question. France feels altogether left out in the cold. Not only does she resent being ignored in a country where she has hitherto possessed great interests, but Sir M. Hicks-Beach's recent plain declarations in Parliament have much disappointed those politicians who counted on England speedily evacuating Egypt. Meanwhile Egypt herself is very anxious about starving Kassala, which at last seems likely to be relieved by the Abyssinians. Ras Aloula is evidently not far off, for he has been successful in a brush with the besiegers at Algedin, fifty miles east of Kassala, and is even said to have relieved Fort Jirdeh, close to the beleaguered city. But according to news received by Major Chermide at Suakim, the garrison cannot endure much further delay, so the British officer will go to Massowah to meet Captain Speedy and make the final arrangements for relief. The Nile is rising so rapidly as to cause some anxiety, and the other chief item is the payment of the indemnities, begun this week.

A decided lull continues in the AFGHAN dispute. Thus the reports from the frontier and the comments of the Russian Press at home are mainly repetitions of the news of the past few weeks, the most noteworthy remark being the semi-official *Journal de St. Pétersbourg's* statement that the independence of Afghanistan is part of the arrangements concluded between England and Russia, and serves as a basis for pending negotiations. Meanwhile, Persian journals declare that the Ameer is so subservient to England that notices are posted in the Cabul mosques inviting the faithful to pray for the Ameer, Lord Dufferin, and the Vice-Ameer, Abdurrahman. On the Russian side it is announced that by October the Trans-Caspian railway will be finished to Askabad, where some 1,800 Russians are now stationed. Altogether, 44,000 Muscovite troops are spread over the Trans-Caspian territory, which just now is very unhealthy, particularly towards the Afghan frontier, where the mortality is considerable. If temporarily quiet in this district, however, Russia is credited with activity on another point of the Indian frontier. It is asserted that she has helped the son of the famous adventurer, Yakob Bey, to wrest Kashgaria from China, and this breach of the Treaty of Kuldja between Russia and China has increased the unpleasant impression created by the report published by a Paris journal of a close alliance between England and China. This alliance, declares the *République Française*, was settled at Peking at the same time as the Franco-Chinese Treaty, and the journal still maintains the truth of the rumour, notwithstanding plentiful denial.

There is little improvement in the melancholy accounts of the cholera in SPAIN. Only ten Spanish provinces are now free from infection, and the disease rages in sixty large towns and 610 different places, while the latest bulletin on Tuesday gives 4,460 fresh cases, and 1,561 deaths. The epidemic spreads mostly to the north and east, and declines somewhat in the south, except at Granada, which is in a most distressing condition, and returns even more deaths daily, in proportion, than Naples at its worst. Doctors are scarce, bodies lie unburied, and the Archbishop of Seville, who had been visiting his former Diocese of Granada, has fallen a victim. One Saragossa town—Erla—has lost every official, not a shop is open, no neighbouring town will succour the plague-stricken spot, and the population wander about, proposing to camp in the open and burn Erla altogether. Happily the epidemic does not reach very alarming proportions in Madrid, though thousands have fled there from the affected provinces. Still, people are terribly alarmed, the streets are being disinfected by bonfires, and the poorer classes declare that the doctors poison the water supply. Thus no help is afforded to the sanitary authorities, and hopeless confusion prevails throughout the country, each local official taking what quarantine precautions seem right in his own eyes, to the great distress of all travellers. The Spanish authorities have established a land cordon round Gibraltar, owing to the report of a choleraic death in the Civil Hospital, and Spanish commerce begins to feel deeply the effect of these quarantines in business relations. So too does Southern FRANCE, where the Marseilles Chamber of Commerce protest hotly against trade being injured by the exaggerated reports of the cholera epidemic in the town. Many vessels have ceased to touch at Marseilles, and the Italian authorities sharply enforce observation at the frontier, but it is evident enough that there is ample cause for alarm. Even many French doctors confess that the epidemic may not have come from Spain, but may have broken out from the germs of last year's attack, as the town is in just the same state of dirt and unhealthiness as before. True, the Government now tries to shut the stable door by voting money for immediate public works, but the mischief is done, and the cases have so increased that the Pharo Hospital has been again opened for cholera patients. Thirty-six deaths were recorded on Wednesday, while one has occurred at Toulon. As a wise precaution, no autumn manoeuvres will be held in the district.

The electoral struggle has begun in FRANCE in real earnest. The elections have been fixed for October 4th, so that the new House will meet in November. For the next few weeks, therefore, the country will be deluged with orations of every shade, though the serious battle really lies between M. Ferry and M. Clémenceau. As M. Clémenceau in his later speeches has grown more extreme to catch the ultra Radicals, so M. Ferry, in his late visit to Lyons, remarkably broadened his opinions towards Radicalism to attract the advanced Republicans. Now the late Premier distinguishes between the Irreconcilables represented by M. Clémenceau and the good, or "Government Radicals," whom he desires to form into a stable Ministerial party. M. Ferry met with a very unpleasant reception at Lyons—as, indeed, might have been expected from so Socialist a city. Still his speech was fairly well received, and he is steadily bidding for fresh power, not, it is thought, without some chance of success, although the Paris Press pillory him by such titles as "the Kicking Corpse" and "the Undischarged Convict." But the French have no other party of

importance to choose from save these two, for the Bonapartists are nowhere and the Royalists disorganised, the Comte de Paris remaining deaf to all suggestions for an electoral manifesto. Bad news has come again from Tonkin, where five missionaries and 10,000 Christians have been massacred, and cholera prevails among the French troops.

PARIS is hot and malodorous, and people have rushed out of town in larger numbers than ever for fear of the cholera. Some slight excitement has been provided for the rough classes by the execution of the two murderers, Marchandon and Gaspard, while the Communists had a lively time when inaugurating a monument to Blanqui at Père Lachaise. They afterwards held a turbulent meeting, where they nearly murdered a supposed spy. The Paris journals still warmly discuss the late warning from Germany with loud protestations of innocence.

Once more the relations with Zanzibar have become prominent in GERMANY. The Imperial squadron, under Admiral Paschen, has suddenly appeared before Zanzibar, plainly enough to suggest to the Sultan that Germany will not quietly brook his claim of suzerainty over territory she has annexed. Four ironclads and a despatch-boat, with a strength of 63 guns and 1,700 men, form an imposing array to support the original German claims and the further pretensions advanced by the East African Society. This Association now claims a fertile tract of the Kilima-njaro region, willingly ceded, vows the agent, Herr Jühlcke, by the native chiefs, who are wonderfully eager to replace the red flag of the Sultan's authority by the German tricolour. Herr Jühlcke has just returned from the interior with a bundle of friendly treaties, but the Sultan protests vigorously against such wholesale annexation, and as yet the German Government has not actually endorsed the Society's present action. At home the Germans denounce English influence over the Sultan as the root of the whole dispute, and point out that the question should rather be settled with the British Cabinet than "the English puppet, Said Burghash." Yet signs appear of some distaste for the prevailing colonisation mania, as such schemes have not answered too well on the West African Coast, where sickness seems rife in the Cameroons. The new governor on arrival found the Imperial Commissioner dead, and numbers of the German sailors down with fever.

Imperial and Ministerial meetings past and present, however, form the main topic, not only in Germany, but in AUSTRIA and RUSSIA. Nothing could have been more cordial and affectionate than the late meeting of Emperor William with the Austrian Emperor and Empress at Gastein, and both Sovereigns were deeply touched at parting. Notwithstanding his weakness, Emperor William would spare no sign of respect to his guests, though he was obliged to give up the visit to Ischl. He suffered a little from the exertion and excitement, but has now returned to Babelsberg in very fair health. In general the political significance of this meeting is less commented on than usual, as no Ministers were present. Thus, while the Austrian and German Press alike construe the visit as a fresh guarantee of international peace and a bond of union between the two countries, they dwell chiefly on the personal friendship of both monarchs. Far more speculation is expended over Count Kalnoky's visit to Prince Bismarck at Varzin this week. During the three days' stay popular opinion credits the two statesmen with setting to rights the affairs of every nation, but whatever subjects may be treated it is pertinently argued that the Austrian Premier would hardly go all the way to Varzin save with some really important object. Undoubtedly the Austro-German tariff will be one of the main points of discussion. This excitement over, all eyes will be turned to the meeting of the Austrian Emperor and the Czar, at the Archiepiscopal Palace of Kremsier, in Moravia, on the 23rd inst. At present the Sovereigns intend to spend three days together, and Kremsier Palace and town are being turned out of windows to prepare for the guests. Though happily Nihilism is tolerably quiescent just now, no precautions for the Czar's safety will be omitted, and every visitor and inhabitant is undergoing close examination. Possibly the Czarina, the Empress, and the Crown Prince Rudolph may join the party, and elaborate festivities are being organised. Kremsier, by the way, was the seat of the Austrian Parliament in the troublous days of 1848. Meanwhile the Czar and Czarina have been touring in Finland for the first time since their accession, and have been most warmly greeted. To revert for a moment to Austria, the young Englishman, Boydell, who threatened Mr. Gladstone and two English ladies, has been condemned by the Viennese authorities to six months' hard labour.

Rarely have the UNITED STATES witnessed so grand a spectacle as the funeral of General Grant on Saturday at New York. The whole city was given up to the funeral ceremonies, and half a million visitors poured in from all quarters, filling every inch of space where even the faintest glimpse of the procession could be obtained. Until early on Saturday morning crowds still struggled through the City Hall for a last look at the General lying in State; and, towards the close, the pressure was so great that people were eight hours reaching the hall from the end of the waiting throng. Minute-guns and tolling bells continued from dawn till the procession started for Riverside Park, the "casket" lying on a huge funeral car drawn by twenty-four black horses, and followed immediately by the General's old charger. Files of veterans who had served under Grant mingled with thousands of the present army, State officials headed by President Cleveland, private friends and deputations from every part of the Union, formed such a vast concourse that the procession was five hours passing one point. A large fleet also followed up the Hudson. At the tomb the Grand Army Ritual was first used, and the Methodist Service concluded the rite, amidst military salutes. Finally, the General's little granddaughter laid on the coffin an oak garland she had made from the Mount M'Gregor woods, and the casket was laid in a strong steel case and riveted to the tomb. Troops kept guard during the night and next day, when thousands visited the grave. The starting of the procession gave the signal for innumerable memorial services and orations throughout the States, while many cities organised processions. Now the Grant family are at Mount M'Gregor, Mrs. Grant having been too much overcome to attend the funeral.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the extreme heat in ITALY greatly affects the Pope, who also suffers from an affection of the gums, and accordingly has temporarily suspended all audiences.—BELGIUM is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of railways throughout the kingdom. An important Railway Congress is being held at Brussels, and the members will witness tomorrow (Sunday) the much-discussed historical procession illustrating the means of transport from the earliest ages to the present day.—Business circles in INDIA loudly complain of the Government's financial policy, particularly the stoppage of public works through economy, and the Madras Chamber of Commerce issues an energetic protest against such retrenchment. The death of the Maharajah of Travancore is much regretted. The Prince was one of the most powerful and enlightened native rulers, and used his enormous riches for the true benefit of his dominions.—The French population of CANADA are holding large meetings to promote petitions for Riel's pardon, or at least a commutation of his sentence.—Unlucky King Oko Jumbo received a sorry welcome home to WEST AFRICA. The British steamer *Corvise*, in which he was returning, was driven into the mouth of the river Cestos and totally wrecked. Happily all on board were saved.



THE QUEEN leaves the Isle of Wight for Balmoral either on Friday or Monday next. Meanwhile the Royal party at Osborne have already begun to disperse, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne being the first to leave on Saturday, after Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg had wished them goodbye at Osborne Cottage. In the afternoon Prince and Princess Henry drove to Newport and inspected the church. Next morning the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Bishop of Ripon officiated, and afterwards the Princess of Wales with Prince George and the young Princesses visited Her Majesty. The Bishop of Ripon joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday the Queen drove down to the beach with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg to see the procession of yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and later the Duke and Duchess of Connaught with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duchess of Edinburgh left Osborne in the *Alberta*. Owing to the strong wind the *Alberta* had much trouble in getting alongside of the jetty at Portsmouth, while subsequently the Royal party were delayed by the slippery state of the railway line. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught went up to town on their way to Bagshot, but the Duchess of Edinburgh waited at Portsmouth to receive Princess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, the cousin of Her Majesty, who returned with the Duchess to Osborne on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty held a Council at Osborne on Wednesday, when Lord Ashbourne, Viscount Cranbrook, and her Chaplain were present, and the Queen finally approved of the Royal Speech for the prorogation of Parliament.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family on Saturday witnessed the regatta of the Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club in Pembroke Bay, where the Prince sailed his *Belle Lurette* in the Una boat race, and was again the winner, notwithstanding the stormy weather. On Monday, as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Prince in the *Alme* led the sailing column during the cruise of the vessels belonging to the squadron, the steam yachts forming a second column. The Prince and Princess, with Princess Louise and Prince George, went to the Royal Yacht Squadron ball on Wednesday night. The Royal party constantly cruise in the *Alme*, and have been accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hesse family. They leave the Isle of Wight on Monday for Aldershot to witness a field-day on Tuesday. Afterwards they will go to Scotland for the Prince to enjoy two days' grouse shooting, and on the 21st will leave Aberdeen in the *Osborne* for a cruise to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Prince Albert Victor on Monday took part with his regiment in a grand sham fight at Aldershot.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh may possibly not go to Coburg this summer. When the Duke takes the command of the Mediterranean Squadron he will probably choose the *Inflexible* as flag-ship.—Prince and Princess Christian go to Germany on the 25th instant. On Tuesday they witnessed a cricket match at Henley, where their eldest son was among the players, and to-day (Saturday), the Princess will distribute at the Guildhall certificates to the City and Port of London Classes of the St. John's Ambulance Association.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have taken long walking excursions at Andernatt, and lately crossed the St. Gothard on foot. The Prince returned to Berlin to welcome his parents on Wednesday, but the Princess and daughters will go on to North Italy.



BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—One of the most important musical festivals of our time will take place at Birmingham the week after next. We have already fully alluded to the programmes, which are of far more than usual interest. If we may judge from a perusal of the vocal scores, it seems likely that M. Gounod's *Mors et Vita* will be even more to the popular taste than the *Redemption*, while Herr Dvorák has in *The Spectre's Bride* given us some of his most powerful and dramatic work. Two beautiful prayers for Madame Albani will lighten the somewhat sombre nature of the subject. Dr. Villiers Stanford's *The Three Holy Children* also seems a composition of great power, despite in the second part a certain tendency to prolixity, which is one of the besetting sins of its school. Mr. Cowen has found in Dr. Hueffer's *Sleeping Beauty* a subject exactly adapted to his refined and delicate touch. The characteristic orchestral interlude "Maidenhood and Dreams of Love" will, indeed, probably be often heard apart from the rest of the cantata. Local Birmingham has its composer in Mr. Anderton, whose *Yule Tide* seems a pleasant, if not very strong work, and the Church school is worthily represented by Dr. Bridge, who has written an able setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of "Rock of Ages." Orchestral music will be represented by Mr. Prout's new symphony, and by a new violin concerto by Mr. Mackenzie, which competent judges are even now comparing with that of Mendelssohn. The London orchestral rehearsals will take place at St. George's Hall on the first four days of next week under Herr Richter and the several composers, and after full choral rehearsals at Birmingham the festival itself will take place from the 25th to the 28th inclusive.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION (MISCELLANEOUS MUSICAL EXHIBITS).—We last week described the piano section at the Inventions Exhibition. Our notice of the other musical exhibits, although many of them present points of interest, must be brief. Several of our great pipe organ builders have exhibited, and as recitals are given upon these instruments daily the public have been accorded the best possible evidence that the old celebrity of British organ builders is still abundantly justified. In the central gallery there is a fine organ by Messrs. Henry Willis and Son, in which some of the details of the construction are visible. There are also a large organ by Messrs. J. W. Walker and Sons, and other large organs by Messrs. Henry Jones and Sons, and Messrs. Brindley and Foster. The electric organ of Messrs. Bryceson Brothers, and organs by Messrs. H. Wedlake, Michell and Thynne, Casson, and others should likewise be mentioned. Some of the leading reed organ manufacturers have not exhibited, and despite the fact that an extra annexe was constructed to accommodate them, all are very much cramped for space. Thus, Messrs. Estey and Co. have only space for two large organs with pipe tops and pedals, and one of them with handsomely carved ecclesiastical figures on either side. Near them are the popular Clough and Warren organs, excellent instruments whether for church or home purposes. The Mason and Hamlin organs are in the central gallery, and their exhibit is the largest in the organ section of the Exhibition. The Smith Organ Company send two large organs, and the Bridgeport Organ Company, Messrs. Pelubet Pelton, Messrs. Carpenter, the Dominican Organ Company, and

others exhibit. The free reed organ, on what is called the American system (although the invention is claimed for this country) is quite a modern instrument, and its development seems to have been temporarily checked, partly by the anxiety of the public for fancy stops. The best of these organs are still manufactured in the United States, whence they are exported here in large numbers. We have, however, some factories in England, chief among which is, so far as the Exhibition is concerned, that of Messrs. Jones of Bristol. The popularity of the American exhaust bellows organ has almost driven the French harmonium from the field, but English-made specimens of this instrument are exhibited by Mr. Bauer, Messrs. Kelly and Co., Mr. Stevens, Mr. Griffin, and others. The exhibits of modern violins are highly creditable, although comparatively few of the French and German manufacturers, whose name is legion, of cheaper instruments exhibit. Messrs. Chanoit have an important exhibit comprising among other things an interesting model of a Stradivarius violoncello, and a great double bass. In Messrs. Hill's case is exhibited the tiny fiddle made to the order of the Prince Consort, and upon which the Duke of Edinburgh, when a child, took his first violin lessons. In a "duplex violin," invented by Mr. Taylor, two strings tuned in unison are employed instead of the single string. It is a question whether this will not add to the difficulty of tuning. A "cellino" by Mr. Collins is tuned an octave only below the violin. Among the other exhibitors of violins are Messrs. Wallis, Messrs. Whitmarsh, Mr. Meeson (who claims an improved double curved bass bar), Herr Jühlings of Dresden, Herr Sprenger of Stuttgart, and Herr Lowenthal. All these are, of course, modern violins, but in the Loan Collection in this gallery of the Albert Hall there is an almost priceless collection of stringed instruments by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, the Amati, and other renowned makers of the past. There is a very large show of brass and other band instruments. Messrs. Besson, Messrs. Mahillon, and Messrs. Rudall Carte exhibit nearly every instrument used in bands, the collection of Messrs. Besson being a particularly fine one. Messrs. Hooley, too, are important exhibitors, and their big drum, the head of which is made from the skin of a beast selected from a cattle show, has attracted considerable attention, even on the part of the very uninitiated public. Messrs. Potter, the Army contractors, and Messrs. Wallis are likewise exhibitors. We have no space to write of the vast array of miscellaneous exhibits in the musical section. The most important are, of course, those of the makers of various parts of musical instruments, which are subsequently fitted up in the factories. There are also a large number of mechanical instruments, small instruments such as concertinas, banjos, ocarinas, musical boxes, &c., several capital specimens of music printing, and numerous minor inventions and appliances, from musical dominoes to a music desk which closes up to form a walking-stick, and from a music teaching machine to a violin case which can be converted into a life-preserver, and, it is naively claimed, might be useful in case of shipwreck.

NOTES AND NEWS.—At the Bristol Festival in October Mr. Harford Lloyd's *Hero and Leander* (produced last year at Worcester) and Handel's *Belshazzar*, besides more familiar works, will be performed. There will be no novelties. Mr. Charles Hallé will conduct his Manchester band.—Herr Antonin Dvorák is about to compose the music of a sacred music drama on the subject of *Samson and Dalilah*. The libretto has been compiled by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. The news that Herr Dvorák has accepted an operatic libretto by the same accomplished lady on the subject of *Twelfth Night* is it seems premature.—Madame Christine Nilsson will sail for her Scandinavian Concert tour from Hull on Saturday.—Mr. Samuel Hayes has in contemplation another Italian Opera season in London this autumn.—We are authorised to give an unqualified contradiction to the report printed in some German papers that the distinguished violinist Madame Norman Néruda has recently re-married.—The Promenade Concert Season began at Covent Garden on Saturday, under the conductorship of Mr. G. Crowe. On Wednesday Götze's symphony in F was announced for performance, but the ordinary programmes are not of commanding musical interest.—Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, was married on Thursday, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, by Canon Harford, to Miss Denny, niece of Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—The death is announced of Mr. James Allan, conductor of the famous Glasgow Select Choir.—Mr. A. J. Hipkins has, we are glad to announce, undertaken the editorship of an expensive *catalogue raisonné* of the Loan Exhibits at South Kensington. The work will probably be in several volumes, and will be illustrated with etchings and photographs of the chief exhibits.



PUBLICITY HAS BEEN GIVEN to a letter written by the Archbishop of Canterbury to a correspondent who asked his opinion as to the propriety of the course adopted by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in prosecuting its recent inquiries and publishing their results. While intimating his belief that without public movement the Criminal Law Amendment Bill would not have passed this year, the Primate says that from the first he deprecated some of the modes of inquiry adopted, and expresses a fear that the dissemination of its results may have done a certain amount of harm. At the same time, when the *Pall Mall Gazette* was charged with publishing baseless allegations, the Archbishop could not refuse its appeal to have submitted to him the facts on which those allegations were founded, while, in common with his coadjutors, he declined to be made acquainted with the names of persons supposed to be implicated. The Archbishop concludes by observing that certainty will be a more effective deterrent than excessive severity of punishment, and that there never was such a call as at this moment to parents, to clergy, to employers, to all places in any way capable of forming a Vigilance Committee, to recognise their various responsibilities.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON appeals for contributions to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, through which last year 5,000 London children were enabled to spend their holidays by the sea or in the fields. Donations may be sent to Mr. F. Greene, at the office, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

EARL NELSON, Trafalgar, Salisbury, will receive subscriptions to be applied to cleansing and repairing the schools for poor children established at the East End of London by the late Charles Lowder. The operation, after many years, is urgently needed. The sum required is between 200*l.* and 300*l.*

TO THE CONTROVERSY, referred to in this column last week, respecting the nursing at University College Hospital, Sir William Jenner contributes a letter, in which he says that he has never known better nursing than in his wards at that institution by the sisters of All Saints, and never worse before they took it in hand. As regards their alleged inculcation of Romish doctrine on patients he adds, "That most liberal and very strict Churchman, Dr. Stebbing, Chaplain for so many years to the hospital, assured me that the sisters never interfered with his duties, and that he believed they devoted themselves solely to their own good work."

FACILITIES HAVE BEEN GRANTED by the Consistory Court for the opening as recreation grounds of the Churchyards of St. John, Westminster, and Paddington, St. Marylebone, as public recreation grounds.

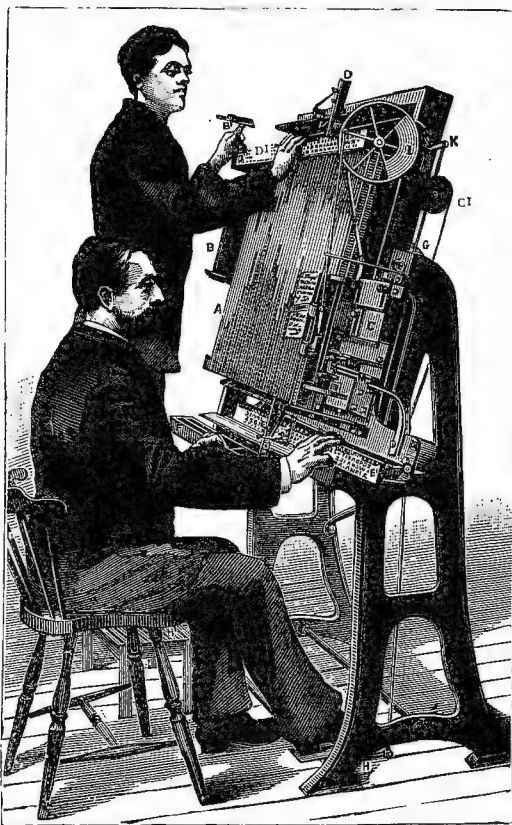
SCIENTIFIC NOTES

The Photographic Art is now of such wide application, and its general features are so well understood, that any new departure in its practice is likely to interest a large number of persons. For a long time past it has been evident to those who have carefully watched the progress of photography that glass for negatives must be sooner or later superseded by some material which is lighter to carry, and which is not so brittle. "Films" as they are called, and which consist of leaves of transparent material, generally compounded of collodion and gelatine—have been in the market for some time, but have not met with general adoption, so we may assume that they do not exactly fulfil the requirements of the modern operator. It would seem, however, that paper rendered transparent will be the negative material of the future—and if we may judge from the specimens lately shown us by the Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company, and now being exhibited at the "Inventions," South Kensington, we may say that the results are everything that can be desired.

Paper negatives were in vogue more than thirty years ago, so that here we have an instance of history repeating itself. But whereas the necessary exposure was in those days half-an-hour or more, the present paper will yield a photograph in the fraction of a second. The general adoption of paper instead of glass—which we believe is bound to take place—will cause a revolution in photography nearly as great as that caused by the introduction of gelatine plates, for apparatus made for dealing with glass cannot be used for paper without somewhat extensive alterations in construction. This will apply more particularly to the dark slide, or receptacle for the sensitive surface in the camera. Its future form will probably be much the same as that now exhibited by the Eastman Company, under the name of the "Roll Holder."

The principle of this holder is that of the moving panorama. It consists of a box containing a roller at either end, so that successive lengths of the sensitive paper can be unrolled, and exposed in the camera, when a shutter is uncovered in front. A key attached to one of the rollers winds off sufficient for each picture, a warning bell sounding when the correct amount is announced. In this way a traveller can take twenty or thirty pictures upon one roll of paper, the material being afterwards cut into sections for development. It is right to mention that the same idea was patented some years back by Mr. Warnerke in this country, and that another form of roller slide is made by Messrs. Morgan and Kidd. There are several technical advantages in the use of paper negatives which we cannot afford space to describe.

A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended from time to time upon the production of type-composing machines, the duty of which is to collect and arrange the metal types in order ready for the printing press, and thus to supersede the work of the human compositor. Some of these machines are now in use, but mostly type is still set up by hand. In the annexed cut is represented a



H, treadle to give motion to the flywheel G, which acts upon the wheel G, which acts upon the wheel G, which acts upon the wheel G, and upon another wheel (not shown), which actuates the composing apparatus. D is the mechanism by which the type is distributed in the vertical grooves below it. Dr, the lettered guide by which the operator moves D from side to side; E the gripper which takes type out of any groove under which it may be placed; F, similar to Dr, but for the use of the composer only; B, the column of type to be distributed; C, the galley in which the composed column is being built up; F, a case for types rarely used, and not needing therefore a groove for each.

machine of Swedish origin which is, perhaps, the most thoroughly efficient and complete contrivance of the kind ever invented, and which we feel sure has a wide future before it. Its inventor's name is Lagerman, and the machine can be seen in operation at No. 5, Dowgate Hill, City.

It would be impossible without numberless diagrams to fully describe the working parts of this wonderful piece of mechanism, and we must therefore rather content ourselves with explaining what it will do. It consists essentially of a number of upright metal grooves, to hold the type, each groove being devoted to one particular letter. Sliding horizontally below this line of grooves is a vertical channel in connection with certain keys which are worked by the operator's fingers. This channel, which is just long enough to hold enough type for a column line of printed matter, is readily brought below any particular groove. When thus situated, a tiny pair of nippers clutch hold of a single type and deposit it in the channel below. When this channel is full, it is passed by the operator to the extreme right hand side of the machine, and he pays no more attention to it, but commences to gather type for the next line. But the machine takes possession of the completed line automatically. The line is carried up in a groove until it comes into contact with the "justifying apparatus." This is the most

wonderful part of the contrivance, and was aptly called by the gentleman who showed us the process "the brain of the machine." Those who are unacquainted with the technicalities of printing will readily understand that lines must be made of one uniform length. To preserve this length, blank spaces are inserted between the words in such places as to give the line a generally uniform appearance so as to satisfy the eye. This, with all former composing machines, has been an after operation done by hand. But in Lagerman's machine the spaces are rendered uniform by automatic mechanism, a space being taken out here, or put in there, as the length of the line may require. Thus "justifying" by hand is altogether obviated. After going through this process, the line travels onward until it is deposited in a receptacle in which the column of type is gradually growing. From first to last the types are untouched by the fingers of the operator.

The speed at which this machine will set up a column of print is very wonderful. We saw ten lines from a leading article in the *Times* set up in three minutes and a-half, which would be equal to 7,650 letters an hour. This is an extreme speed which it would not be fair to quote as an average, but we may say that the machine will in ordinary working set up 6,000 letters per hour.

It will be noticed in the cut that two operators are at work, but one is quite independent of the other. The one who is seated is composing, and the other is "distributing" the type which has already been used, and is done with. The mechanism of the distributor is much the same in character as that already described, only of course the movements are all reversed, the grooves being once more filled with their proper types for the composer's use by and bye. The machine, although so intricate, works with the greatest ease, and apparently without any hitch whatever. It is simply a marvel of ingenuity and constructive skill, and it remains to be seen whether or not practical printers will find any fault with it.

Mr. J. D. Shakespear, in concluding a series of letters to the *Times* on "Fire Damp," gives some useful hints referring to the amount of gas per ton which exists in the coal seams of "fiery" mines. One ton of coal, he tells us, will give off 10,350 cubic feet of "marsh gas," which, when mixed with nine times its bulk of air, will form 93,150 cubic feet of most explosive "fire-damp." He also refers to the pressure at which this gas exudes from the seam of coal, and in mentioning the well-known fact that when the atmospheric pressure is on the increase, as shown by a rising barometer, fire-damp is never found in any quantity, makes a suggestion which we believe is quite new. He says: "Nature is here telling us what to do—viz., deliver air under pressure up to the face of the coal, and so, by keeping up the atmospheric pressure, stop the coming disaster. . . . Ventilation by pressure is the true stay against killing people by hundreds while engaged in their daily occupation."

T. C. H.



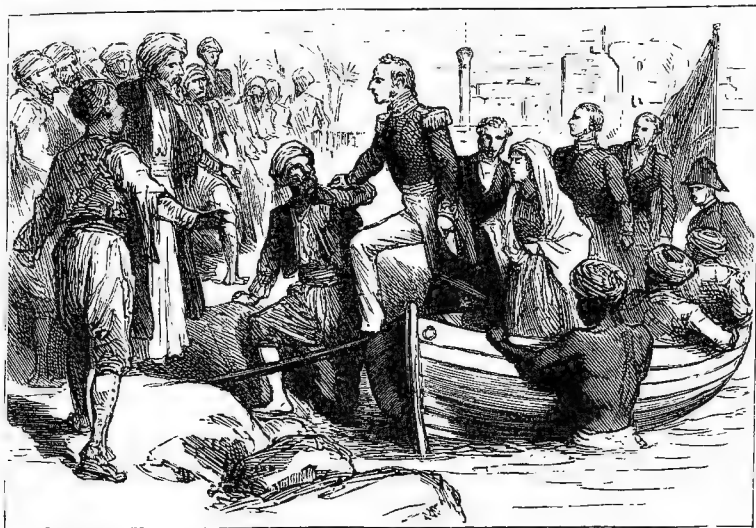
THE TURF.—The present week's racing has been uneventful, and we can hardly look for any improvement till the clans assemble again at York. There was fair sport, however, at Redcar, where the veteran Mr. Bowes won races with Jacobite and Cardinal Wolsey; and St. Helena, by beating King Monmouth and five others in the Great Foal Stakes, somewhat re-established her tarnished reputation. All London, with the trifling exception of some three to four millions, being "out of Town," the attendance at Kempton was very scanty, particularly on the first day, when the fields ran unusually small. Volta, who has run well more than once behind some of the crack two-year-olds this season, won the International Breeders' Stakes from the Belphebe colt, Lowdown, and Osprey, and Necromancer secured a similar race on the second day, giving Goldsmith 13lbs. and beating him by a head. The ever-green Herald showed at the meeting, and, though not much fancied, added another to his very long list of victories by winning the Sunbury Midweight Handicap in a field of seven.—Looking back for a moment at Lewes, it may be noted that Saraband beat his two opponents in the Astley Stakes. He has now won six races out of seven, his only defeat having been in his attempt to give Sunrise 13lbs. at Kempton Park.—There is little or no change in the St. Leger market, Melton being firm at evens. It is supposed that should the ground be somewhat softened by wished-for rain he will run for the Great Northern St. Leger at Stockton on the 18th inst.—The entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire remind us that we are well into the second half of the racing season. Those for the former number just 100, being four more than the complement of last year, and those for the latter 114, being seven less. Most of our best cattle figure among them, including St. Gatien and Florence, the sensational winners of the two events last year, Paradox, the second in the Derby, and several winners of the great "classic" races. Our French neighbours are evidently going to make a bid for these great handicaps, having entered six for the longer and nine for the shorter distance race.

CRICKET.—The Canterbury Week was a decided success, both socially and cricketally, balls, private theatricals, conducted, as usual, by the "Old Stagers," and other reunions conducing to the festive element, and the excellent play of the Kent team reminding spectators of the palmy days of the famous cricketing county. It was very hard on Lord Harris's team that Kent v. Yorkshire should have ended in a draw, but the disappointment was somewhat atoned for by the home county defeating a good M.C.C. Eleven by an innings and 48 runs.—Surrey and Notts have played a very evenly drawn game, the semi-Metropolitans scoring within six of the Midlanders in their first innings, to which Mr. W. W. Read, far and away the champion batsman of the year, contributed 135.—Against Somerset Surrey made the big score of 635, being at the wickets the whole of the first day, and giving the West countrymen some rare exercise in "leather-hunting." On this occasion it was the professional Read that made the champion score, 186 being his figures. Eventually Somerset was beaten by no less than an innings and 301 runs. Another very decided victory for the Surrey men has been that over another comparatively weak opponent in the shape of Derbyshire, Mr. W. W. Read being again to the fore with an innings of 109 runs.—Gloucestershire, which has most sadly fallen from its once proud position, has been easily beaten by Notts by ten wickets, the great W. G. Grace only scoring 1 and 5.—Lancashire has defeated Cheshire, as might have been expected, in an innings with 141 runs to spare, the bowling of Briggs, who took no less than fifteen wickets in the match for less than 4 runs apiece, conducing mainly to the result.—Kent, even without the assistance of Lord Harris and Mr. Mackinnon, made the big score of 399 against Sussex, being in the whole of the first day, and losing only four wickets for 333 runs. Mr. Patterson's contribution was 143. Sussex was eventually beaten by an innings and 66 runs.—The making of "centuries" continues more vigorous than ever, and if not another is recorded this season, what has been already done in this way will make the cricket of 1885 very memorable. Of course the dry weather has materially conduced to the large scores of the last few weeks. Among the scorers of centuries since our last notes, in addition to those already mentioned in first-class matches, we find the names of Mr. Turner, of the Uppingham Rovers (108); Captain

citizens to express their disbelief in the odious charge, and their sympathy with the oppressed Israelites. The Lord Mayor also held a public meeting at the Mansion House, and Lord Palmerston received a deputation on the subject. In addition to this Sir Moses himself proceeded to Alexandria and Constantinople to demand a fair trial for the accused persons. In consequence of his efforts the surviving prisoners at Damascus were released; the Rhodian charge fell to the ground; and the Sultan issued a

Nor was this feeling confined to the men of his own creed. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Corporation of London, and hundreds of representative bodies sent congratulatory telegrams. Her Majesty's ran as follows:—"I congratulate you sincerely on your entering into the hundredth year of a useful and honourable life." Last year his hundredth birthday, which he had greatly desired to see, was the occasion

unclouded mind to his ninety-eighth year. He praises God for the memory vouchsafed to him, and prays that the work which he was permitted to further may be continued after his death. He directs that his funeral shall be conducted with simplicity and a careful avoidance of pomp. To each of his executors—Lord Rothschild, Mr.

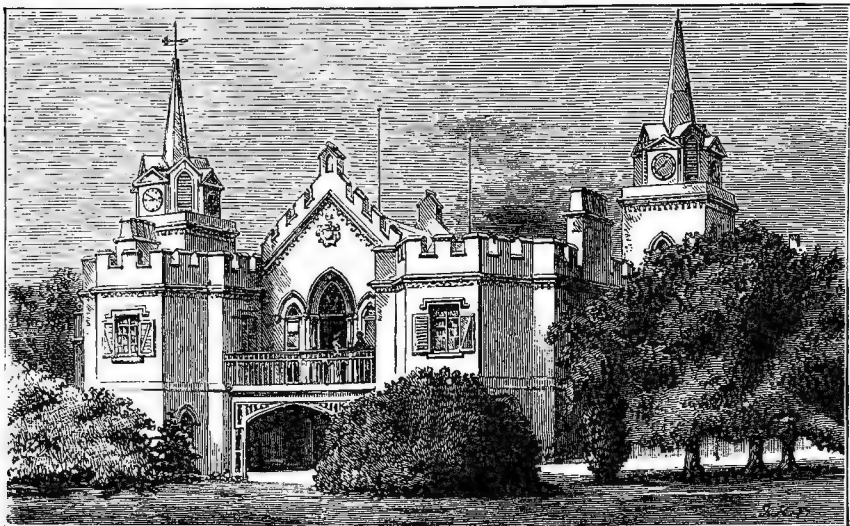


THE VISIT TO THE EAST, 1840—LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

firman, discussing the whole question, and dismissing as groundless the charge that the Jews employ human, or indeed any, blood whatsoever in their sacrifices. Besides this His Majesty declared the equality before the law of Jews with his other subjects, and forbade any molestation of them. While in Constantinople Sir Moses noticed the ignorance of the Turkish language among the Jews of that place, and suggested that it should be taught in their schools in order that they might be fitted for situations from which they were then excluded. This suggestion was carried out; and high offices, both military and civil, are now held in the Turkish Empire by Israelites. Upon his return the Queen granted him the right of bearing supporters, an honour usually reserved for peers and knights of orders.

His next mission was to Russia. The Czar had issued a ukase ordering all Jews living within fifty versts of the frontier to be transferred to the interior. By the good offices of the British Government, and Sir Moses Montefiore's own personal influence, this order was recalled. In the course of his journey Sir Moses underwent considerable danger from wolves and ice, but having escaped these various perils he returned to England, where the Queen, as a further mark of her esteem, made him a baronet.

In 1858 the Mortara case in Rome attracted much interest. A Hebrew child called Mortara had been surreptitiously baptised by its nurse, and stolen from its parents. Sir Moses went to Rome in order that he might recover it, and for that purpose had an interview with Cardinal Antonelli. He was, however, unsuccessful; but it may be that the Cardinal's refusal hastened the fall of the temporal power of the Popes. Two years later Sir Moses headed the subscription for the Syrian Christians who had been attacked by the Druses: more than 20,000*l.* being collected. His continuance in well-doing was unceasing. He made no less than seven journeys to the Holy Land. On the last occasion he was more than ninety years of age. He was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Whole cities turned out to meet him. Sermons were preached, and odes composed in his honour. He endowed hospitals, he stimulated agriculture, and built synagogues. In addition to his own liberal alms-giving, he was often made the administrator of other men's charity. In every part of the world he pleaded the cause of his oppressed brethren, even crossing the desert to Morocco in a litter to procure a more kindly treatment for them.



EAST CLIFF LODGE, SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE'S RESIDENCE AT RAMSGATE

In 1862, his fifty years of married life came to an end by the death of Judith, Lady Montefiore, the dear companion of his travels. In her memory he built the Judith College at Ramsgate, where Rabbis, maintained by his benevolence, pass their days in prayer and in the study of the Law. Husband and wife now lie side by side in the mausoleum at Ramsgate, overshadowed by a cedar of Lebanon.

Sir Moses's entry into his hundredth year on the 8th of November, 1883 (corresponding with the 8th of Heshvan, 5543), was celebrated with much rejoicing by the Jewish community all over the world.

of even greater rejoicing. Though naturally much excited by receiving so many congratulations the aged baronet remained for a time wonderfully well, but during the last few months



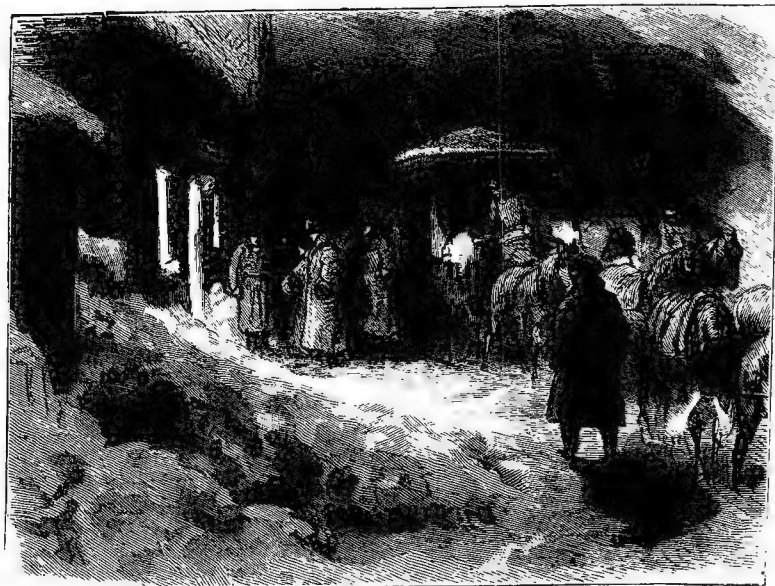
IN RUSSIA IN 1872—THE INTERVIEW WITH THE CZAR ALEXANDER II.

he gradually became weaker, and on the 28th July he peacefully passed away. Truly the words of the chronicler regarding David's death might be applied to him: "He died in a good old age, full of years, riches, and honour." During his last illness he frequently asked his secretary, Dr. Loewe, "Is there anything I ought to do?"

and when answered in the negative, he would move his hand in a circular manner, as if trying its strength before signing a cheque. Thus his benevolent spirit was with him to his death. One of his last acts was the signing of the cheque in payment for his wedding present to the Princess Beatrice, which he had felt much pleasure in presenting.

The funeral took place on Friday, July 31st, and in accordance with Sir Moses's own wish the ceremony was very simple. But the number of people of every class and every position who thronged the route and followed the body to the tomb testified to the esteem and affection with which the deceased baronet was regarded. The burial place is close to the synagogue at Hereson Road, Ramsgate. It is a copy of the Tomb of Rachel on the road from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, and is dome-like in shape. The interior is lit by a coloured glass skylight, under which rests a Jerusalem lamp, burned on special occasions. Around the walls are tablets inscribed with prayers for the dead. The graves of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore lie parallel to one another. They are alike in every detail, and the memorial stones, which were originally of one piece of red Aberdeen granite, having been merely separated by the saw, are symbolical of the close affection of husband and wife.

Sir Moses's will was executed in January, 1882, and occupies about twenty large folio sheets. The value of the personalty is between 350,000*l.* and 380,000*l.* The testament begins with a characteristic expression of thankfulness to God for having preserved him with



WINTER TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA IN 1846

Joseph Sebag, Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., M.P. (his wife's nephew), and Dr. Louis Loewe—he leaves 1,000*l.*, besides other specific gifts. To Mr. Joseph Sebag, the residuary legatee, is bequeathed East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate, and the ground, some thirty acres, attached to it; with remainder, failing direct male heirs to Mr. Sebag, to Mr. Arthur Cohen. To the latter is left the lease of the house in Park Lane with its furniture, but the bulk of the pictures are reserved for the Judith Theological College, Ramsgate, which is also largely endowed. To Mr. and Mrs. Guedalla is bequeathed the life interest in about 35,000*l.* More than 30,000*l.* is left to various institutions in the Holy Land, and about 15,000*l.* to charities in London and Ramsgate. A long list of personal legacies absorbs about 20,000*l.* His horses and carriages are left to his coachman, and all his other servants receive annuities or legacies. All his bequests are left free of legacy duty.

Among our engravings will be found a portrait of Dr. Louis Loewe, for upwards of fifty years the attached friend and companion of the late baronet. This distinguished *savant* was born at Zuelz in Prussian Silesia in 1809. He was educated at Rosenberg in Silesia, at the Theological Colleges of Lissa, Nicholasburg, and Pressburg, and at the University of Berlin. A desire to study Oriental languages led him from Berlin to London. There he became a naturalised British subject, and was appointed Oriental Linguist to the Duke of Sussex. The latter gave him letters to the professors at Cambridge, and Sir Francis Palgrave to those of Oxford. At both Universities he continued his studies. He then went to Paris, where he became a member of the Asiatic and Philological Societies, and was introduced to Admiral Sir Sidney Smith. Under his auspices he travelled much in the East, and acquired a full knowledge of the Arabic, Coptic, Nubian, Turkish, Persian, and Circassian languages. At Alexandria he delivered letters of introduction from Sir Sidney Smith to the Viceroy, Mehemet Ali, for whom he translated some hieroglyphic inscriptions. Near Zafed, in the Holy Land, he was ill treated and robbed by the Druses, and so had to continue his journey disguised as a Bed'awee. On his return from the East Dr. Loewe continued his studies at Rome. There he met Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore,



GOTHIC LIBRARY, EAST CLIFF LODGE—SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE'S FAVOURITE ROOM

who invited him to accompany them on their journey to the Holy Land. This offer he accepted. Thenceforward he accompanied Sir Moses on nine of his Eastern missions, and also on those to Russia, Poland, Roumania, and Rome. Dr. Loewe is master of no less than thirty-nine languages. Among other appointments he is Principal of the Judith Theological College, Ramsgate. He is now engaged in preparing the memoirs of Sir Moses Montefiore, which will shortly be published.

A few words may be added for the purpose of more fully explaining our engravings. The ceremony of knighting Sir Moses when he was one of the Sheriffs in 1837 took place in the Council

Chamber, Guildhall, which was fitted up as the Queen's Drawing Room. Here the Royal Dukes, Cabinet Ministers, and other persons of distinction were assembled, and, upon the entry of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Recorder read the Address, and the honour of knighthood was conferred by the Queen on the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

Lady Montefiore, in her interesting "Notes from a Private Journal" (not published), thus describes their entry into Jerusalem



JEWISH CONVALESCENT HOME, SOUTH NORWOOD
Founded by Sir Moses Montefiore in Memory of His Wife

in 1839. "We entered the city through the Gate of the Tribes, accompanied by a long line of Turkish soldiers, mounted on noble Arab horses, and dressed in the most costly costumes. The streets were narrow, and almost filled up with loose stones, and the ruins of houses which had fallen into decay. The streets, every lattice, and all the tops of the houses were thronged with children and veiled females, while bands of music and choirs of singers welcomed our arrival."

She thus describes the almsgiving at Zafed:—"After breakfast, the poor were admitted to receive the portion of money assigned to each individual. Moses and Dr. Loewe were seated at separate tables, my dear Moses to present the money, Dr. Loewe to examine the lists and question the people."

The visits of Sir Moses to Alexandria and Constantinople have already been referred to in the foregoing memoir. We need only say concerning our engravings of them, that our artist has been assisted by *bas-reliefs* on a testimonial presented to Sir Moses by a large number of Jews in the United Kingdom, the West Indies, and Gibraltar, in commemoration of his mission to Damascus. The self-imposed mission to St. Petersburg, in 1846, was undertaken in the wintry weather of February and March. In the scene represented they were travelling at night; the coach, which resembled a diligence, with *coupé* at front and back, was placed on a sledge, and drawn by sixteen small horses. Behind followed a pack of wolves.

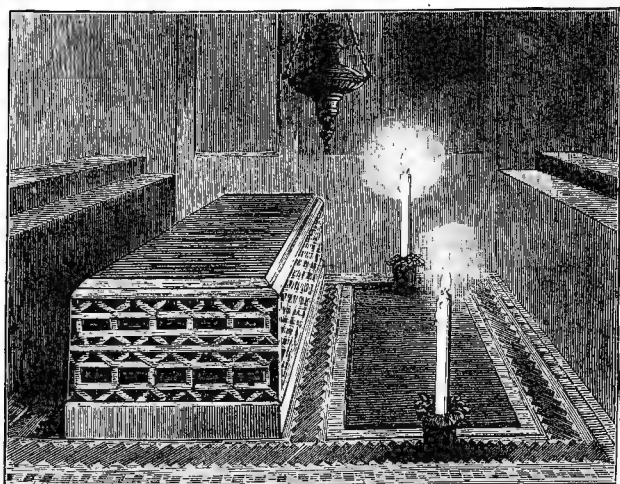
In the engraving representing Sir Moses' subsequent visit to Russia in 1872, the interview between himself and the Czar took place in a small room adjoining the reception-room, in which were the Russian Ministers. Sir Moses was dressed as a Lieutenant of the City of London. Alexander II. wore a long green coat, buttoned up to the chin.

On the occasion of the funeral numbers of wreaths of white flowers were heaped up outside the mausoleum, that thoroughly Eastern, cupola-surmounted edifice. Within the building there is a Hebrew inscription to the following effect: "Unto Thy Hand I commit my spirit, when I sleep and when I awake. And with my spirit also my body, the Lord is with me, I will not fear."

We are indebted to Mr. John C. Twyman, High Street, Ramsgate, for the photographs from which some of our illustrations have been engraved.—The portrait of Dr. Loewe is from a photograph by Mr. H. E. Sheepwash, late H. Randall, Broadstairs.

RETURN OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES SOUDAN CONTINGENT TO SYDNEY

MARCH 3rd, when the Contingent left Sydney for the Soudan, was a fine day. June 23rd, when they returned, was a pouring wet day;



THE MAUSOLEUM, RAMSGATE, WHERE LADY AND SIR MOSES
MONTEFIORE ARE BURIED—INTERIOR

but the Government decided not to postpone the reception on account of the inconvenience it would cause, especially to the excur-

sionists, who had poured in by thousands from country districts. To add to the discomfort of those sightseers who stood in the streets, the crowd at Circular Quay insisted on umbrellas being closed.

At 10 A.M. the procession started. First came some mounted troopers, and then the Naval Brigade, with their field guns, the Ambulance Corps following. Then came the Naval Artillery, some country detachments of the Volunteer forces, and a goodly number of sailors from the various men-of-war in the harbour. Then begins a murmur of expectation, gradually swelling into a resounding burst of cheers. Here are the soldiers from the Soudan! The steamboats whistle, the yards of the vessels moored alongside the quay are black with shouting enthusiasts, and then, four or five abreast, with policemen on either side to keep off the crowd, the Contingent passes by. They were dressed in the English regulation suit, namely, grey helmet, with light brown puggaree, and neat light brown dress. The poor fellows—most of them little more than boys—looked the worse for wear. There were no fresh complexions among them, but they seemed pleased and happy, if slightly bilious. Meanwhile, the rain poured down pitilessly, and the dripping Contingent marched to the barracks, where they were formed into a square. The Go-

vernor, Lord Augustus Loftus, delivered an address, thanking the Contingent, and congratulating them on their return; while Colonel Richardson, shivering on horseback, read a reply. Let us hope that the Contingent were none



JUDITH, LADY MONTEFIORE
From an Oil Painting at East Cliff Lodge

the worse for their continuous soaking. The spectators bore the infliction very good temperedly; all the more so, perhaps, because they were aware that rain was badly wanted. It is a proof of the popularity of the Contingent that, in spite of the

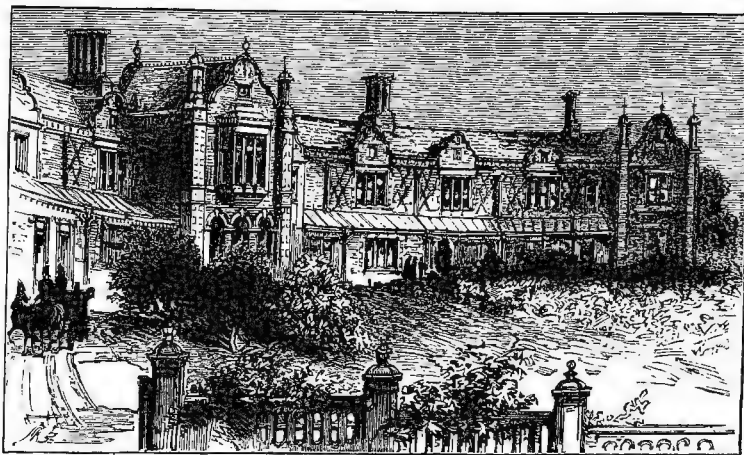


DR. LOEWE, SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE'S FOREIGN
SECRETARY AND FAITHFUL COMPANION

inclemency of the weather, some hundred and fifty thousand persons turned out into the streets to welcome them home.—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieut. C. Field, R.M.I., H.M.S. *Nelson*, Sydney, N.S.W.

PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE "NORTHBROOK"

THE fine iron ship, *Northbrook*, 1,800 tons register, Captain Timothy, sailed from San Francisco, at the beginning of January last, with a very large and valuable cargo of wheat, bound to the English Channel for orders. All went well until they had reached within about 250 miles west of Cape Horn, when, on the 4th of March, she encountered a terrific storm, which carried away the main and mizen masts with everything attached. These in falling tore



THE JUDITH THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, RAMSGATE, ERECTED BY
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE IN MEMORY OF HIS WIFE

away the forebraces, upper foretopmast, foretopgallant mast, and split heel of foretopmast, tore up main and poop-decks, smashed the iron bulwarks and rails on both sides, two lifeboats, boat skids, standard binnacle, and compass, bridge, platform, and poop gangways, main and bilge pumps, main winch, sides of poop, and did an immense deal of other damage, thus leaving the vessel a complete wreck. The main mast and wreckage, unfortunately, did not go completely overboard, and caused considerable danger and labour for many days before the crew succeeded in getting clear of it. Subsequently all was cleared away, damages temporarily repaired where possible, and a jury mizen mast was rigged, upon which three staysails were set, and under this rig, to the great credit of Captain Timothy, his officers, and crew, the vessel was navigated nearly 9,000 miles, having on the 18th of June following arrived off the Lizard Point, where they fell in with a tug which brought them, for the ordinary towage, safely into Falmouth, the vessel being painted in all parts, and as trim, where possible, as if no accident had happened.

The sketch on our front page which represents the *Northbrook* the day after the gale, March 4th, 1885, lat. 58° 2' S., long. 72° 10' W., was made by an apprentice on board at the time of the accident—a late *Conway* boy. The foregoing particulars and sketch of jury rig are by Captain Charles Newman, of the London Salvage Association, who surveyed the vessel at Falmouth soon after her arrival there.

THE BOERS' SYSTEM OF ANNEXATION IN SOUTH AFRICA is remarkably simple and quickly carried out. Having selected a desirable tract of territory, the *Colonies and India* tells us, they make an arrangement with the native chiefs, and form a small Republican Government, consisting of a President, Secretary, Attorney-General for legal disputes, and a Commandant in case of war. Next they choose a convenient spot for the capital of the new Republic and set up their tent waggons, whilst building temporary wattle-and-mud houses which, as the town grows, in their turn are replaced by brick buildings. Then the different farms are surveyed in very primitive style. A Boer rides for a certain time in a straight line, thence strikes along a ridge and returns to the margin of some stream to the starting point,



THE MAUSOLEUM, RAMSGATE, WHERE LADY AND SIR MOSES
MONTEFIORE ARE BURIED—EXTERIOR

thus fixing the boundaries according to the natural features of the district.

Quill, of the Royal Marines (184); Mr. Suthery, of the Uppingham Rovers (165); the Rev. H. Scott, of the Canterbury Pilgrims (128); H. Wall, of the Southport Alexandra (125); Mr. T. Nunn, of the West Kent Wanderers (100); Mr. L. K. Jarvis, of the Norfolk Eleven (126); Davenport, of the M.C.C. (119); Mr. Schultz, of the Uppingham Rovers (131); J. A. Knight, of Croydon (162); W. G. Heasman, of Priory Park, Chichester (100); Mr. G. S. Russell, of the M.C.C. (105); H. H. Scott and C. L. Morgan, both of Streatham (151 and 146); Mr. A. L. Porter, of Trinity College, Cambridge (110); and Mr. L. G. B. J. Ford, Cambridge, an old Repton Captain (151).

POLO.—Panshanger Park, Hertford, was the scene on Saturday last of some first-class play between the ever-fighting representatives of the Hurlingham and Ranelagh Clubs, with the Peats of course in strong force. Hertfordshire beauty and fashion was abundantly present, and had the privilege of witnessing a splendidly contested game, which resulted in a draw, each side scoring three goals. At Liverpool the home club has been beaten by Manchester.

SWIMMING.—The annual race for the Long Distance Swimming Championship came off on Saturday last, the course being from Putney to Charing Cross Bridge. A good field of our crack performers came to the post, and G. Bell, last year's winner, repeated his victory, beating S. Sargeant of the Portsmouth S. C. by 30 yards. At Portsmouth the Amateur Swimming Championship for Ladies has been won by Miss Julia Green, who has been successful on two previous occasions.

CYCLING.—A Divinity student of Glasgow has recently ridden his bicycle from Amsterdam, up the Rhine, to Basle, Berne, Geneva, over the Jura mountains, and back into Belgium. In all the run took eighty-two days, and was done at the very moderate figure of 8/ 5s. A French gentleman has just accomplished a journey of 1,400 miles in a little less than three weeks. We shall probably hear of many good performances this vacation.



THE BRITISH HARVEST has been locally interrupted by thunderstorms, but in the majority of districts the rainfall has not been sufficiently heavy or continuous to seriously interfere with the ingathering of the crops, which is now actively proceeding in the Southern and Eastern counties, and has commenced in the Midland and Western shires. Reports of the wheat and barley are generally favourable, though here and there we meet with a really good grumbler, such as the Buckinghamshire farmer who writes: "On the chalk, barley and oats will scarcely get into ear, and on the heavy land they are very thin. Blighted ears of wheat are to be found four or five together, and the berry of all is becoming very small." From Norfolk we hear that the wheat and the barley both promise a full average out-turn, and that the wheat is likely to be a good weight, and barley a good colour. The oats are deficient by reason of lack of moisture, but roots have managed better than might have been expected. From Lincolnshire a correspondent writes: "Splendid wheat crop, over average, good condition." This, however, does not, as we understand, apply to the lighter lands. Barley and oats are of average promise in this important shire, and roots promise well. In mid-England average crops of wheat and barley seem to be promised, but oats are declared to be per cent. short. Turnips have suffered much from want of rain, and potatoes, though numerous, are small. In the West of England the wheat has done exceedingly well, for the rainfall has not been so small as in the Eastern watershed, and the grain has plumped out well. A general yield of 5 per cent. on the average is anticipated. Oats and barley are almost an average. Potatoes are returned to 10 per cent. under average, and pulse also is deficient. In the North the condition of the crops still admits of change, as there will yet be ten days to a fortnight before full ripeness is reached. Wheat does not appear to promise more than an average crop in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. In Scotland the wheat is of more than normal promise. Unfortunately the whole of Scotland only grows about a third as much wheat as the one English county of Kent, or between a fourth and a fifth of an average yield in Lincolnshire. Barley in Scotland is reckoned 5 per cent. under and oats 10 per cent. under an average on present promise, but a showery and warm August may still efface these deficiencies, which arise from insufficient moisture.

THE CROPS IN IRELAND are always late by reason of the humidity of the climate. They are, however, of fair to good promise. Wheat in the North is only a small acreage, but the yield per acre should be over average. The wheat crop in the South and West is expected to exceed last year, when a full mean yield was secured. Barley and oats are of average promise in the North. Early-sown spring corn promises well in the South and West, but not so the later sown. Potatoes in the South are of fairly good promise. Very little disease is to be met with. Late potatoes look well in the North, but not in the other districts. Mangolds look like a full yield, but for turnips the rainfall has not been sufficient, and the yield is not expected to exceed two-thirds of an average crop.

THE HAY CROP of the present year may now be regarded as fully completed and secured, even the mountainous districts of Wales and Scotland having been early, owing to the exceptionally dry July. The crop has been secured in first-rate condition, and the yield is a great improvement on the expectations entertained at the beginning of June. In the North the first yield was generally up to average, but the Midsummer drought has diminished the chances of a second cutting. The quality in the Lothians is especially fine this year. In the West of England, contrary to all expectation, the hay has often turned out over an average bulk. In the South-west the yield is up to an average; from Wiltshire a correspondent writes: "Hay a splendid crop, and probably the best quality for many years past. No bad hay made at all." There are no after-grass pastures, however. The famous Wiltshire downs are now almost as bare as fallows. In mid-England an average yield of hay has been very favourably secured, but in parts of East Anglia, while the quality is very fine, the bulk is decidedly under average. The Home Counties have a rather short crop of very fine hay. In Ulster the yield is declared 5 to 10 per cent. under an average, but this is partly made up by the small extent of loss on heated stacks this year. The quality is decidedly above the average. From Munster the reports run that the yield as well as the quality is good. A Cork correspondent writes: "The quantity is an average, and the weather having been most favourable, quality will be better than usual, but price rules low, say forty shillings per ton here."

THE YORKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held at Selby one of the most successful Shows that the year has yet seen; and the Show season like the year itself is on the wane. Lord Londesborough converted an unpromising piece of ground into one of the best Show-Yards we have ever been in. The attendance was singularly good considering the comparatively small town where the Show was held, while the weather favoured the enterprise, and the entries were both numerous, and of a high order of merit. The Shorthorns were a really great show, and some judges said that the Royal Show at Preston was excelled. The dairy cows appeared very likely animals, but there were no proper tests, and so the

judging had to be made very much in the dark. The Jersey cattle were one of the best collections ever seen in the Northern shires. This breed seems to be acquiring hardihood, and accordingly to admit of a Northern extension previously impossible. The Leicester sheep were of remarkable excellence, and the reversal of the Preston awards met with general approval, at least among Yorkshiremen, whose opinion as judges of animals is not to be despised. The Lincolns were good, but not extraordinarily so. The horses are always a special feature at a Yorkshire Show, and this year the agricultural classes were well filled with fine animals.

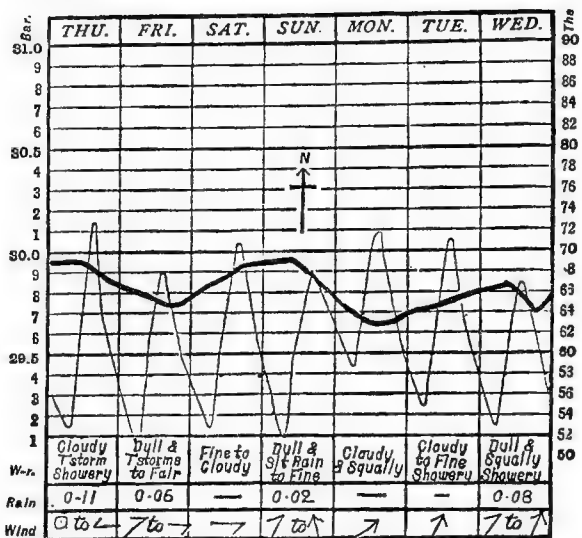
THE HEALTH OF STOCK.—Swine fever, which has for the last three months been very prevalent in England, shows signs of decreasing the number of attacks having diminished in three successive weeks from 1,500 to 1,300, and from 1,300 to 974. The worst perhaps of swine fever is the extremely lengthy period of the possible latency. We cannot be sure for months that we have quite got rid of it. With respect to foot-and-mouth disease among cattle and sheep we are glad to note that, although a few fresh animals have been attacked at Amptill Park, the disease on the whole is dying out. The cause of the Bedfordshire outbreak is still unknown, but investigations are being made by Dr. Klein.

SILOS.—The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society have resolved to give a prize of 25/ for the best ensilage stack, while the late President gives 100/ for the best silo. The tardy recognition accorded by the Society to a process and discovery which has been widely discussed in all the agricultural journals for the past three years reflects but little credit on the somewhat sleepy, though doubtless very worthy, gentlemen who in the absence of the long-called-for Ministry of Agriculture have constituted themselves the mouthpieces of English agriculturists. We are glad to hear that the Preliminary Report and the Minutes of Evidence of the Ensilage Commissioners is now in type, and will shortly appear in the form of a Parliamentary Blue Book, which has been called for by motions in both Houses of Parliament.

THE PRICE OF CORN remains very low, wheat being quoted at an average of 34s. 1d., barley of 27s., and oats of 22s. 6d. per quarter. The wheat price is 3s. 5d., that of oats 1s., and that of barley 5d. below that of this time last year. In each case value is much below the average of the past ten years, which average is in turn much below the mean of value for the quarter of a century. Last year the tithe rent charge went below *par*, and this year it will almost certainly go still lower. Imported corn is still cheaper than English; for the very finest Indian wheat is on sale at 33s. White Australian is only worth 34s. 6d., and there is plenty of South Russian of fair quality offered as low as 30s. per quarter. Maize is down to 23s., grinding barley to 17s., and oats to 15s. 3d. for the cheaper sorts. The year thus far has been one of loss and misfortune in the British corn trade.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

The weather during the greater part of the past week has been rough and unsettled generally. These conditions have been due to the existence of several depressions within our area, those towards the end of the period being unusually deep for the time of the year. During the early part of the week one of these disturbances (large, but shallow) moved in an Easterly direction from the Midland and Eastern portion of England to the North Sea, where it apparently dispersed. This produced cool weather and thunderstorms with heavy local showers generally. After Saturday several deep disturbances made their appearance off the North-West Coast of Ireland, and travelled away in a Northerly or North-North-Easterly direction, occasioning the Southerly and South-Westerly winds to reach the force of a gale in many places, and bringing rain to all but some of our Southern and South-Eastern stations. At the close of the week there were no indications of any immediate change in existing conditions. Temperature has been below the average generally, most in the North-West and South-West of England, and in Ireland.

The barometer was highest (29.97 inches) on Sunday (9th inst.); lowest (29.65 inches) on Monday (10th inst.); range 0.32 inches. The temperature was highest (73°) on Thursday (6th inst.); lowest (51°) on Friday (7th inst.); range 22°. Rain fell on four days. Total fall 0.27 inch. Greatest fall on any one day (0.11 inch) on Thursday (6th inst.).

LITERATURE FOR BRITISH CREWS IN FOREIGN PORTS is applied for by Commander Dawson, of the Missions to Seamen. He points out that British sailors in dull harbours are often driven into drinking shops for lack of amusement, and that magazines, illustrated papers, and other wholesome literature are most welcome. Crews in New Zealand, Yokohama, Palermo, Lisbon, and other harbours now find the supply exhausted and ask for more, so that all parcels sent to the Missions at 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, will be thankfully received and distributed abroad.

THE BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY benefited on Saturday by a trade demonstration organised with a view to increase public interest in this useful East End institution. A procession of various societies connected with the book-trade, gathering contributions as they went, paraded from Columbia Market to Victoria Park, where the Lord Mayor attended and addressed a meeting on behalf of the Library. A concert was given in the enclosure, and fruit and flowers were also sold, while afterwards the procession marched through other portions of the East End. The Library greatly needs immediate help—500/ being wanted to sustain and extend the work during the winter; and its value as a place of instruction and recreation for East Enders can hardly be over-estimated. Supported entirely by voluntary contributions, the Library is open daily free, and while containing over 26,000 publications in the library proper, further includes departments of patents for inventions and for selections of music, a magazine room, ladies' reading-room, and lecture-hall.



A PETITION has been filed by Mr. Donald Crawford for divorce from his wife, Sir Charles Dilke being the co-respondent. Mrs. Crawford is a sister of Mrs. Ashton Dilke, the widow of Sir Charles Dilke's deceased brother, the late member for Newcastle. Sir Henry James, the ex-Attorney-General, has been retained by Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., for the petitioner. The cause is the lowest in the Divorce Court list, and cannot possibly be heard until December, probably it will not be heard before January or February.

THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN and other members of the Corporation have been served with an injunction from the Vice-Chancellor restraining them, under a penalty of 1,000/., and a liability to attachment, from carrying into effect their decision to reclaim Sackville Street, previously recorded in our columns.

THE RIGHT OF THE CROWN TO COAST LAND below high-water mark left permanently dry by the recession of the sea has long been undisputed, provided the recession has not been so very slow and gradual as to be imperceptible during its progress. It was this last condition of the exercise of the Crown's right which was chiefly considered by the Queen's Bench Division when adjudicating on an information by the Attorney-General on the part of Her Majesty against the Lord of the Manor of Lowestoft to establish the right of the Crown to a tract of land, about 1,200 feet in width, which it is desired to utilise for a new dock, and which has been formed by accretions from the sea, chiefly during the last forty years. Lord Coleridge gave judgment for the Crown, because the Court considered it to have been clearly proved in evidence that the encroachment of the land, so far from being imperceptible, had been visible from month to month, and even from day to day.

THE COURT OF APPEAL has confirmed the decision (previously reported in this column) of the Court below, and refused the application of Mrs. Weldon to allow notice of a summons for the appointment of a receiver to be served in Paris on M. Gounod, the celebrated composer, against whom she recently recovered damages to the amount of 10,000/., and the payments becoming due to whom, from the approaching musical festival at Birmingham, she wishes to attach.

A CORONER'S JURY has returned a verdict of manslaughter against Henry Curtis, a relieving officer of Wandsworth Union. When asked by the mother of a child seventeen months old, suddenly attacked by diarrhoea, to give her an order for a doctor, he refused it, on the pretext that the application should have been made by the child's father. In the witness box, however, he admitted that he was doubtful whether he would have given an order to the father, a carman, earning a guinea a week, but with a wife and ten children to keep. The child died next day, and it was proved that its death had been accelerated by the want of medical attendance. Curtis was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

IN RESPONSE to an advertisement for a first-class clerk in the Chambers of Mr. Justice Pearson, salary 500/ a year, no fewer than five hundred applicants have presented themselves, among them being both barristers and solicitors.

ANOTHER THEATRE is to be built in the Strand. The proposed new house will occupy the site of the Occidental Tavern, Savoy Buildings, and will accommodate 800 persons.

THE BROMPTON CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL within the last three months has admitted 362 in-patients, and treated 2,587 new out-patient cases. Over 300 persons have been discharged, many greatly benefited, and all the 321 beds of the building are now occupied. So the Committee plead again for help to support this large and unendowed institution.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY has not yet been enjoyed by many poor candidates, though the season is now far advanced. One of the late applicants for help is the Gee Street Mission, Goswell Road, whose Committee want to take their poor people into the fields, and beg for contributions to the superintendent, Mr. H. Rudgley, 82, Wood Street, Cheapside; or R. Baxter, Esq., 6, Victoria Street, Westminster.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS in the Regent's Park are in full tide of success, judging from the annual report just issued. During the past spring and summer the numbers of visitors to the exhibition have greatly increased, while the attendance at the evening *fi* was the largest ever known—8,450, and 500 more than last year. To deal with the business departments, 3,824 free admissions for from three to six months have been given to artists, students, and teachers during the last five years, and 245,426 cut specimens of plants and flowers distributed amongst the London art and medical schools for the purpose of study. The value of such study was well illustrated by an exhibition of floral drawings held at the last evening *fi*, when the best works were contributed by students of the Society.

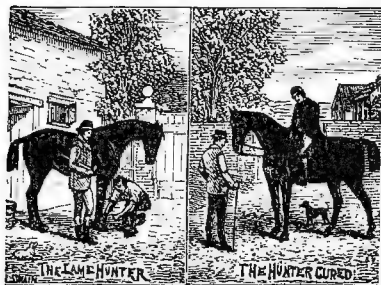
A PACK OF SEMI-WILD DOGS has haunted Woolwich Arsenal for some years past. Originally their mother had taken up her quarters among the timber sheds of the carriage square, where she spent a savage existence, only coming out at night to prow round and pick up stray food. Her descendants followed her example, and gradually multiplied till they became a decided nuisance, while traps were set and policemen watched for them in vain. Sometimes, however, in the early morning the dogs, which were of a large mongrel breed, might be seen retreating to their lairs. At last the workpeople found and destroyed several litters of puppies, and an energetic policeman with a rifle laid in wait for the elders during several nights. He has now, it is believed, succeeded in shooting the whole tribe.

OUR RECENT SUPPLEMENT, "Persia Illustrated," has suggested to a correspondent that our readers may feel some interest in the Persian experiences of a young lady missionary, the first sent to that country by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. The young lady writes in a publication of the Society, that for days during her journey from the Kazan Pass to Julfa—the seat of the mission—the travellers rode for twenty miles without seeing a village or half-a-dozen people, through a perfectly barren country. In other places there she noticed much cultivation and numerous villages, but many of the towns were half ruined and desolate-looking. The principal produce was cotton, oil, wheat and fruit, melons, pomegranates, grapes, quinces. Often the missionaries slept in wretchedly dirty rooms in the post-houses or caravanserais; dusty floors, black roofs, and holes in the wall for windows. The cloth for dinner was laid in the centre of the room, and the diners sat round. The ladies generally travelled in *Kajavahs*, queer wicker-work and canvas erections, swung each side of a pony or mule, with an uneasy motion tending to sea-sickness, and "so difficult to get into, that they must certainly have been invented by some Persian frogs or grasshoppers in olden times." This Society, by the way, is doing very valuable work among neglected secluded Eastern women, and any monetary help would be gladly received by the secretary, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., or by Mrs. Ellis, one of the vice-presidents, 59, Albion Place, London Road, Reading.

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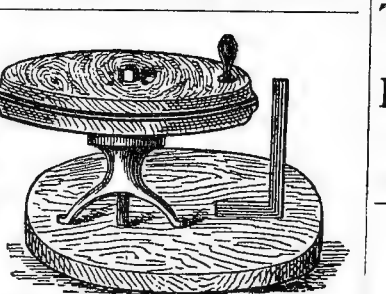
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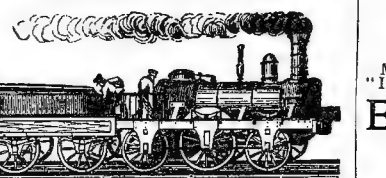


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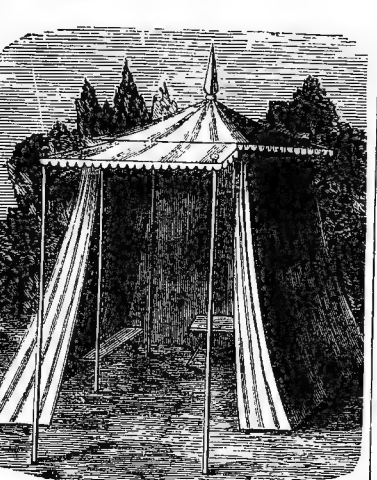
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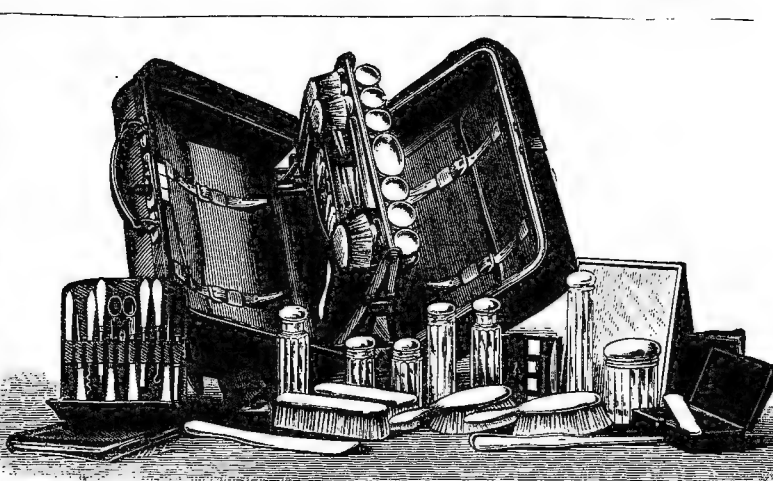
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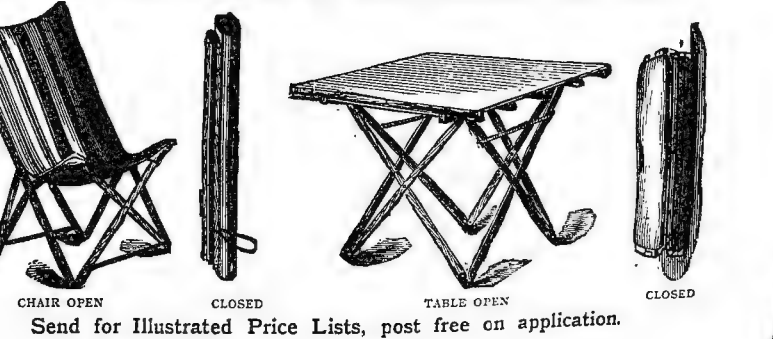
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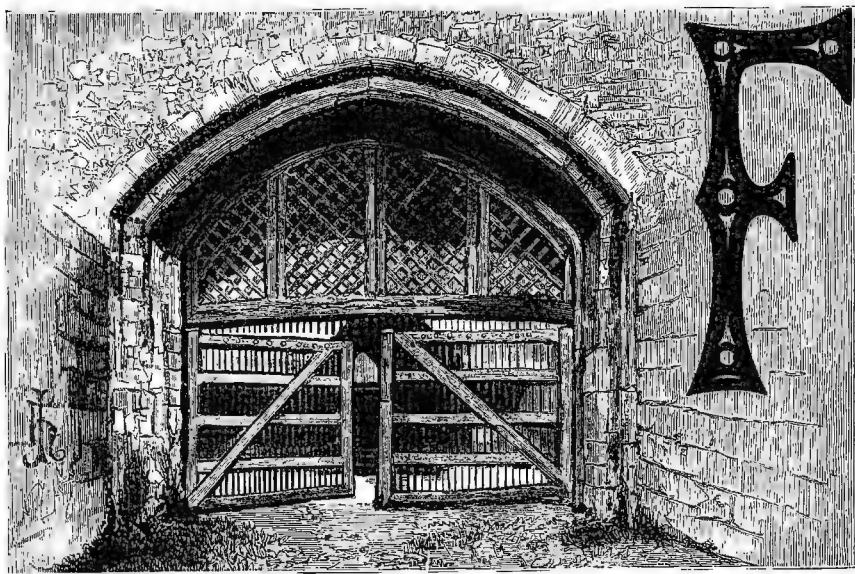
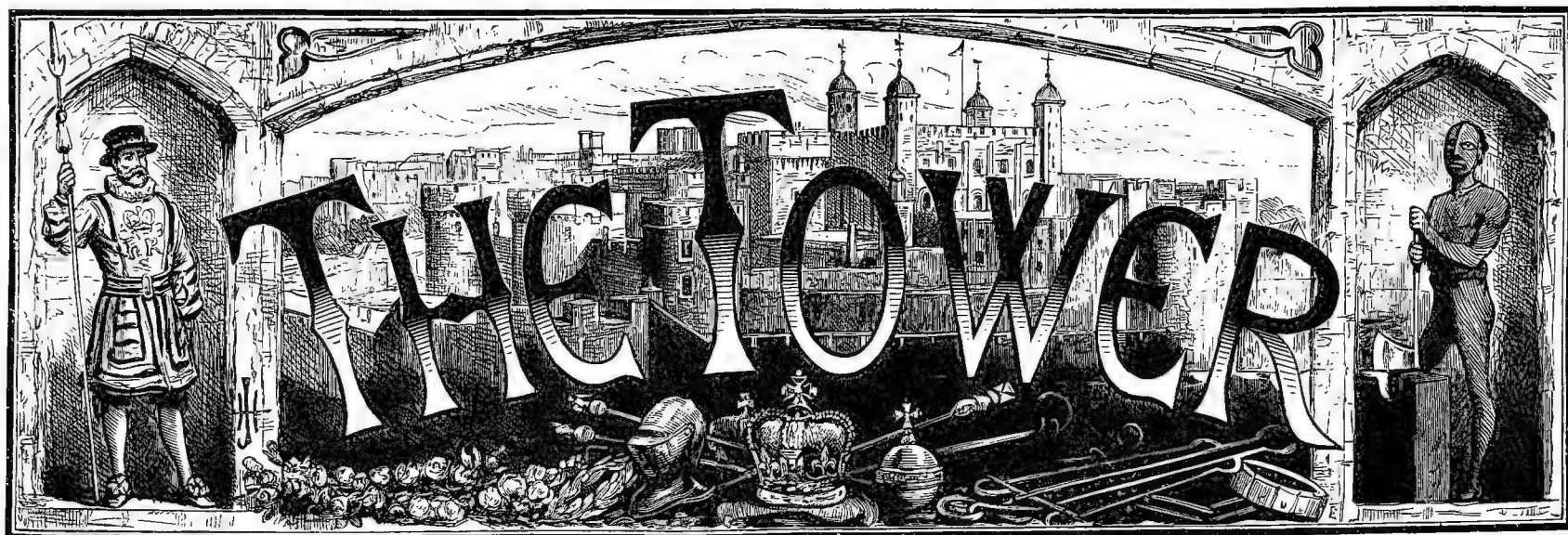
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69, QUEEN ST. City, London.

Tamar, unlike Pills and the
usual Purgatives, is agreeable
to take, and never produces
irritation, nor interferes with



TRAITOR'S GATE

FROM whatever point of view we regard the Tower, whether we look on it as a fortress, as the scene of great events, or as in itself an object of remote antiquity—whether we take it from the historical, the archaeological, or the sentimental side—we find it always full of interest.

It is a museum, to begin with, of English architecture. It contains examples of the Norman style equal to the best in England. There is Early English and Decorated and Perpendicular in it in abundance. Elizabethan and Stuart are well represented. The newly-discovered "Queen Anne" is not wanting, though the modern guardians of this national monument are obliterating the traces of it as fast as possible. And, finally, it offers some of the most remarkable examples of the great Gothic revival of the last generation.

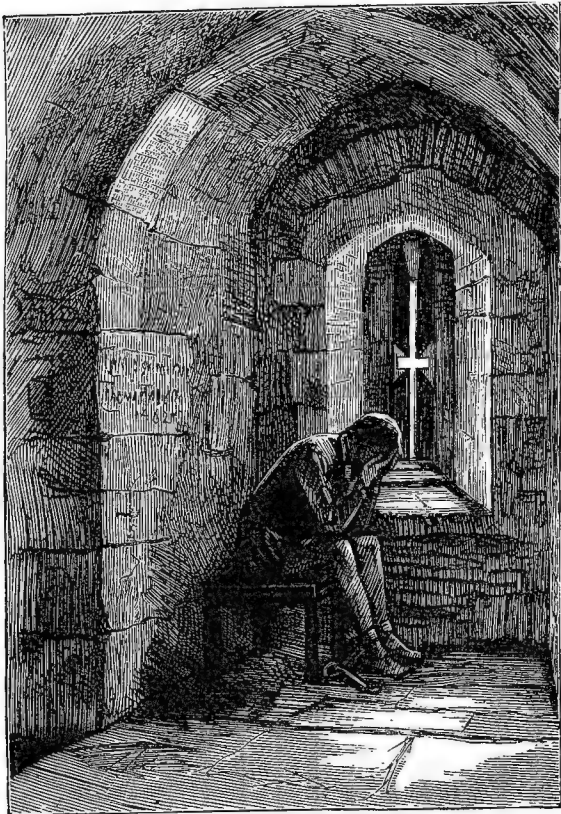
From the picturesque point of view the Tower must also be regarded with pleasure. The great white Keep is not very beautiful in itself; but, seen from a little distance (as from the Thames in one of the accompanying wood-cuts), it groups finely with the smaller towers which surround it like satellites. The old tiled roofs and the tall red chimneys are contrasted with the long heavy battlements and frowning fortifications. At closer quarters, too, there is much to admire. The chief gateway, the irregular gables of the Lieutenant's Lodging, the Bell Tower, the great archway of the Traitors' Gate, the vaulting of the Middle Tower, the arched passages of the Keep,—these and a hundred other things might be mentioned as attractive to the artistic eye.

Historically, too, it is easy to linger over the Tower. We recall the double object for which it was built, at once to protect and to overawe the City of London. We remember its curious position, half in the city, half in the neighbouring country. We



THE REGALIA

trace its gradual growth from a Norman Keep, with a surrounding wall, into a vast fort, covering more than twelve acres of ground, and comprising not fewer than twenty-five different towers and gates, five chapels and oratories, whole streets of barracks, and accommodation for thousands of soldiers, great store-houses, museums, and formerly a regal palace. There is besides to be unravelled the actual influence of the Tower on the history, first, of London, and through London of the whole kingdom. Numerous books have



SMALL CELL IN BEAUCHAMP TOWER

been written on the various prisoners who successively occupied its dungeons. In short, to give the history of the Tower in full detail would be to pass in review all the chief events which characterised the Norman settlement, the civil war in the time of Stephen, the regency and reign of John, the oppression of the citizens by Henry III., the regulations of Edward I., the feebleness of his son, the foreign wars of Edward III., the deposition of Richard II., the victories of Henry V., the captivity and death of Henry VI., the murder of Clarence, the long prison age of the Tower, from the time of the fourth Edward to that of the fourth George,—such is a mere outline.

But the archaeological and historical aspects are obscured by another, and that the most popular view. There is no other place in England which has for Englishmen, Americans, and Australians, all over the world, so much of tragical and pathetic interest. It is really this which annually sends such crowds to visit the old fortress. Except as a barrack and store-house the Tower is absolutely useless now. Its site is enormously valuable. There are a hundred purposes to which it might be applied. But let us imagine what consternation would be caused by any proposal to treat it as the French treated their Bastille, and as we treated the venerable hospital of St. Katharine close by. People come here to realise what has interested them most in the historical and poetical literature of our country. I have heard one intelligent sightseer declare that a visit to the Tower was like reading Shakespeare. In the first view from Tower Hill how much there is to fire the imagination! There is the window whence Jane, the Queen of ten days, saw her husband's body brought back headless from the scaffold. We no sooner cross the bridge over the moat than we stand by the Traitors' Gate. The first apartment we enter contained till the other day the oratory of Henry VI., the spot where he passed so many weary years of alternate madness and devotion, where, in all probability, he died. As we enter the White Tower, by its narrow portal we see the place where they buried, deep in the heavy masonry, the remains of Edward's hapless sons, the manner of whose death has never been revealed. Above all, here is the place where, as the first and greatest of London historians wrote a few years only after the events to which he alluded, "lieth before the high altar in St. Peter's Church two Dukes between two Queens, to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katharine, all four beheaded." Nor is it wanting in more modern associations. One chamber must ever be sacred to the heroic virtue of the Countess of Nithsdale. The long line of illustrious historians who kept the Records will be remembered here, from Bowyer and Lambard and Selden, down to Lysons and Palgrave. Finally, in 1771, the Tower was for several months the prison of a Lord Mayor, a Sheriff, and an Alderman of London, when Crosby and his companions stood up for the liberties of their countrymen against the tyranny of the Government of George III.

A VISIT TO THE TOWER

THERE are many ways of reaching the Tower from the West End of London, and the new railway station on Tower Hill, or a walk from the Mansion House Station through Tower Street, will be found equally practicable. If we adopt the latter route, we have the four turrets of the Keep in view during a good part of the way, and are reminded that this was the chief land approach all through the Middle Ages. It was along this street, no doubt, that one day in November, 1553, a sad procession moved westwards towards the Guildhall, there to be arraigned, tried, and condemned. First walked the aged Archbishop Cranmer, an axe borne before him. Next came a tall and handsome youth, Lord Guildford Dudley, whose prospects in life had appeared so bright a few months ago, and were so dismal now. After him came his sweet young bride, the Lady Jane, "in a black gown of cloth turned down," says a contemporary chronicle, "the cap lined with velvet, and edged about with the same, in a French hood, all black, with a black habiliment, a black velvet book hanging before her, and another book in her hand open." She was followed by her two gentlewomen; and after them came two more youths, also prisoners, Lord Ambrose and Lord

Henry Dudley. A few hours later the melancholy little party returned by the same route. Of the five two were eventually restored to liberty; the Archbishop only left the Tower to go to his fiery death at Oxford; and the young couple, after lying under sentence till February, died for their fathers' crimes.

Along this same street more cheerful processions passed towards Westminster when a new King or Queen went in State to the Coronation. The last of these ceremonials was in April, 1661, when Charles II. was escorted to Westminster from the Tower by five newly-created Earls, six Barons, and sixty-eight Knights of the Bath, with their esquires and the officers of State, all in gorgeous vestments of red and white, with white hats and feathers. "My Lord Monk," says Pepys, "rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. . . . The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome." Such sights did Tower Street afford two hundred years ago.

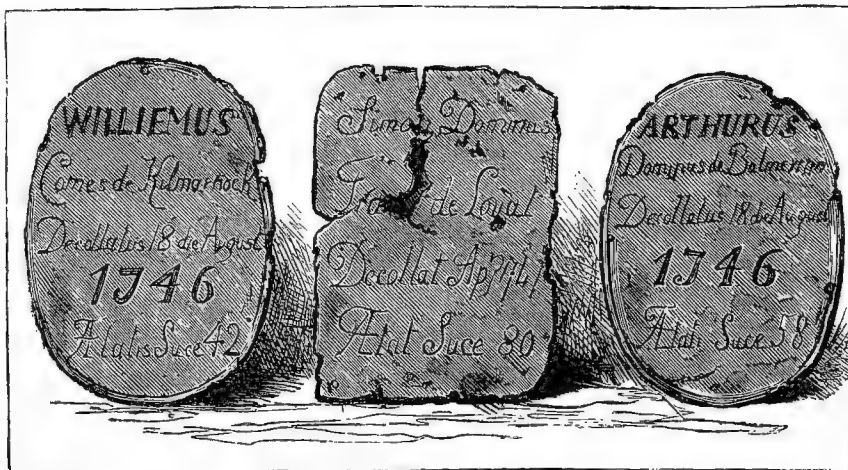
TOWER HILL

If we choose the alternative land route we emerge from the railway station on Tower Hill. Trinity House is on our right. The Mint, which was long within the Tower itself, where a kind of street between the outer and inner wall is called after it still, is behind the houses on our left. In front, beyond the railed space where some young people are playing lawn tennis, is the spot where a permanent gibbet was erected in the reign of Edward IV. The first State execution on Tower Hill was that of Sir Simon Burley in 1388. He had as a boy been the companion of Richard II., and his chief crime was his devotion to his king. Here also, in after years, were beheaded Dudley, the unpopular Minister of Henry VII. (1509), his son, Northumberland (1553), and his grandson, Lord Guildford Dudley (1554); two earls of Essex, Cromwell (1540) and Devereux (1601); More and Fisher (1535); Surrey (1547) and his son Norfolk (1572); Strafford (1641) and Laud (1644); and finally, to omit many other names, the Scots Lords in 1745 and 1747, the last being Lord Lovat. The site of the scaffold is marked by two or three trees outside the railings.

Turning to the left we have a fine view of the aggregation of buildings we call the Tower of London. The spot on which we stand used in Elizabeth's reign to be known as the Nine Gardens. It was just within the City boundaries, and close to the Postern, a little gate between the Tower Ditch and London Wall. There is still a street called the Postern, leading from Tower Hill to East Smithfield. Looking towards the Tower the ditch is before us, now dry and in part laid out as a parade ground, with a garden on its slope. The nearest of the buildings is the North Bastion, and a little to the right is the fortification called Legge's Mount, after George Legge, Master General of the Ordnance, made Lord Dartmouth in 1682. These forts are on the exterior chain of defence, known as the Outer Ward, "a strip of from twenty to a hundred and ten feet in breadth, which completely surrounds the Inner Ward, and is itself contained within the Ditch, of which its wall forms the scarp." Mr. George Clark, who thus describes the Outer Ward, goes on to mention every bastion and curtain, and we may refer the antiquarian or scientific reader who desires more information to his remarkable paper on "The Military Architecture of the Tower," read before the Royal Architectural Institute, in 1866, and published first in a volume entitled "Old London" (Murray, 1867), and since in his great work on "Medieval Military Architecture" (Wyman). The largest and highest of the buildings we see is the Keep or White Tower, partly hidden by the Waterloo Barracks, in front of which again may be seen the Flint, Bowyer, Brick, and Martin Towers, of which the first and third are modern, and which are on the inner line of defence. The Bowyer Tower probably dates from the reign of Edward III., and the Martin Tower, on our extreme left, is quite as old. It was in this building, represented in one of our woodcuts, but of which under existing regulations we do not get any nearer view, that the Regalia were kept when Colonel Blood made his famous attempt to steal the Crown, and so brutally assaulted old Talbot Edwards, the keeper, in 1673.

THE ENTRANCE

WE now pass along the railings to the right or west side, and descend Tower Hill towards the river. Looking up Tower Street as we pass, we see the Church of All Hallows, Barking, where occasionally persons put to death on the neighbouring scaffold were interred. Among them we may mention two great ecclesiastics, Bishop Fisher and Archbishop Laud. Fisher's body was eventually

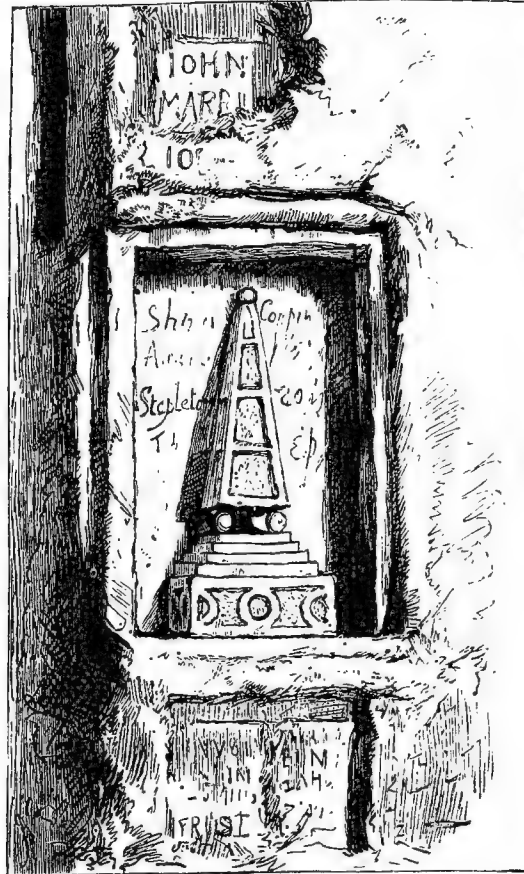


COFFIN PLATES OF THE LAST THREE LORDS BEHEADED ON TOWER HILL

removed to St. Peter's Chapel, and Laud's to St. John's, at Oxford. We enter the railings by a little gate, and pass into a low building, where we obtain tickets and guide-books. This little office is on the site of the famous Lion Tower, in which for centuries the Royal Menagerie was kept. The last of the wild beasts were removed in 1834 to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. The view from this point is worth dwelling on. The wall overhangs the ditch, passing in a straight line from Legge's Mount to the Byward Tower before us. Rising above the wall we see first on the extreme left the Devereux Tower, which is partly of Norman and partly of Early English architecture, and may date as far back as the reign of Henry II. It is represented in one of the woodcuts. Next comes the Beauchamp Tower, long the principal prison, which we shall see more closely by and bye. A long red-tiled roof with dormer windows in it, part of which is shown in the engraving, is connected by a wall with the Beauchamp Tower, and we look at it as one of the most interesting things in all our visit, for one of those windows lights the room occupied by Lady Jane Grey, and from it in all probability she saw the headless body of her husband brought from Tower Hill

along the very road we are traversing. The red tiles cover the Lieutenant's Lodgings, and a walk on the leads, known from another illustrious prisoner as the "Princess Elizabeth's Walk," overlooks the wall. The tiles are covered with inscriptions, few of which have ever been copied, and among them probably will some day be found the verses Lady Jane is said to have written during her captivity:—

To mortals' common fate thy mind resign,
My lot to-day to-morrow may be thine.



PRISONERS' DEVICE RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE BLOODY TOWER

THE OLD ARRANGEMENTS

A FEW years ago, on reaching this point, visitors had to wait till a certain number had been assembled, and the party was then placed under the charge of a warder, commonly known as a "beefeater," from "buffetier," an attendant with a halberd who stood by the side of the "buffet," or sideboard, at Royal feasts, and guarded the plate. The warder conducted his party through the buildings, explaining as well as he could the names and histories of each object shown. This arrangement precluded the possibility of any lingering at an interesting spot, and reduced the most intelligent visitor to the same level as the most ignorant. The beefeaters, moreover, were often extremely unlearned, and made the most absurd mistakes, and your only consolation was that as you could not indulge in study you had in exchange many a hearty laugh. At the same time the arrangement of the collections and the route marked out for visitors were very faulty. If it had been purposely done to prevent clear information from being obtained nothing more successful can be conceived. The White Tower, for instance, was first entered from the Old Horse Armoury, itself in part a collection of shams, as we shall see presently, by an outside stair which actually admitted the sightseer to the crypt of the Chapel through one of the windows. This crypt was misnamed "Queen Elizabeth's Armoury," and was usually described by the warders as the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh. Emerging by the same means, the party re-entered the White Tower by another way, and was taken to the Chapel of St. John and the Council Chamber in the upper storey; but all the most interesting features of a Norman Keep were carefully shrouded from view by the arrangement of the arms, and attention was diverted to what the guide always seemed to think matters of much greater importance than ancient architecture—the Prince of Wales's wedding cake in bayonets, or the Star of the Order of the Garter in flint locks. Some of these "decorations" are shown in the woodcuts.

THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS

THE new arrangements have been temporarily disturbed by the dastardly attempts of the Fenian conspirators. They leave much still to be desired, but are very superior to the old. For one thing you are not hurried, but have a reasonable time allowed you to examine anything of special interest to yourself. The warders are stationary, and only tell you what you care to hear. Everything of importance is labelled, and the armour, which is now in the upper storey of the White Tower, is no longer attributed wrongly to the Kings of England from William the Conqueror and Richard I. downwards. It is true, the visitor would like to see a little more than is now shown. He might be trusted to visit one or two of the outer line of towers. He finds the door of St. Peter's Chapel shut, and though there is nothing very curious or remarkable left within since some recent operations, still he would like to be able to judge for himself. So, too, he might be allowed to see some of the recently-restored wall and towers along the quay, of which a view is given, and there is little reason, except that it is occupied as a residence by a soldier, why he should not see the interior of one of the larger towers on the northern side.

THE MIDDLE TOWER AND BRIDGE

WE pass under the archway before us, and find ourselves on the bridge, one hundred and thirty feet long, which spans the Ditch. The Middle Tower was so named when the Lion's Tower stood beyond it, but it is often called the Martin Tower. What we see of it is of very modern construction, but there are some ancient chambers within. Next we reach the Byward Tower, the great gatehouse of the Outer Ward. It is fifty feet wide by twenty-four deep, and has retained many ancient features. We are now in a narrow roadway, the frowning walls of the Inner Ward on our left, and the

river wall on our right. High above our heads at the angle is the Bell Tower, and close to it the Lieutenant's Lodgings, recently labelled for no apparent purpose except to mislead visitors, "The Queen's House," for the palace which once formed so important a part of the Tower buildings was further on to the eastward, beyond the gate which we next approach. We pause first to notice one of the windows which looks out above us, as being that of the Council Chamber in which the Gunpowder Conspirators were examined in 1605. The groans of the tortured Guy Faux and his companions are said to be heard still on certain nights of the year. The inner chambers are connected with the Bell Tower, in which a wretched victim carved the well-known lines beginning:

Bi . torture . strange . my . trouth . was . tried
Yet . of . my . lybertie . denied.

In the Council Chamber there is a curious monument, or tablet, of inlaid marbles, commemorating in a long Latin inscription with a Hebrew quotation the trial of the plotters. In another room is an inscription relating to the imprisonment of Margaret, Countess of Lenox, who was "commytteed prysner to thys Logynge" by Queen Elizabeth, in 1565, on account of "the Marege of her Sonne, My Lord Henry Darnle, and the Quene of Scotlande." It was from these rooms that Lady Nithsdale contrived and carried out her husband's escape in 1715. In a letter written by the Countess describing her adventures on this occasion, she says the chamber in which the earl was imprisoned opened into a sort of lobby, where the warders in charge were stationed, and from this lobby or antechamber there was a staircase leading down to the outer door. The arrangements remain the same still. The earl put on a woman's clothes. "When I had almost finished dressing my lord," his wife goes on, "I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, whilst he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone, bewailing bitterly the negligence of my maid Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then I said, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if you ever made dispatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' So urged, Lord Nithsdale was soon at the bottom of the stairs, where Evans met him, and took charge of him through the remainder of his perilous journey to the outer gate." Lady Nithsdale meanwhile, to give him time, returned to the cell, and carried on a conversation with herself, imitating her husband's voice as best she could, and at length, when she judged it time, she bade her lord good-night in a loud tone; pulled through the string of the latch, so that the door could not be opened from the outside, banged it after her, and went hastily away to Drury Lane, where she lodged.

THE TRAITORS' GATE

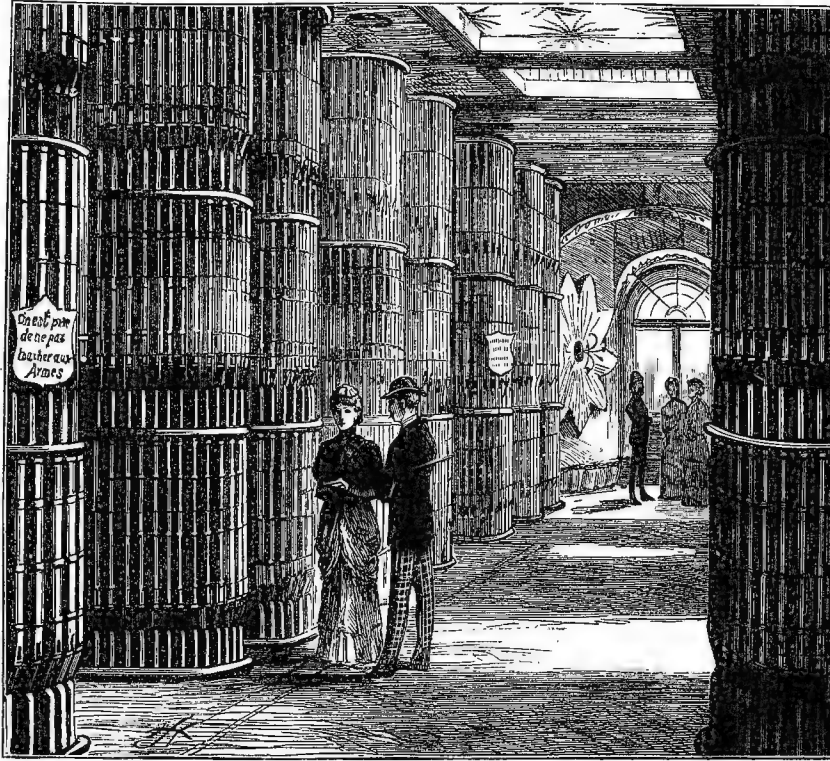
ON our right is St. Thomas's Tower, above the Traitors' Gate. It is a new building, and of little or no interest except for its situation. The original tower is believed to have had a connexion with the Palace, and a modern arch has been thrown across the roadway as a conjectural "restoration."

The well-stair in the north-east turret leads, says Mr. Clark, who examined it before it was modernised, to a door that opens on the north face, twenty feet from the ground, and which opened outwards, and was barred on the outside. The meaning of this is only explicable on the supposition that a bridge, or perhaps an embattled cross wall, connected this door with the corresponding opening in Wakefield Tower, eighteen feet distant. By this means a person leaving St. Thomas's Tower, and barring the door behind him, would reach Wakefield Tower, and, therefore, the Palace, and cut off pursuit.

How did St. Thomas's Tower and the Traitors' Gate come by their names? The wide arch over the steps communicating with the Thames points, so far as it is ancient, to the end of the reign of Henry III., and the beginning of the reign of Edward I. We do not know what kind of watergate was here, if any, in the Norman time. When this wide archway was made first it fell down, but was immediately rebuilt. A year later (1241) it fell again. Matthew Paris tells the story with evident belief. On the night of the second fall a certain grave and reverend priest saw a robed archbishop, cross in hand, who gazed sternly upon the walls with which the King was surrounding the Tower. Striking them he asked, "Why do ye build these?" on which the new work fell down. Another ghost stood by the archbishop, like an attendant. The frightened priest addressed himself to him, and asked, "Who, then, is the archbishop?" "St. Thomas the Martyr," was the reply, "by birth a citizen, who resents these works, undertaken in scorn and to the prejudice of the citizens, and destroys them beyond the power of restoration." Some further conversation between the priest and his visitor is reported, and when the story became known it added to the popularity of St. Thomas of Canterbury, already so great in the City, but did not deter Henry from his work. The dedication of the new tower to the saint was found enough to appease his wrath, and dissipate his solicitude for his fellow-citizens.

Through that archway, in the after ages, a long procession of captives passed. The Thames, the "silent highway," as it used to be called, was the easiest, nay, the usual, road to and from Westminster. When the Tower became less and less of a palace and more and more of a prison, the Traitors' Gate received its sinister name. Besides the many hundreds of whom we know little or nothing, we may recall the names of a few of those who landed here as prisoners. The Duke of Buckingham, in 1521, was conveyed by water to the Court at Westminster, tried and condemned, and brought back here in a barge; that part of it appointed for his use "was furnished with a carpet and cushions suitable to his rank; but on returning after his condemnation, he declined to take the same seat, saying to Sir Thomas Lovel, 'When I came to Westminster I was Lord High Constable, and Duke of Buckingham, but now—poor Edward Bohun.'" This anecdote is given on the authority of Holinshed. However, the Duke's surname was not Bohun, but Stafford. Sir Thomas More made the same journey, and entered here on the 17th April, 1534, but went to his trial on foot. Queen Anne Boleyn was brought here from Greenwich on the 2nd May, 1536, and never left the Tower again, as she was tried in the hall. Her lodgings were the same in the palace that she had occupied as a bride. Cromwell probably came to the Tower by boat, as he was arrested at Westminster, and as he was never tried, but condemned by virtue of an Act of Attainder, he only left it to mount the scaffold on Tower Hill. Queen Katharine Howard was conveyed by water from Syon to the Tower on the 10th of February, 1542, and was beheaded on the little green opposite

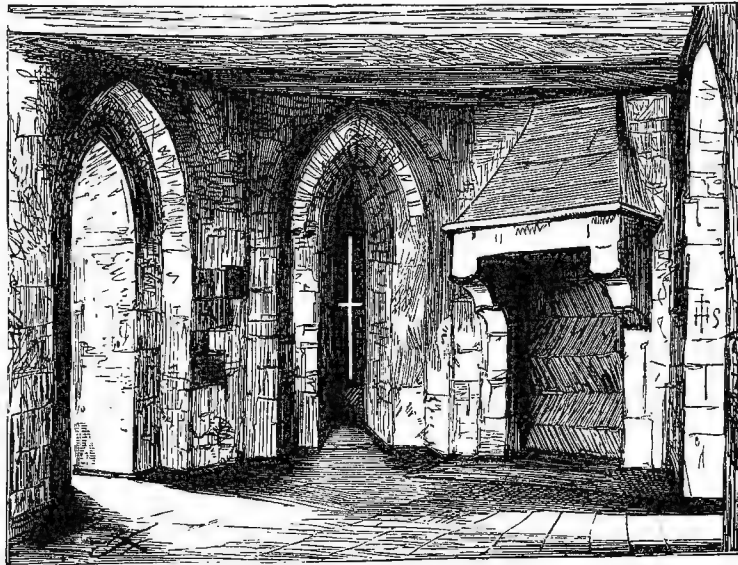
the Beauchamp Tower. Three days later Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, entered the Tower as a prisoner, by land, in 1551, and was conveyed to his trial by water, on the 2nd December, "at five of the clock in the morning." He returned through the City. Lady Jane Grey landed here as Queen on 10th July, 1553, and never left it again. Her father landed here after his trial and conviction at Westminster, on the 17th February, 1554. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was committed to Lambeth at ten o'clock at night of the 8th February, 1601, "and not taken straightway to the Tower, because it was so late, and the water not passable



BANQUETING ROOM, WHITE TOWER

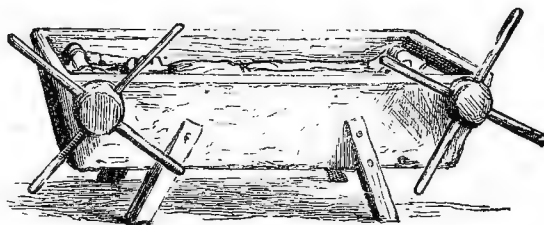
under London Bridge." The next day he landed at the Traitors' Gate. It would be easy to prolong the list, but one more name must suffice. On the evening of 13th July, 1685, James, Duke of Monmouth, arrived at the Traitors' Gate about eight o'clock, and only left the Tower two days later, in a coach, for the scene of execution.

Turning away from the Traitors' Gate we find ourselves facing the entrance to the Inner Ward. It consists of a handsome Gothic gateway, in which the portcullis still hangs (one of the wood-cuts shows the machinery in the chamber above by which it was raised). This is known as the Bloody Tower, for what reason history is silent. One tradition connects it with the death of the Princes, the sons of Edward IV., but that will not account for the name, as the Princes are always said to have been smothered in their sleep. A more likely guess is that of Bailey, who suggests that it received its present name in consequence of the suicide in it of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, who shot himself with a pistol on his



A, A, A. Prisoners' Inscriptions
UPPER CHAMBER, BROAD ARROW TOWER

committal in 1585, lest he should be tried and condemned and his estates forfeited to the Queen, whom he hated. All we know for certain is that in the reign of Henry VIII. it was called the Garden Tower, as it adjoined a small walled-in garden close to the Lieutenant's Lodgings, which has now been partly built over and partly thrown into the Parade Ground. This garden is



THE RACK

often mentioned in the melancholy annals of the State prison. Here Raleigh was allowed to walk during his long detention in the reign of James I.

On the right, as we enter the archway of the Bloody Tower, we see

THE WAKEFIELD TOWER,

ALREADY several times mentioned. It has been sadly altered and partly rebuilt of late years, but is substantially the oldest of the buildings next to the White Tower, or Keep, itself. The upper part was probably rebuilt by Henry III., as in 1238 mention is made of a "chapel in the new Tower next the Hall." In 1360, when John, King of France, was brought a prisoner to England, the ancient records of the realm, which for more than a century had been preserved in the White Tower, were placed here, where they continued till 1856, when they were removed to a new building in Fetter Lane. To the State papers succeeded the State jewels, and the first interior we see is the place where the Regalia are exhibited. The chamber itself is the principal room in this Tower, and was once very interesting, as it had a curious oratory, probably referred to above as "a chapel," which something more than tradition assigned as the scene of the devotions of Henry VI. But when the jewels were brought here a vaulted roof was made, and the oratory, or what could be distinguished of it, removed, while large light windows, of a peculiar Northumbrian pattern, were inserted. Although the antiquary will hardly approve of these vandalisms, carried out under the misleading name of "restoration," it cannot be denied that the chamber is well suited to the exhibition of

THE CROWN JEWELS

At the risk of disappointing the reader, it must be confessed that of all the objects exhibited at the Tower there are none so little worthy of a visit as the Regalia. In saying this we do not mean to disparage the wealth of gold and precious stones here exhibited, but merely to say that with the exception, we believe, of a single spoon (see wood-cut), there is nothing more ancient, but a good deal more modern, than the reign of Charles II.; and there is no one piece to which we can point and say that it is remarkable historically or for beautiful workmanship or artistic design, or, in short, for anything, except the mere dead weight of precious metals, or the lustre of well-polished diamonds.

We may begin our survey with the central object, although it is among the newest of all. The Imperial State Crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was made in 1838 expressly for the coronation. Messrs. Rundell and Bridge were the jewellers employed. The jewels were nearly all taken out of older crowns, and the principal stones may be briefly enumerated. First, there is one large ruby, irregularly polished, and said, on fair authority, to be the same which was given by Don Pedro the Cruel of Castille to Edward the Black Prince in 1367. Henry V. wore it in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. It evidently came from India, as it is pierced through after the Oriental fashion, by which so many fine stones have been spoiled. It is surrounded by seventy-five fine brilliants to form a Maltese cross in the front of the crown. The jewel next in importance is the large sapphire bought for George IV., which is immediately below the great ruby. Seven other sapphires and eight emeralds are set in the band of the crown. The cross on the summit of the arch contains a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants. In addition to these there are, besides smaller rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls, more than 2,700 diamonds, many of them of good size and fine water. It is said to weigh 38 oz. 5 dwts. troy.

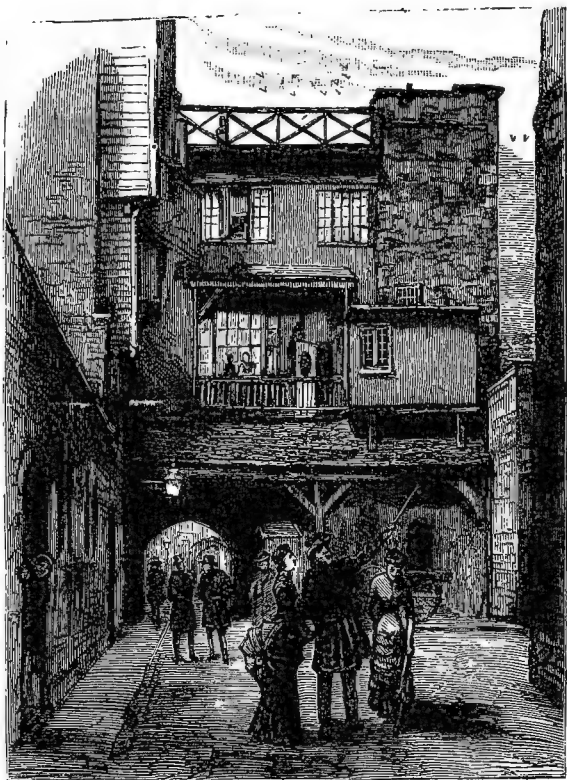
The crown broken up to make this one was also prepared by Rundell for the coronation of George IV., who, however, it has been asserted, only borrowed it for the ceremony. It was, however, eventually purchased for 70,000*l.*, and interest at a high rate for the loan. Two very old crowns are in the case—one made for Queen Mary of Modena's coronation after her marriage with James II., and the other to be worn by Queen Mary II. at her joint coronation with William III. There is also a crown, or more properly a coronet, provided for the Prince of Wales.

The more common objects of the collection may be briefly enumerated. A sceptre, surmounted by an orb, called St. Edward's Staff, represents what may very well have been the real sceptre of the Confessor, destroyed like the rest of the old jewels under the Commonwealth. There are five other sceptres, three swords, an anointing vessel in the shape of a dove, a spoon (which is the sole relic of the old Regalia), a tall embossed baptismal font, sacramental plate, a golden salt-cellar in the shape of a model of the White Tower, and many smaller or less important articles, chiefly of gold. The covered cups and vases are inferior to many to be found in private or semi-private collections, especially in design and workmanship. There are examples of the badges of the Orders of Knighthood and Collars in cases in the windows; but on the whole there is very little to detain the visitor more than a few minutes. Still, in spite of the modern air of every part, we may recall the fact that the Wakefield Tower was part of the ancient Norman work, and that there may be good reason to believe it stands on a foundation laid by the Romans.

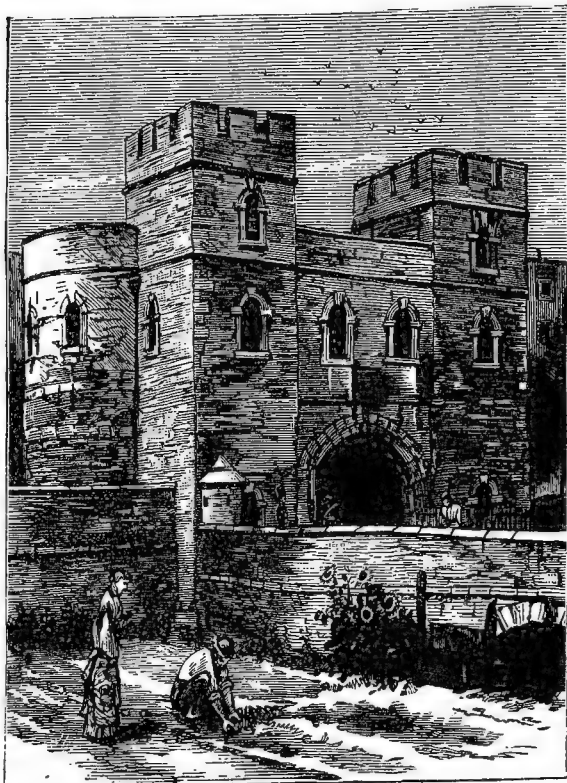
THE WHITE TOWER

LEAVING the Wakefield Tower we find ourselves ascending a steep slope with a high wall on the left. This wall used to enclose, at a higher level, the garden, already mentioned, in which we read of Lady Jane Grey, Archbishop Cranmer, Raleigh, and others, as taking exercise. We hear of Raleigh on one occasion as looking over the wall at the people below. A similar wall was formerly on the right, and connected the Wakefield Tower with a small out-work, south-west of the Keep, called the Cold Harbour, a name which occurs in many other places, but has not been explained. Adjoining the Cold Harbour on the east, and forming with it and the White Tower a small courtyard, was the ancient Jewel House, and to the south and east was the Palace and another small garden, of which we frequently see mention in contemporary documents. All these buildings, and another, which, though it dated from the time of Edward III., and stood close to the east side of the Keep, was pulled down four or five years ago, have disappeared. The long low annexe which used to be known as the Horse Armoury is about to be removed, the armour having been taken to a new place.

The old Horse Armoury was somewhat like a long stable. On the left was a long row of figures mounted on wooden horses. Over each figure, which represented a King of England in his panoply of war, was a banner inscribed with his name. When I first visited the Tower the list began with Richard I.; but in a London guide-book published in 1761 the series commenced with William the Conqueror. The first great alteration was made in 1826, when the gallery which still stands was built, and a general re-arrangement of the armour was made by Sir Samuel Meyrick, the first who studied



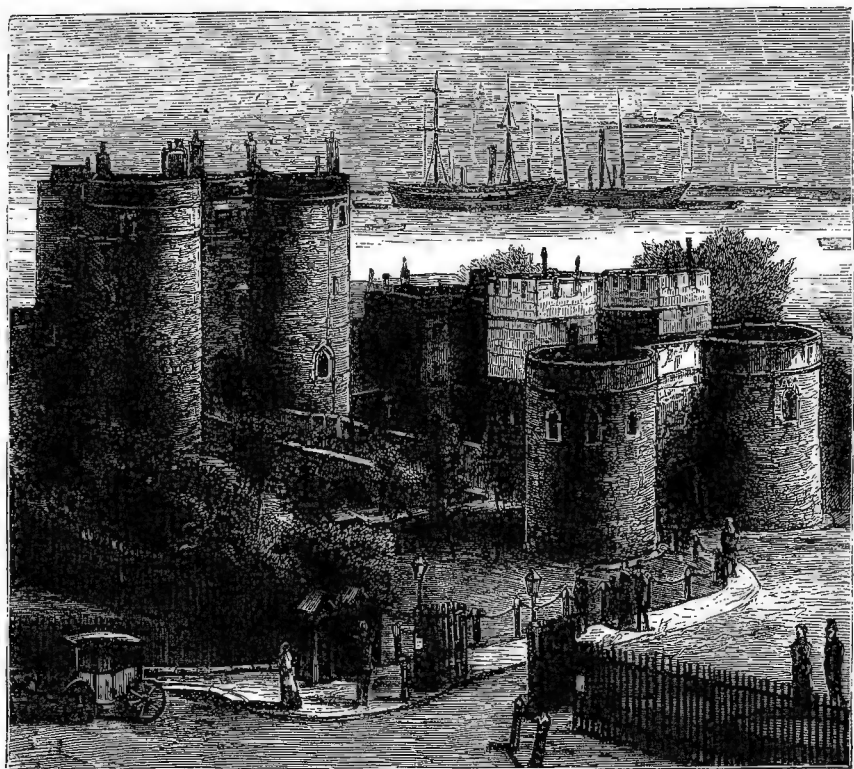
THE BYWARD TOWER



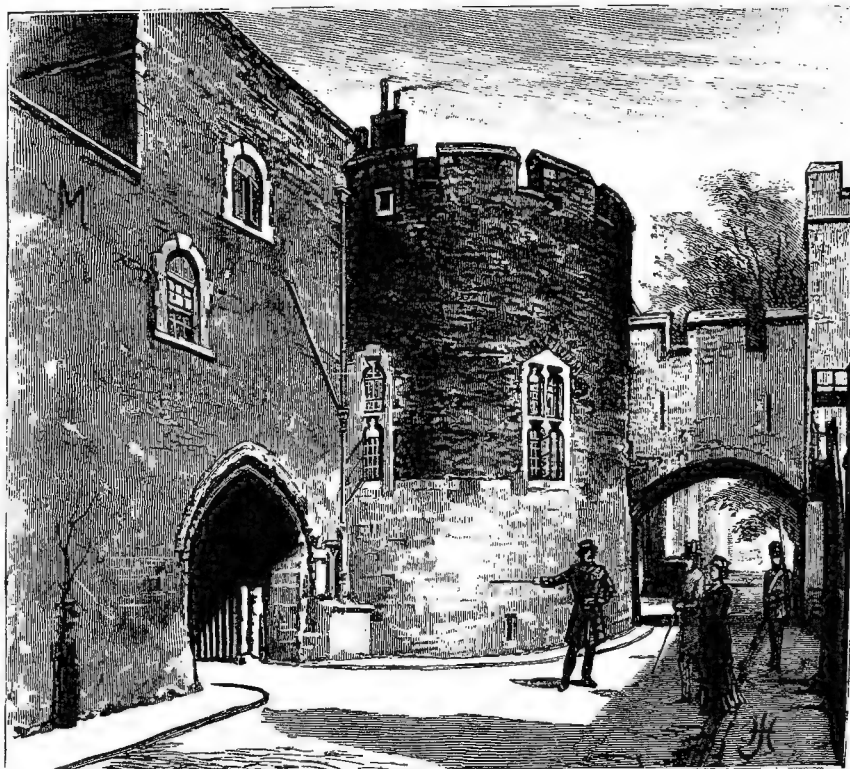
THE MIDDLE TOWER



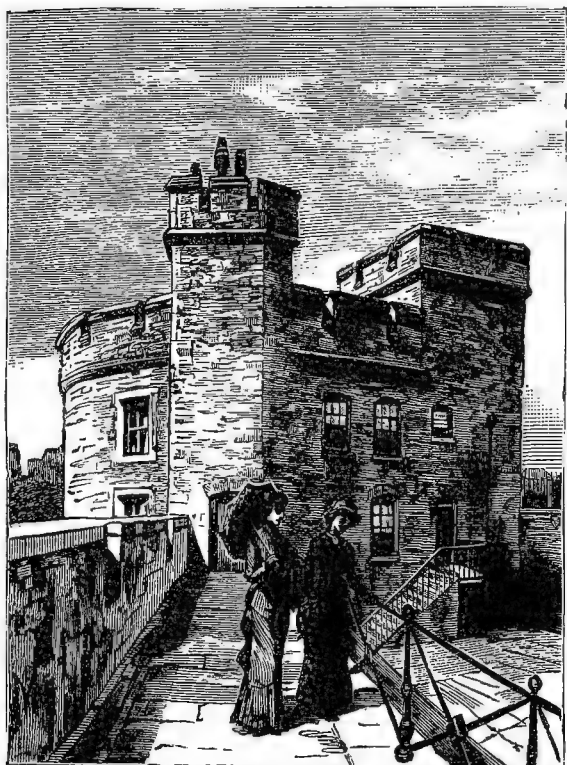
FLINT TOWER



THE ENTRANCE GATES



WAKEFIELD TOWER



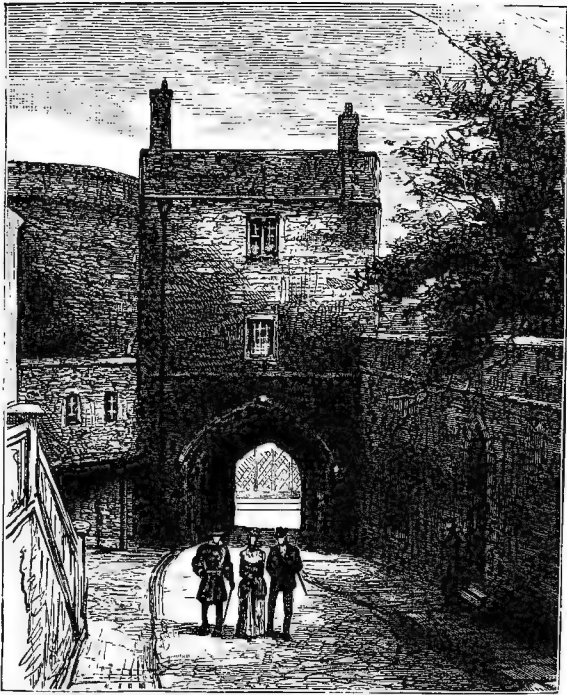
THE DEVEREUX TOWER



THE SALT TOWER



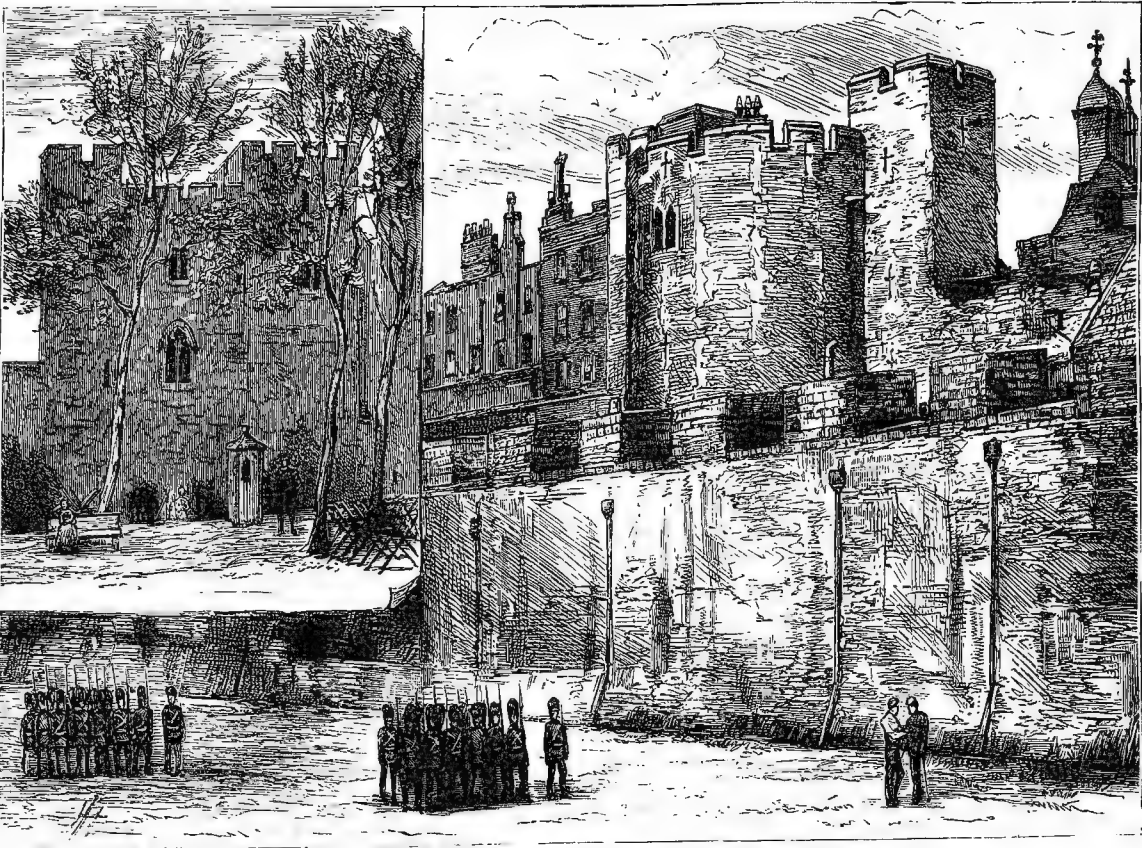
THE BELL TOWER



THE BLOODY TOWER



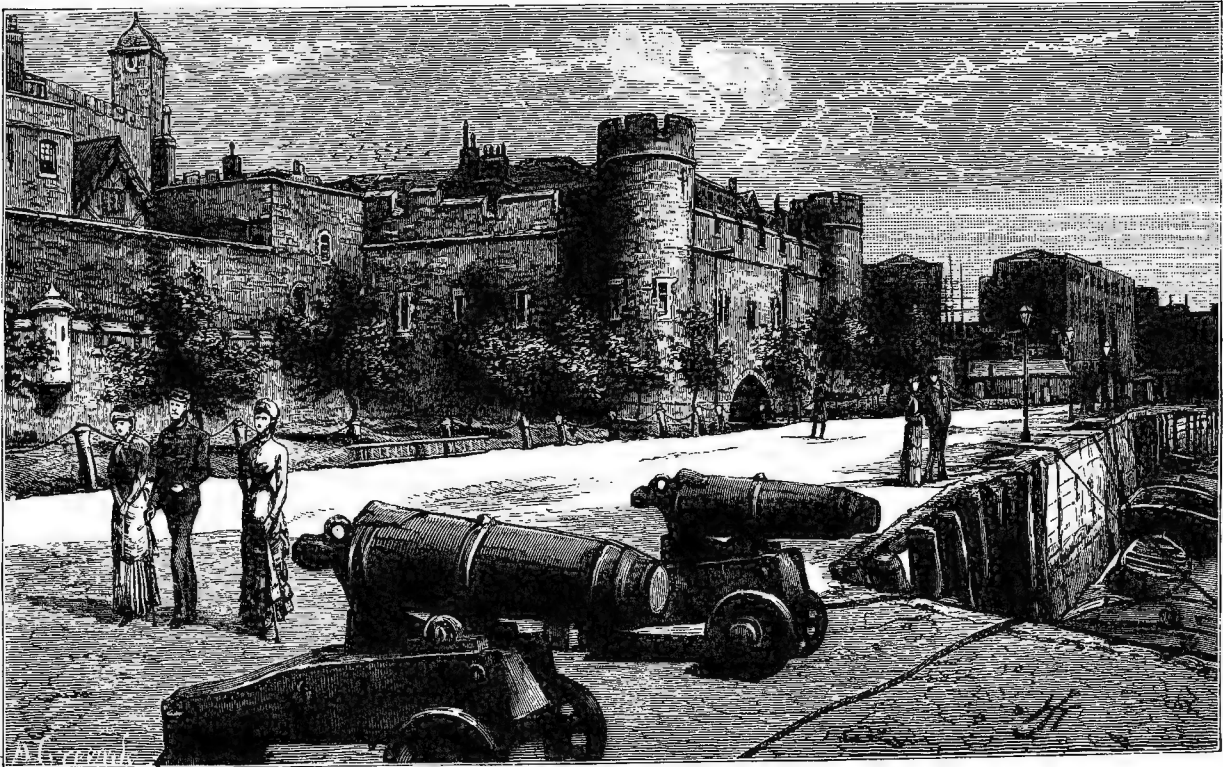
STATE PRISON IN BEAUCHAMP TOWER



1. BEAUCHAMP TOWER FROM THE MOAT.—2. BEAUCHAMP TOWER FROM TOWER GREEN



STAIRCASE LEADING TO DUNGEONS, WHITE TOWER



ST. THOMAS'S TOWER



THE MARTIN OR JEWEL TOWER

the subject of ancient armour in a scientific spirit. A year ago his arrangement was further revised, and the whole collection was placed in the present museum on the upper floor of the White Tower.

Before entering we may survey the exterior. There are greater and more ancient Norman Keeps in England, but none that vie with this in historical associations. Rightly to understand its position we must remember that when the Conqueror set his architect, Gundulf, a monk of Bec, in Normandy, to build it, the ground on which it stands was occupied by, it is believed, a large double bastion of the City wall and a smaller bastion close to the Thames, the rest of the site being under water at high tide, if not always. The line of the wall may be ascertained if we remember the position of the Postern, marked by Postern Row, close to the railway station mentioned near the beginning of this paper. If we draw a line from the Postern, which still in name exists, to the Wakefield Tower, it will pass through the White Tower. These bastions were enormously solid, built, like other Roman works of the kind, of alternate bands of stone and of tiles or thin bricks. Gundulf founded the White Tower on the Roman work, as has recently been ascertained, and in the year 1108, when the building had been going on for thirty years, he died at the age of eighty-four, having seen the White Tower completed. At first the whole castle occupied only the space comprehended between the Keep, the Wakefield and the Broad Arrow Towers, being defended by walls, all of which have disappeared. The Broad Arrow Tower stands south-east of the White Tower, and the space between them was very early covered by the domestic buildings of the palace, among which was the Jewel House, already mentioned, and the Wardrobe and Lanthorn Towers, now destroyed, together with the King's Hall, and other State apartments. To sum up: "The Tower," says Mr. Clark, "of the close of the reign of Rufus, and of those of Henry I. and Stephen, was probably composed of the White Tower, with a palace ward upon its south-east side, and a wall, probably that we now see, and certainly along its general course, including what is now known as the Inner Ward. No doubt there was a ditch, but not a very formidable one."

Although the architectural history of the building is very interesting we must confine ourselves here to an account of what the White Tower actually is at the present day. It stands on a slope, the highest part of which is forty, and the lowest only fifteen feet above the Thames, so that the basement, which on the north side is below the ground, is above it on the south. The Tower is not square, but oblong, being 107 feet from north to south, and eleven feet longer from east to west. It has two corners only, on the western side, the place of the north-eastern being occupied by a circular turret, containing a staircase, and the south-eastern by a semi-circular projection which forms the apse of the Chapel of St. John, a very peculiar feature of the building. Strange to say, we do not know exactly where the principal entrance was. At present there are two doorways, by one of which we go in, and by the other come out, in our visit; but neither of them can be the original. The door we enter by was cut through the solid masonry in the reign of Henry VIII. The original entrance was probably on the north face, above the ground floor, opening on the middle floor. It must have been approached from the ground by a ladder, but probably a king and his family would enter by a less Robinson Crusoe-like method, and had a little postern in the upper storey which led from the palace on the south side. There was one staircase from the first floor down to the ground floor and cellars, and two staircases led up to the battlements. The whole interior, even of the chapel, is of the plainest character possible. The chapel only is vaulted; the chambers have wooden roofs and floors. The whole building is simply divided from base to summit into three unequal parts by two walls of immense thickness. One of these parts contains the chapel, which is situated on the middle floor, and rises with a clerestory to the upper or principal floor. The crypt is smaller than the chapel in which the side aisles are made in the thickness of the wall. Below the crypt is a partly underground cellar, used for stores, and possibly at one time as a place of punishment. Local tradition calls it "Little Ease." The modern aspect of the Tower is due to what would now be called a "restoration," carried out by Sir Christopher Wren. The date 1708 on the water-spouts gives us the exact "Queen Anne" period of this great alteration. The Norman windows were replaced by those we now see, and many apertures were widened. One only of the original windows survives.

When we enter we see at the first stage of the narrow stair a brass plate which commemorates the discovery here, in the reign of Charles II., of some small bones supposed to have been those of the sons of Edward IV. They were removed to Westminster Abbey. The staircase takes us up to the level of the middle floor, and we enter a narrow passage which leads into the south aisle of

THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN

It is, in spite of its modern air, a most impressive little building. It rises to the roof through two storeys, and above the side aisles a narrow "triforium," as it may be called, communicates with the State apartments on the upper floor. The King probably worshipped in this exalted situation, being almost invisible to the people on the chapel floor below. The extreme length, into the apse at the east end, is only 55 feet 6 inches. "This, the earliest and simplest, as well as most complete Norman chapel in Britain," observes Mr. Clark, "must have witnessed the devotions of the Conqueror and his immediate descendants." The walls were probably painted and hung with tapestry, and it is recorded that Henry III., in 1240, ordered three stained glass windows, "one towards the north, with a little Mary holding her child; and two others toward the south, representing the Holy Trinity and St. John." There were other embellishments, all of which have now likewise perished. The chapel was dismantled in 1550, and was long used as part of the Record Office already mentioned; when the State papers were removed it was proposed to make it a workshop for army tailors. This design was happily frustrated by the care and piety of the late Lord de Ros, Lieutenant of the Tower, at whose instance the Constable, Lord Combermere, interfered for the restoration. It is now used occasionally for service.

We next pass into

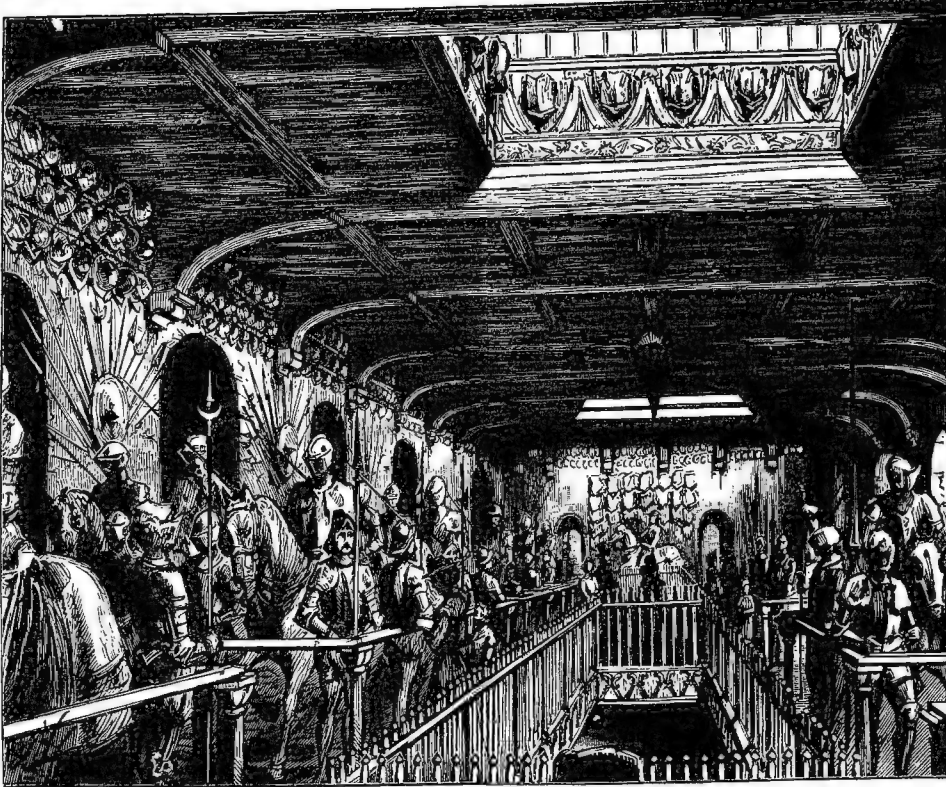
THE BANQUETING CHAMBER

In this room there is the largest of the three fire-places to be found in the White Tower. This chamber and the great chambers all joining it on the western side communicate by a row of arches in the wall, and were both originally divided into aisles by great posts which supported the roof. These posts may have served on occasions to facilitate the erection of partitions, otherwise it is

difficult to know how the Tower can have been used for the habitation of a Royal Court. The arms here displayed are chiefly modern, and in order to let us gain a clear idea of the building, we ascend to

THE STATE FLOOR,

WHICH is situated at the top of the Tower. Here, as below, two great chambers, the larger, 95 feet by 40 feet, are divided by a wall, in which are five arched openings; a passage in the thickness of the outer wall goes all round and leads into the triforium of the chapel. The larger, or westernmost of the great rooms, is traditionally known as the Council Chamber, and is said to be the place

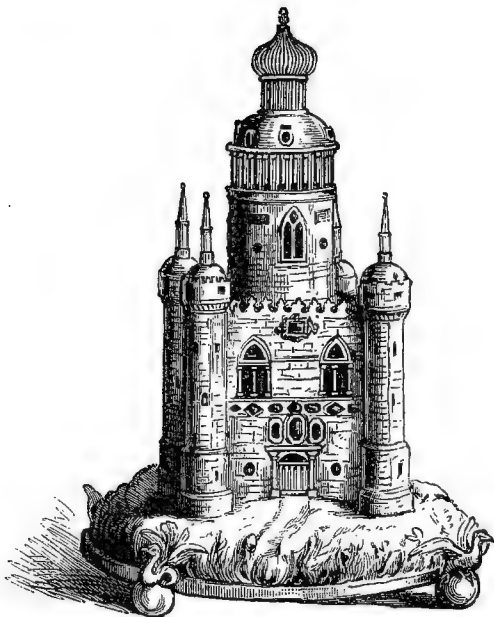


COUNCIL CHAMBER

from which Edward, Lord Hastings, was sent untried to execution on the Green below. There is great difficulty in making out the features of the rooms in the White Tower, owing to the enormous accumulation of arms which has gradually grown up in them. The Council Chamber now contains

THE HORSE ARMOURY,

REMOVED from the annexe below already mentioned. In many respects this is one of the most interesting of the sights. The collection is very large, and is now carefully arranged and labelled, so that the visitor may carry away a distinct and correct idea. We have no longer a figure of William the Conqueror in plate armour; in fact, the oldest armour shown falls short by many centuries of that age, being probably two figures on the eighth stand, which represent respectively a soldier of the time of Henry V. and one of the time of Richard III. Beside them are two standing figures in suits of the same period, namely, the close of the fifteenth century. A few pieces of chain mail may also be seen, the age of which is doubtful, but we may take them as representing accurately enough the appearance of armour before plates were used.



GRAND STATE SALT CELLAR

The reason why very ancient armour is so seldom to be found may be briefly indicated. In the middle ages a suit of armour was a very precious possession. A knight owed his very existence to it. As time went on and improvements were introduced, the suit, which he probably inherited from his father, was altered bit by bit. The wearer left it to his next heir, who similarly changed it piecemeal, so that when at last, in the reign of Edward IV., complete plate armour was worn, the old suits had been gradually, but entirely, transformed. Thus it comes to pass that, except in the rarest possible instances, the armour that has come down to us is that which was worn when the idea of further improvement was, with the use of armour itself, finally abandoned. At this last age of armour the manufacture had become a fine art, and in the Tower collection are suits of the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth of the most exquisite workmanship and ornamentation. I will enumerate the most remarkable. On the ninth stand are three equestrian and four standing figures. The first horse and his rider are in a suit of plate mail which is known to have belonged to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Henry the Eighth's favourite and brother-in-law, and grandfather of Lady Jane Grey. Next to them we see Henry himself, in a suit known to have been actually

worn by him. It is beautifully damascened with gold inlaying. Next to it is a slightly earlier suit, also on horseback, and in front are four standing figures, two of them in armour which belonged to Henry VIII. On the tenth stand is a still finer suit, which was possibly sent as a present to Henry by the Emperor Maximilian on his marriage with Katharine of Arragon, but against this view, which is the official one, we must set the fact that Henry, at the time of his marriage, was a mere stripling, while the suit before us would fit a very large man. It has the initials "H. and K." on the steel skirt, and is engraved with German emblematical scenes, and with badges in which Katharine's pomegranate is conspicuous.

Next in importance to these specimens of the Tudor period are some suits which date from the reign of Charles I. They are on the fourth stand, and the gilt armour presented by the City of London, as well as a small suit made for the King when he was Duke of York, should be specially examined. A suit of the same period, made for Henry, Prince of Wales, the elder brother of Charles, is also very handsome. The armour of General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, is on the sixth stand, and the very curious half-suit, actually worn by James II., which is at the end of the room, shows the last flicker of the old defensive system. Under William III. armour was finally laid aside.

The other objects in this wonderful museum might delay the antiquarian visitor for weeks or months. In a single visit it is not possible to see everything, but one or two curious relics must not be overlooked. Here is a little model of a rack which was set up in the crypt below. There is the block on which the Scots lords laid their heads after the Rebellion of 1745. Near it is a headsman's axe, the history of which is unknown. In old times the befeater used to say that these were the identical axe and block used at the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn, oblivious of the fact that neither axe nor block was used on that occasion, as the unhappy Queen was beheaded with a sword. On the seventh stand is a beautiful mail cap, or *salade*, covered with crimson velvet, and ornamented with gilt *fleurs de lis*, which must have been worn by a king, and may have set off the handsome features of Edward IV., to whose period it probably belongs. Among the miscellaneous objects are thumb screws, an iron collar with spikes inside, and a large portable pillow, also of iron, known as the "Scavenger's Daughter," which are said to have been captured with one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, but which probably formed part of the ordinary furniture of any Tudor prison.

THE CRYPT

We descend by the staircase in the south-western turret, reaching it by the passage in the wall which surrounds this upper storey, and traversing the Banqueting Hall again, go down into the basement, by the fine north-eastern stair. The most interesting chamber, long known as Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, is the crypt of the chapel. The immense thickness of the walls, which, it will be remembered, support the side aisles of the chapel above, is well seen in the windows. Originally this chamber and its neighbours were only lighted by loopholes. On the north side is a cell, either made at the same time as the windows or an original feature. It served as a sleeping place for prisoners confined in these gloomy chambers, and from the inscriptions we find that some of Wyatt's followers were placed here in the reign of Mary I. It is curious that under a queen of such pronounced religious views a place so sacred should have been used for this purpose, but probably a large number of the rebels had been captured, and accommodation was scarce. Three names—Rudston, Fane, and Culpepper—may still be made out. It is believed that they were all eventually released. Below the crypt is a subcrypt, known to the befeaters as "Little Ease," and now used, with two adjoining apartments, as a store.

TOWER GREEN

WHEN we emerge from the White Tower we have the Waterloo Barracks before us, the Officers' Quarters being on the right. We turn to the left, and observing some fine cannons of various ages and nationalities which are grouped together under the western face of the White Tower, we proceed a few paces, and find ourselves on Tower Green. There is, however, in spite of the name, no grass, but a rugged pavement, in the centre of which certain stones of a different tint have been made to mark off a small square. This was the spot on which the scaffold was erected for the execution of women. Here Queen Anne Boleyn suffered on the 19th May, 1536, having only been arrested on the 2nd. She had been lodged for the few intervening days in the Palace, adjoining the White Tower, and had been tried in the hall, which was part of the domestic buildings, and stood near the Wakefield Tower. Her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presided. At his feet his son, the Earl of Surrey, himself destined to be beheaded on the neighbouring hill within a few years, sat holding his father's staff as Earl Marshal. When the peers had given their unanimous verdict of guilty, the Duke pronounced the sentence:—"Thou shalt be burned here within the Tower of London, on the Green, else to have thy head smitten off as the King's pleasure shall be further known of the same." The account of this trial was long lost, and Henry was often said to have caused his unhappy wife to be put to death without the usual legal forms. But certain secret records have lately been found which show the truth. They are published by Mr. Doyne Bell, in his volume on the Chapel of St. Peter, and give many interesting particulars. After her condemnation Anne was attended, as before, by Lady Kingston and Lady Boleyn, her aunt, and, on the next day, was taken, doubtless by boat, to Lambeth, where she had an interview with Archbishop Cranmer, and made some statement to him which was construed or twisted into a confession. On the second day, Thursday, she "called to mind that she had played the stepmother too severely to Lady Mary (afterwards Queen), and had done her many injuries." She made Lady Kingston sit down in the chair of state, and kneeling before her, with many tears, charged her to go to the Princess, and beg forgiveness on her behalf. It would be curious to know if Lady Kingston ever accomplished this strange mission.

Henry did not leave his wife to languish long in prison. The day after the scene just described, being Friday, May 19th, she "was beheaded according to the manner and custom of Paris, that is to say with a sword, which had not before been seen in this land of England." She was wholly habited, says an eyewitness, in a robe of black damask, with a white cape. She made a little speech to the bystanders, who cannot have been many, though the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were present, in which there was nothing like a confession, yet no distinct assertion of innocence, but a very dignified resignation to "the cruel law of the land." She further besought her ladies, of whom four were present, not to leave her in her "last hour and mortal agony." Then she knelt down, and one

of the ladies put a bandage over her eyes, and retired a little space with the others, "bemoaning bitterly and shedding tears." The executioner, who had been brought from Calais, "suddenly smote off her head at one stroke with a sword." It is reported, not by a very trustworthy authority, that she would allow no bandage to be used, and that the divine who attended her could only persuade her to shut her eyes; and as she opened them again every moment the executioner could not bear to do his office. At last he took off his shoes and approached her gently on the left, while another came from the right with much noise, so that she turned her head away from the headsman, who was thus enabled to do his office without looking on her face. This story is improbable, though most of the contemporary accounts agree as to the foreign headsman's suddenness, and it is certain no divine was present. It was observed that her eyes and lips moved after her head was off.

No preparation seems to have been made for her interment. The Lieutenant (Kingston) possibly believed the King would not go so far as to put Anne to death; and delayed, expecting a reprieve. An old arrow chest was all that could be found to hold the body, and it was buried immediately in the then newly rebuilt chapel close by. In 1876 it was sacrilegiously disturbed by a Committee of Government officials. "At the depth of two feet the bones of a female were discovered, not lying in the original order, but which had evidently for some reason or other been heaped together into a smaller space; all these bones were examined by Dr. Mouat, who at once pronounced them to be those of a female of between twenty-five and thirty years of age, of a delicate frame of body, and who had been of slender and perfect proportions; the forehead and lower jaw were small and specially well-formed. The vertebrae were particularly small, especially one joint, the atlas, which was that next to the skull, and they bore witness to the Queen's 'lyttel neck.' The bones of the hands and feet were very delicate and well-shaped."

In February, 1866, a communication was received by the Chief Commissioner of Works to the effect that the Queen commanded that he should cause the spot where Anne Boleyn was beheaded to be railed in, and that a suitable inscription on a brass plate should be renewed.

On the same spot, nearly five years later, another innocent victim suffered. Margaret, the daughter of Clarence, and since the death of Warwick, her brother, in the previous reign, the last of the old Royal race, had been married to Sir Richard Pole, a Knight of the Garter, nearly related to the Tudors, by whom she had four sons. The eldest was beheaded in 1539, his mother being at the same time attainted, the real reason being the opposition of another son, Reginald, whom the Pope had made a Cardinal, to the measures of Henry VIII. She had been allowed in 1517 to take on herself one of the old titles of her race, and was known as the Countess of Salisbury. Two years she languished miserably in the Tower, wanting even proper clothing. At length a rebellion in the North sealed her fate. A second time the scaffold was erected on Tower Green, and the last blood of the Plantagenets was shed. She refused to lay her grey head on the block; "she had committed no treason," she said; and the executioner "was constrained to fetch it off slowly." This was in May, 1541, and the following February two more ladies, Katharine Howard, Henry's fifth wife, and Lady Rochford, the sister-in-law of Anne Boleyn, were beheaded here, "making," says a contemporary record, "the most godly and Christian end that was ever heard tell."

It was at first intended that Lady Jane Grey should suffer with her husband on Tower Hill, but the Council, dreading the effect of her youth and innocence on the populace, sent Lord Guildford to the public place of execution alone, and ordained that his wife should be beheaded on the Green. She came to the scaffold in the dress she had worn at her trial in Guildhall, as already described, and gave the book then mentioned to the Lieutenant. It is now in the British Museum, and contains a note in her handwriting, in which she says, "The daye of our deathe is better than the daye of our birthe." Unlike Lady Salisbury, she submitted meekly, and, in the words of a contemporary chronicler, "was as patient and mild as any lamb." She was the last woman beheaded on Tower Green; but one other execution took place here—that of Robert Devereux, "Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex," February 25, 1601. In accordance with a petition he addressed to the Council, and also, no doubt, on account of his great personal popularity, the execution was private, but the executioner was waylaid and severely beaten on his way home. He had done his hideous work in a bungling fashion, giving the sufferer three strokes of the axe. "And when his head was off," says a witness, "and in the executioner's hand, his eyes did open and shut as in the time of his prayer." His body was buried in the neighbouring chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula.

THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER

FROM this melancholy spot to the Beauchamp or Cobham Tower is but a step. "Although used as a prison," observes Mr. Clark, "it was evidently constructed for defence only." The rampart walk is continued from the Princess Elizabeth's Walk, already mentioned, through the Beauchamp Tower to the Devereux Tower. The architecture is, or rather was—for it has been wholly refaced in our own day—in the Decorated style of the fourteenth century. The name of Beauchamp was probably given on account of the imprisonment in it of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was sent to the Tower by Richard II., and remained there till the accession of Henry IV.

The Beauchamp Tower is chiefly interesting now as the undoubted prison of Lord Guildford Dudley and his brothers, and for the numerous and well preserved inscriptions on the walls. These inscriptions, with some exceptions, have by a very mistaken arrangement been removed from their original situations, and grouped on the walls of the chief chamber. By this means, no doubt, they are more easily accessible, but not only do those which were removed greatly lose in interest, but they injure the interest of those which were originally in this chamber. We would all like to feel sure that the "Jane" which Lord Guildford cut is where the boy husband placed it.

Taken in order, as they now are, and with the numbers which have been affixed to each, the first on the left as we enter the room is the name of an otherwise unknown prisoner, Walter Paslew, dated 1567 and 1570. Next comes the name "Robart Dydley." There is no other than that favourite of romance, the Earl of Leicester, of Queen Elizabeth's reign. He and his brothers lay here for years, but all except Guildford, who was beheaded, eventually recovered their liberty. Another name connected in our minds with the novels of Scott is (8) Peverel. It is carved under a cross, with the date of 1570. Over the fireplace is an interesting inscription (13) cut by Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, in 1587. This unfortunate son of an unfortunate father languished in prison during many years. He was the son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded in 1573; and his father's honours being forfeited, he inherited the Earldom of Arundel from his grandfather in 1580. He was supposed to be connected with various plots against the Queen, and was accused of having ordered a mass for the success of the Spanish Armada. In 1588 he was formally condemned to death, but the warrant was never signed. After some years Elizabeth offered him his liberty if he would adopt the Reformed faith. He refused, and remained a prisoner till his death, at the early age of forty, in 1595. It is supposed that he was poisoned by

a discharged servant who desired to be revenged on him. His body remained in the chamber, probably this, in which he died, for two days, and was then wrapped in a sheet, put into a plain coffin, and buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, in the same grave with the headless body of his father. Thirty years later it was removed in a small iron chest or coffin, and reburied in the vault of the Howards at Arundel Church.

One of the most elaborate of these mural carvings is signed "John Dudle" (14). This John Dudley was the eldest son of Northumberland, and was summoned to Parliament as Earl of Warwick in 1553. He was condemned to death at the same time as his father, but was reprieved, and, on account probably of bad health, was allowed to retire to Penshurst, in Kent, where, and not in the Tower, as is generally said, he died, October 21, 1554. The carving shows signs of skill and taste. A ragged staff, the cognisance of his ancestors, the Beauchamps, who bore the same title, is supported by a lion, the "beast" of the Dudleys, and a bear, the "beast" of the Beauchamps. Below are carved four lines of verse, which may be spelled out at leisure in the accompanying woodcut, and which in modern English, with the missing words at the end of the third line supplied, run as follows:—

You that these beasts do well behold and see,
May deem with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders wherein (like there may be found),
Four brothers' names—who list to search the ground.

The brothers were Ambrose (represented by the acorn), afterwards Earl of Warwick; Robert (represented by the rose), afterwards Earl of Leicester; Guildford (represented by the gillyflower); and Henry (represented by the honeysuckle), who was killed at the siege of St. Quentin in 1558.

Among the hundred inscriptions now exhibited in this room, with each of which some sad story is connected, it would be impossible to notice even a tithe. One, of which a woodcut is annexed, is the only record left of the imprisonment of T. Salmon (34) in 1622. Nothing is known of him but what he tells here—"Close prisoner, 8 monethes, 32 wekes, 224 dayes, 5,376 houres." Below is "Benevolentia," perhaps the beginning of an unfinished inscription to celebrate his release. No. 66, which is on the window jamb, represents a bell, very neatly carved; on the bell is the letter "A," and above the name "Thomas." Thomas Abel was confessor to Queen Katharine of Arragon, the first of Henry VIII.'s wives. He strongly advocated the cause of his Royal mistress, an offence Henry was not very likely to forget. Long afterwards he was arrested and imprisoned here for denying the King's supremacy, and on the 30th July, 1540, five years after More and Fisher had suffered in the same cause, his imprisonment was terminated by his execution.

In a narrow passage leading north from this chamber is a cell or recess, which probably formed a prisoner's bedchamber. Here and along the passage are other inscriptions, as indeed there are in many other chambers throughout the whole Tower of London. One of them was recently discovered in the Bloody Tower, and is represented in a cut, and others are in the Broad Arrow and Salt Towers, everywhere, in fact, where the original wall facing has been suffered by the restorer to remain.

THE CHAPEL OF ST. PETER

WHEN we have seen the Beauchamp Tower our visit is at an end. But some adventurous spirits insist on obtaining the keys of St. Peter's Chapel, and concluding their pilgrimage by a sight of the last resting-place of so many illustrious and unfortunate people. The result is not satisfactory. The chapel has been entirely renewed. The old broken pavement under the altar, which was so full of meaning in itself that I have seen a visitor weep on beholding it, is replaced by a gaudy mosaic. The sacred ashes beneath have been dug up, sifted, conjecturally identified, packed in boxes, and reburied. It is impossible to have the same feeling as formerly to the place. I am sorry I visited it since the "restoration."

The chapel was appropriately, but no doubt accidentally, dedicated on the feast of "St. Peter ad Vincula," St. Peter in chains, namely, the First of August. It was a Royal Chapel in the reign of Henry III., and was intended for a collegiate church by Edward III. Edward IV. entertained a similar project, but it was never carried out. In 1512 the old chapel was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in time to receive the bodies of the first victims of what has been described as "the English Reign of Terror." A list of the chief persons buried here is beside the door. It includes the names of Fisher and More; of Anne Boleyn, her brother, and his wife; of the two Seymours, brothers of Queen Jane; of Lady Jane Grey and her husband; of their fathers, of a Duke of Norfolk, and an Earl of Arundel; of the Duke of Monmouth, and of the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and Lord Fraser of Lovat, who were concerned in the "Forty-Five." The coffin plates of the three last-named are in the vestry-room. Besides these there are some handsome memorials of officials connected with the government of the State prison. One of the woodcuts represents the recumbent effigy of Sir Richard Cholmondeley and his wife. He was Lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII., and his tomb must have been set up when the church was rebuilt, by Sir Richard himself, but no date was ever cut on it. He died in 1522. The mural monument of the Blount family is also handsome in a different style. Sir Richard Blount was Lieutenant, and died in 1564. His son, Sir Michael, "succeeded his father in the office of Lieutenant of the Tower of London twenty-five years after the death of his said father." The last interment in the chapel was that of Sir John Fox Burgoyne, in 1871. A memorial brass on the east wall states that he was, at the time of his death, Constable of the Tower of London.

W. J. LOFTIE

First Person Singular

(Continued from page 176)

after a while, "and we hope that Mrs. Farley and you will join us. There are some famous grottoes close to Houfou, and later in the year they are visited by crowds of tourists. We want to forestall the crowd a little, and we have arranged for Tuesday next. Mr. Maskelyne has promised to drive over for you, and will be here at ten o'clock."

"I had meant to be busy," said Austin, with a lingering accent. "But—yes, Miss Butler, we will come with pleasure."

"The grottoes are very curious and fine," said O'Rourke. "You might find a theme there, Farley. I visited them five years ago, and one of the guides told me a dreadful story."

"Let us have it," said Maskelyne. "Come, O'Rourke! harrow our feelings."

"It is not a narrative for sunshine and the open air. It should be told in wintry twilight by the fire," O'Rourke answered, with a serious face and smiling eyes.

"Oh, pray tell it," pleaded Lucy.

"It was late in autumn," O'Rourke began, looking round, and seeing that the wish for the story was general. "The lower caverns were deep in water, for the season had been unusually rainy, and the subterranean river had overflowed its summer banks. The guides, who make a pretty good thing of their business in late summer and early autumn, had made up their minds that their

harvest was over, and were prepared to shut up the exhibition until next year, when half-a-dozen waterproofed English tourists presented themselves, and asked to see the grottoes. There was but one amongst them who spoke French, and he acted as cicerone to the party. The guide warned them that they could see only the higher chambers, but they had come all the way from Brussels with intent to visit the grottoes, and since they could not have all were determined to put up with little. Two or three children were hunted up to carry the necessary lamps, and the party walked through the pouring rain until they reached the shelter of the caverns."

"This begins charmingly," said Fraser. "It rather reminds me of the stoyle of Mr. Jeems—G. P. R. Jeems, ye know—that was such a favourite in me boyhood."

"Let us have the story neat," said Maskelyne. "Go on, O'Rourke."

"They entered the grottoes," O'Rourke continued, "with a single guide and three children, who carried each a pair of candles protected by chimneys of glass. They had penetrated a considerable distance, the guide stopping here and there to describe and explain, and the one French-speaking man amongst them translating for his companions, as they went from one object of interest to another. Some one called the interpreter by name, and there came no answer. He, supposing the other to be occupied, took little notice of his silence, and they went on further, until suddenly their interpreter was missed. They retraced their steps, but he was not to be found. Then one of the travellers conceived the brilliant idea that their friend had gone home, and this theory being accepted by his fellow sages, was somehow communicated to the guide, who naturally enough supposed it to be a fact and not a theory, and when the party had gone away locked up the door at the entrance and took the key away with him."

"The tourists walked to the village inn where they had left their carriage, and not seeing the carriage standing at the door—the coachman was snug in the kitchen, and the horses were snug in the stables—they concluded that their friend had taken it away, and walked off, like the wise men they were, on a four or five miles' journey home."

"The poor interpreter had somehow strayed, had lost his party, and was left amidst all the sinuosities and windings of the cave, alone, and in darkness. He had with him a box of wax vestas, and he had well nigh exhausted his store before the real character of his situation dawned upon him."

"I'd have bet," cried Fraser, beaming all over, "I'd have bet on the situation dawning. The situation always dawns. 'Tis a stock phrase. 'Tis one of the things no narrator can do without."

Angela looked at the interrupter, who was smiling with great complacency at O'Rourke. It was a mere glance, but it expressed contempt and anger.

"Thank you, Fraser," said O'Rourke to himself, for the girl's eyes were turned to him again, with appeal, and apology, and protest all visible in them.

"By what seemed to him a happy accident," he went on, "the last vesta he had expended had revealed to him the existence of a box, in which by groping with his hands he found a dozen candles. He lit one of these and looked about him. He found clear water in a natural bowl of rock, and drank a little. Then he sat down to wait, and suddenly it struck him like a bolt that the guide had spoken of locking up the grottoes for the winter after that day, and that none of his friends spoke the language of the country. It may seem a visionary fear to you or me here in the summer sunshine and the open air, but he dreaded to be left there buried alive for days, perhaps till the summer of next year, when his bones might be discovered. So, bethinking him that he was burning food he blew out the candle, and waited on and on. He made a little track for himself and walked it up and down, up and down, groping at the wall, until his head spun with turning, and his feet began to fail him."

"He sat down and slept uneasily with dreadful dreams, and when he woke in the thick darkness he struck a light to consult his watch. It had stopped, had run down at the usual hour. He had no appetite, and he had to conquer an intense disgust before he could do it, but life is dear, and he ate a candle, and drank a little of the water in the bowl. He wandered on his narrow track again, up and down, up and down. He sat and counted the seconds to see how time passed, and persuaded himself that, when he had measured five minutes so, he could make some reasonable guess at the flight of time. He slept again, worn out with the anguish of his mind, and awoke as before after horrible dreams, which seemed to have taken years. He ate another of the candles, and sat in despair. It was plain that he was abandoned. His friends ere this must have returned to England, and it might be days before he would be missed—weeks—a month."

"There was a dull sound of a tumbling torrent not far distant, which half deafened his ears to his own voice when he dared to break the silence. Suddenly, through this ceaseless muffled roar, came the noise of voices calling. He sprang to his feet and shouted back. Lights flickered on the wall, footsteps sounded near at hand, and a moment later the prisoner fainted in the arms of the guide."

"When he recovered, he asked you how many days he had been a prisoner, and they answered that he had been there five hours."

There was a little laughter, a little lifting of the eyebrows in surprise, a little evident disappointment at the conclusion of the story.

"There's a blague for ye, ladies and gentlemen," said Fraser.

"I tell the tale as it was told to me," O'Rourke answered. "I believe it to be true."

"I see no reason to doubt it," said Dobroski, quietly.

"Ah!" said O'Rourke, swiftly and suddenly, "you know." He bared his head with the involuntary-looking gesture he had used in the same garden that morning, when he had first seen Dobroski. He caught an inquiring glance from Maskelyne, and shot a swift phrase at him in an undertone, which was still audible to everybody. "The Oblivettes! There is nothing he has not suffered."

Everybody looked towards Dobroski.

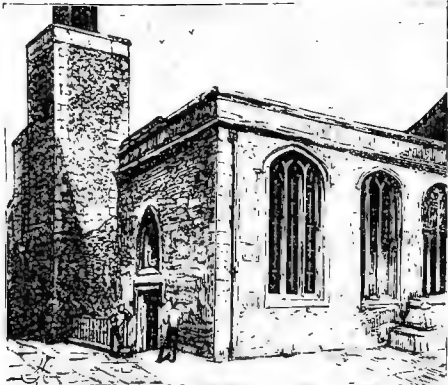
"Yes," he said simply enough. "I know. An hour is like a year."

A voice spoke from the road below the garden asking for Monsieur Dobroski. The village postman, politely raising his official cap in general salute, stated that he had a letter *recommandé* to Monsieur Dobroski. He had inquired for Monsieur at the Cheval Blanc, and had afterwards discerned him from the road. Would Monsieur please to sign for the letter?

"Ye must sign in ink," said Fraser, who was always willing to display his knowledge, even of trifles. "I've a stoylographic pen, Mr. Dobroski. Did ye never see one before?"

"Excuse me," said the old man, bowing round when he had received the package from the postman. He broke the seals leisurely, walking to one side as he did so. "Angela!" he cried suddenly, "come here." The girl moved quickly to his side, and saw at a glance that he was strangely disturbed. His face was white, and his eyes, ordinarily so calm and mournful, glittered with an unusual light. "It is with you," he said, in a voice as disordered as his looks, "that I must share this so sacred joy. Let us be alone, little sweetheart. Come with me." He took her by the hand and hurried her from the garden to the salon, followed by the curious and wondering glances of the others. "Here!" he said, "Here! After these thirty-three years. Look! My wife, little sweetheart, my boys!"

Angela was alarmed and wonder-stricken, his manner was so changed and wild. His lean brown hands trembled as he held out her a something in a binding of faded golden flagree. Angela



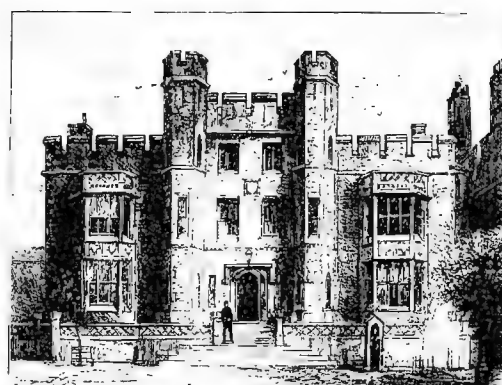
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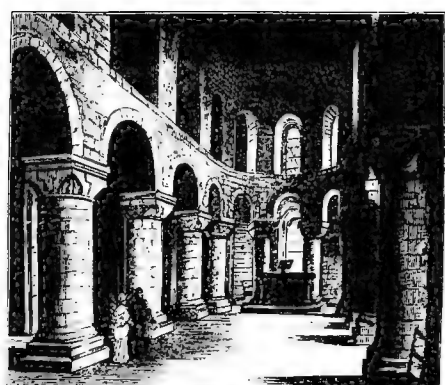
THE LIEUTENANT'S HOUSE



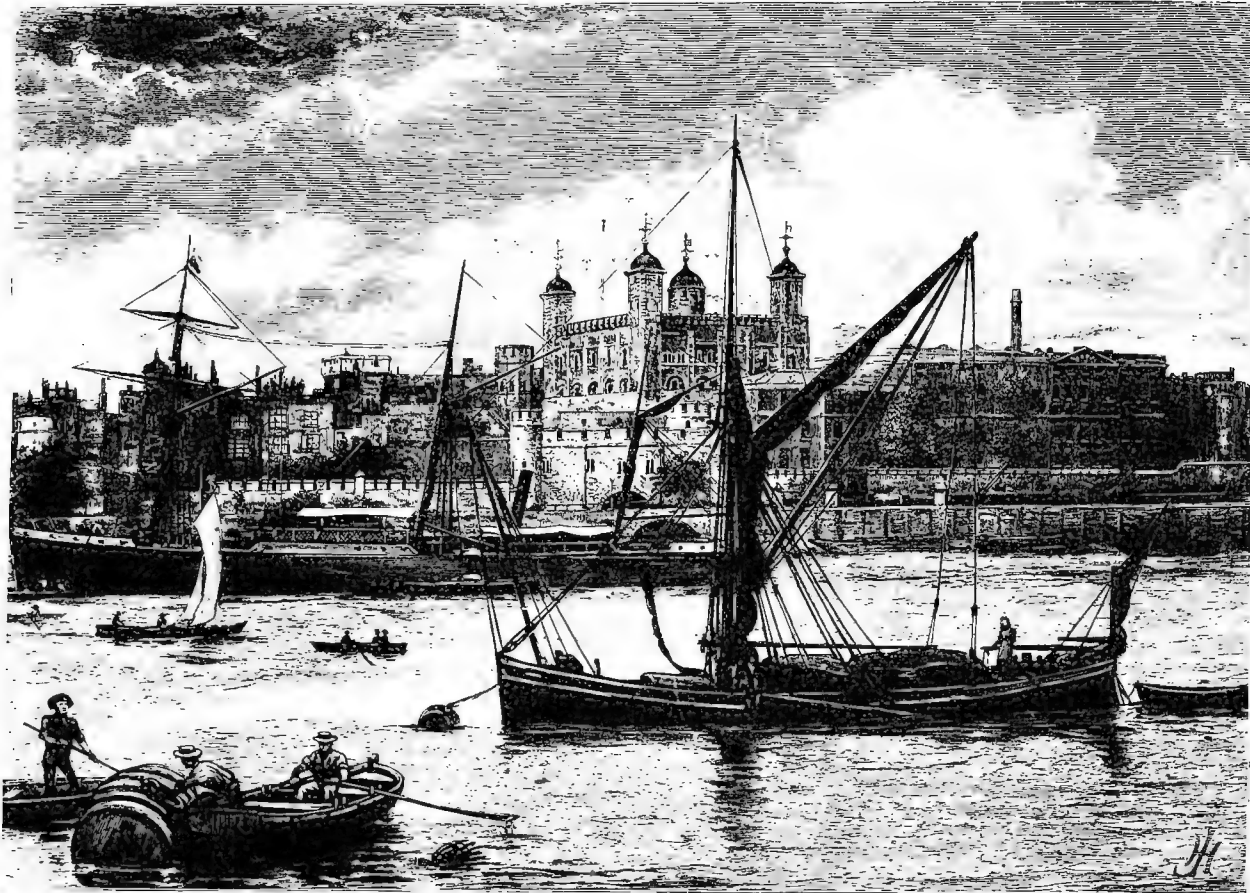
CAPTAINS' QUARTERS



OFFICERS' QUARTERS



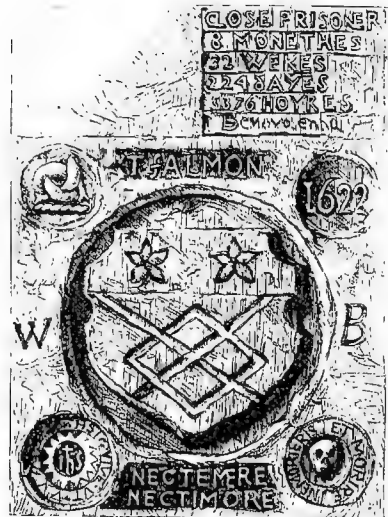
ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, WHITE TOWER



THE TOWER FROM THE RIVER



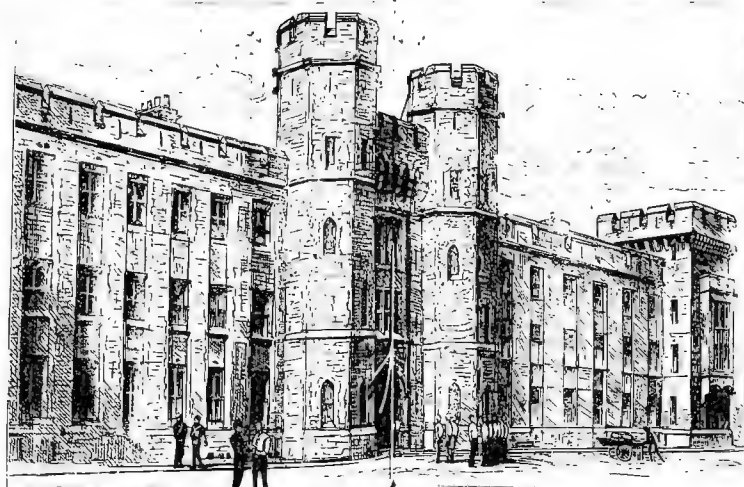
THE PLACE OF EXECUTION, TOWER GREEN



PRISONERS' DEVICE (T. SALMON) IN BEAUCHAMP TOWER



ROYAL BAPTISMAL FONT AND ANCIENT ANOINTING SPOON, USED AT CORONATIONS

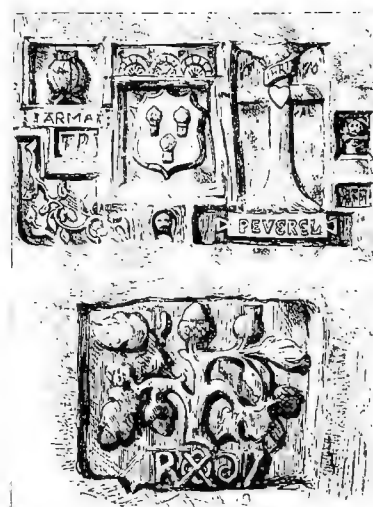


THE BARRACKS

THE TOWER ILLUSTRATED



THE DEVICE OF JOHN DUDLEY AND HIS THREE BROTHERS, 1531, BEAUCHAMP TOWER



THE DEVICE OF LARK AND ROBERT DUDLEY, 1531, BEAUCHAMP TOWER

opening it saw two miniatures within. In one, two handsome lads of twenty or thereabouts were standing with their arms about each other's waists. The other depicted a woman in the prime of youth, and dressed in the national costume of Poland.

Angela had scarcely glanced at it when Dobroski took it and her hand together, and kissed the picture twice or thrice.

"Here!" he said, with an hysterical tremulousness. "After these thirty years!"

"Try to be calm, dear," urged Angela, with a hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "I will be calm. Look. I am calm already."

"These are your wife and your boys?" she said, surveying the miniatures. "Yes. The boys are very like you."

Mr. Athanos Zeno, with a small secretaire under his arm, walked into the room, bowed, and establishing himself at a little table at the far end of the chamber, began to make busy arrangements for writing, setting down his inkstand with a brisk tap on the table, and smoothing out his blotting-paper with a flourish. Angela had never seen Mr. Zeno before, and Dobroski scarcely saw him now, but the girl was conscious of an interior demand for privacy, and with a hand laid gently on the old man's arm she moved towards the open doorway which communicated with the larger salon. Dobroski yielded to the pressure, and made a step or two with downward eyes, his lean brown fingers tremulously tearing at the package, which still contained a somewhat bulky enclosure of papers. The envelope gave way, and he dropped some of its contents on the floor. Angela fell upon one knee, and gathering up the fallen papers handed them to him.

The sudden grasp with which he tore them from her fingers, the look he bent upon them, the quick, gasping "Ha!" that broke from him so startled her that she knelt there, still looking up at him in fear and wonder. The quick, gasping exclamation he had made, had much of the sound with which a hungry wild beast receives his daily rations, and for a mere instant his teeth were bared with a look altogether savage and carnivorous.

This singular transport lasted but a moment, but he stood for a second or two staring intently at the paper in his hand, whilst Angela rose slowly, and laid her hand upon his arm again. Then she saw that the object which had so excited him was the photograph of a man of nearly his own age—the face a quarter life size, or thereabouts—the photograph very clearly and finely printed—and the subject noticeable by a lofty dome of bald forehead, and the eyes of a very lynx.

Once more Dobroski obeyed the slight pressure of her hand, and they entered the larger salon together. Angela closed the door, and the old man sat down upon the broad sill of one of the windows, still fixedly regarding the photograph. By and by he offered it, without raising his eyes, to Angela, and began to turn over the papers. Most of them were printed, and one was in Russian, and another in German type. Scattered amongst them by their fall were the leaves of a lengthy letter, and having sorted these leaves from the others, and arranged them in the order in which they were numbered, he began to read.

The letter was written in French, and he made one or two exclamations in the same language as he read, "Ah! the good Bremner! It was he," being alone distinguishable. Angela, with knitted fingers and down-turned palms, stood before him at a little distance. She had laid down the photograph and the miniatures on the window sill beside Dobroski, and divided her serious and inquiring regard between them and him. He skimmed the letter rapidly as if in search of something until he reached the final page. This he read slowly and deliberately, breaking off once to drop the letter in both hands between his knees with an odd crackling laugh, which, whatever else it may have expressed, was absolutely devoid of mirth. After this he read on quietly to the end, folded the letter and the printed papers together, restored them to the torn envelope, and buttoned up the package in the breast pocket of his military-looking frock coat.

"This was stolen," he said, taking up the miniatures, and holding the case clasped gently between the palms of both hands, "when my house was sacked by a Clerical mob in Vienna more than thirty years ago. And now a dear old friend—one of the few dear old friends—finds it by chance in a shop window in Berlin. I know how poor he is—Job was never poorer—yet he contrives to buy it, and to send it to me by the friend who writes me this letter. Ah! little sweetheart, there are true souls left in the world."

"And this?" said Angela, indicating the photograph.

"That?" returned Dobroski, with a very singular smile. "That is a warning which I do not need." He paused, and then advancing to the window, and stooping forward, he tapped the photograph twice or thrice with a forefinger as he spoke. "That is my implacable and inexorable enemy—as I am his. That is the man who years ago wormed himself into my confidence, and then betrayed me. That is a countryman of mine, little sweetheart, a Pole, and a Russian *mouchard*. That is the denouncer of my wife and children. It is kind, it is well-meant, but I do not need to be warned of him. Nor do I think that he needs greatly to be warned of me."

He spoke quietly, almost drily, except for the single phrase—"A Pole, and a Russian *mouchard*." Then his voice was raised into an expression of incredulous wrath, and he broke off with the curious crackling laugh with which he had greeted his correspondent's warning a minute or two before.

"Let us go back to our friends," he said, suddenly. "I must apologise for dragging you away in so strange a fashion."

He passed an arm through one of hers, and looked down upon her with a tender smile. Mr. Athanos Zeno was still seated at the little table as they passed through the smaller *salle* on their way to the garden. He was tapping his teeth with an ivory paper knife, and leaning on both elbows, but he turned and bowed, and smiled as they passed him.

CHAPTER X.

EVERYBODY felt a little startled and curious at Dobroski's abrupt departure from the garden with Angela, but nobody but Fraser felt altogether at liberty to speak of it.

"And now," said Fraser, with a quite triumphant air of humour, "what's the matter with the old gentleman?"

Nobody seeming to discern the drollery of this inquiry, though it was made with an air which implied that it was exceedingly comical, Fraser had a little laugh to himself, and then sank into silence.

"Did you ever feel tempted to visit the United States, Mr. Farley?" asked Maskelyne, not because he wished to know just then, but because he felt the silence a little awkward.

"I have spent some months there already," Austin answered.

"Indeed?" said Maskelyne, trying to interest himself. He had been basking—like a lover—in Angela's mere presence, and he felt for the moment actually aggrieved at the swift and unexplained manner in which she had been spirited away.

"Yes," replied Austin, "I went out for the *Dawn* some years ago."

"Englishmen," said Maskelyne, rousing himself, "make a humorous complaint of our asking everybody how they like our country. But may I ask how you liked it?"

"I liked it greatly," said Austin. "Everybody was very kind. I never met so much hospitality, or so genuine a desire to be friendly."

"Yes. Our people show their best side to the English at home. The English who come to see us at home are pleased by us, but the English who only meet us here are——"

"Captious, do you think?"

"No," said Maskelyne, with a settled sadness of demeanour, which broke into a sudden smile. "I am not proud of all travelling Americans."

"Well," answered Farley, "picture to yourself an intelligent and well-bred foreigner, whose only knowledge of the English people was derived from his home experiences. Locate him in Rome or Venice, in Brussels or Bruges, and let him familiarise himself with the English contingent and the English tourist. To know a people you must see them at home, I suppose. And you must know their history, their works, wars, revolutions, literature."

"We are beginning to have a literature," said Maskelyne. "When you were there, didn't you feel inclined to stop and study? Did the life draw you at all?"

"Here and there a type made a strong impression, but the life struck me as being too complex for my purposes, or for my powers. I have never seen a homogeneous and lifelike picture of American life. You will have to wait for your American Shakespeare before you get it painted."

"Yes. What with the admixture of races, and the swift turns of Fortune's wheel, one gets rather a bewildering view of things. That's one reason, I fancy, why our ablest writers shirk home life as a rule. They deal with Americans, to be sure, but then they locate them in Europe. They find a less disturbed and tumultuous background there."

"They get the romantic element of distance, also," said Farley, "and that other element of picturesque age which is wanting in a country so new as yours."

The talk was well enough, and at another time Maskelyne could have enjoyed it. But he was ill at ease just then, and half inclined to be jealous of Dobroski's influence on Angela. He was thinking of the unquestioning parental way in which he called her, and the daughterly way in which she obeyed the call. It was all very well that the old man should love Angela, but it was not well that he should have any sort of real influence over her.

O'Rourke took no share in the conversation. Fraser, Maskelyne, Farley, and his wife were all old friends of his, and he had no need to show them how well he talked when he was so minded. They all knew it already. His little story had served its turn, and had its intended end tagged to it with sufficient naturalness. If Dobroski had not given him the chance he would have relied upon himself to make it. He confessed to himself with perfect candour that he was willing to make a good impression upon Dobroski, even if to do it it were necessary to flatter that elderly patriot and friend of down-trodden nationalities. And as a matter of fact Dobroski had shown himself master of a thousand admirable qualities, and had a right to be reverentially and even enthusiastically approached by any young professor of patriotic politics.

Farley and the young American were still talking books when Dobroski and Angela returned.

"You will pardon me for taking away your charge," he said to Maskelyne. "I had received sudden and moving news in which I knew she would be interested. I will ask you to forgive me, too," he added to Farley, "for taking away your guest." He was quite himself again, and bore no trace of his late agitation. "Good-bye, little sweetheart. I must go." He raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them, and shook hands formally all round. "We shall meet again, I trust," he said to O'Rourke. "Can you spend the evening with me?"

"I am afraid I should be dull to-night," returned O'Rourke. "I was up at six o'clock yesterday morning, and have had no rest as yet. Can we meet to-morrow?"

"When you will," returned Dobroski, and so with a final salute all round he went his way.

A corridor or covered passage led direct through the hotel from the garden to the village street, and he took that way. Passing the centre window of the larger salon he encountered the glance of Athanos Zeno, who seized the opportunity to bow and smile. Dobroski suddenly recalled to mind the fact that he had left the photograph upon the ledge of that same window, and, retracing his steps, he entered the hotel once more. He found Mr. Zeno standing at the window, tapping his teeth with the ivory paper-knife, and the polite Levantine made way for him with a dancing master's grace. When the old man stooped for the photograph which still lay where he had left it, Mr. Zeno spoke.

"Ah!" said he in German, "that is yours, sir. A striking countenance. A friend?"

"An acquaintance," returned Dobroski. Mr. Zeno smiled and bowed.

"A delightful art. And useful. So charming to have the face of a friend before one even in absence."

Dobroski gave him a grave absent assent, and went away with the recovered photograph.

Mr. Zeno stood smiling until the old man with bent head had once more passed the window. Then his face fell suddenly into a thoughtful frown.

"A trap for me?" he said to himself. "I think not. Even if so, a trap that caught nothing. He knew that clumsy *canaille* whom he caught in the woods the other night, but he never guessed that I meant he should know him. I must find him another to discover, and after that another. He has some great *coup* on hand. He is not spending the better part of a year in this perfect quietude and in this *infelice* little village for nothing. Well. He foiled Mauritz, and he foiled Bernardo, and he foiled Arnaud. Let us see if he will foil me."

He carried the little secretaire upstairs again, and there, locked in his own room, he wrote a letter which was destined for St. Petersburg, but travelled in the first instance to the care of one Dr. Brün, of Hollington Place, London. In the solitude of his own chamber Mr. Zeno permitted himself an accurate and intimate acquaintance with the French language, little of it as he allowed himself for his present purposes to know outside.

Meanwhile things were going more pleasantly in the garden. Angela, with a little twinge of conscience, had informed Austin that Major Butler would be delighted to meet him, and had expressed his great regret that he had been unable to make the call he had contemplated that day. The fact that the Major had charged her with this message did not help her much, for she knew its hollowness. The Major rather dreaded the advent of a man who wrote books, and regarded Austin as a fellow who would be likely to know a lot of things, and expect other people to know them also. He had shown this dread so plainly that it had tried all Angela's tact to induce him to accede to the invitation, and the Major expected to be particularly bored. He had shown not a little defensive strategy in proposing the trip to the grottoes, calculating that even a fellow who wrote books would scarcely button-hole another fellow in a cavern, by George.

"O'd meek wan of the porty meself," said Fraser, with his own invaluable *sangfroid*, "but oi've meed up me moind to go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" said O'Rourke. "That's a little sudden, isn't it?"

"O'i'll expleen later on," returned Fraser. Later on he explained. He had fulfilled his function. O'Rourke was *en rapport* with Dobroski, and could take a fancy to the place and stay there if he so chose. As for Fraser, he was sick of the place already, and thought Dobroski a dreadful theatrical, hollow, old bore. "And a fellow, moind me now," said Fraser, "that's meed a very narrow escape of being a fool." It was clear, in short, that one or two fragments of Dobroski's speech on the Duty of Enslaved Peoples had stuck in Fraser's mind, and rankled there.

"I wish you'd come, O'Rourke," said Maskelyne, "but Major Butler is a dreadful Tory, and I am not sure that you'd care to meet each other."

"Major Butler might convert me, perhaps," said O'Rourke. "No, no. Clearly I am impossible." He spoke with so perfect a gaiety and good-humour that he hurt nobody. But a little later he contrived to get Maskelyne apart, and to question him about a matter which had puzzled him a good deal. "How does your dreadful Tory's niece contrive to be familiar with Dobroski, when a mere Home Ruler like myself is quite too terrible for the old gentleman? I call him the old gentleman with no disrespect," he added, with his delightful smile, "and, of course, he may be a young gentleman and still be the lady's uncle. Though, again, he is her guardian, and probably elderly."

"Dobroski and Miss Butler's father were dear friends," said Maskelyne, repeating what he had heard from Angela. "When Dobroski escaped from Siberia he landed in England without funds or friends. Miss Butler's father found him out, maintained him, so far as I can learn, for years, and was a staunch friend to him. She has known him from childhood, and has a great affection and veneration for him. It's a difficult position, for he and her uncle are at daggers drawn. But Dobroski seems to worship her."

"Yes. I can see that," O'Rourke answered. "A charming girl," he added softly, and in so natural a way that Maskelyne supposed him to be ignorant of his own interest in her. "There's romance in the situation, too," he continued in a lighter tone. Maskelyne, with a mere nod in answer, made a move in Angela's direction. "No," said O'Rourke, putting an arm through one of his. "You don't escape me in that way. I have something to say to you, and I know that you will be shifty and evasive and under-handed in your ways until I have said it. Let me speak, old fellow. We shall both be easier. I can't tell you what I think and feel about that splendid loan of yours. I was really desperate. I don't know what I should have done without it."

"Very well," said Maskelyne, pressing his companion's arm with a gesture of affection, but speaking very drily, "is it over now?"

"No, my friend of outward marble and inward tenderness, it is not over. And it never will be."

"Once for all, O'Rourke, bury that confounded thing and have done with it."

"Well, there, the thing is buried. I'll say no more till I can pay you back again. But I suppose you don't forbid me to think of it in the mean time? It was the only kindness in that way I ever had or ever wanted. I shan't forget it. That's all. And now it's buried."

A little later Maskelyne and Angela took leave, and as O'Rourke said his good-byes his glance expressed an unmistakable homage to the girl. Angela felt a little restraint in regard to him. He was an old friend of her uncle's guest, and in himself distinguished and charming, and yet she had been compelled to offer an invitation in his presence which did not include him. Maskelyne had spoken of him in terms of warm affection and esteem, and she herself would have been delighted to have known him. She felt that it was something of a pity to carry political feeling into social life after her uncle's fashion. And after all Mr. O'Rourke was a patriot, and was fighting for the peaceful triumph of his own people. The merest courtesy seemed to compel her to ask him to accompany his friends, and yet she could not.

Now this was not much, but it made her think more of the man than she would have done without it. She imagined that kind of social slight to be common in his career, and the fancy gave him a certain air of martyrdom. The thing was all the worse in this particular case, because it was in a sense her own doing.

(To be continued)



To make up for the "Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliott Stock) another volume of "Folk Lore" (the last of the series), Mr. Gomme adds to "English Traditions" a selection of the "Customs of Foreign Countries and Peoples." These are valuable, because, in some cases, the tribes whose institutions are described have died out. In other cases it is important to contrast the careful descriptions of earlier travellers with those of men educated in modern scientific observation. Among "Traditions," Mr. Gomme reprints several pieces of Erse poetry, including the two poems of Ossian which Macpherson published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" before bringing out his well-known work. This volume, altogether one of the most interesting of those that Mr. Gomme has compiled out of "Sylvanus Urban," is to be followed by one on "Archæology."

In publishing "General Gordon's Private Diary of his Exploits in China" (Sampson Low and Co.), Mr. S. Mossman does not add very much to what we had already read in "The Ever-Victorious Army." When he talks of "the mildness of Gordon's manners, and his shyness in female society," and when he reproduces the photograph of 1865 and the very boyish one of 1862, he is bringing before us the man as distinguished from the hero of our subsequent ideals. Gordon's energy is well shown in the account of his getting food for the starving refugees in the Red Joss-house at Shanghai. The amount of diary in these 300 pages is small; but every word of it deserves treasuring. Nearly half the book is introductory, giving a very readable sketch of what had been done in the way of handling the Chinese Disciplinary Forces by Gordon's predecessors, the last of whom was the unfortunate Captain Holland.

Mons. A. Bernon is wrong in thinking that the Elizabethan "I intend to wait till he shall come" has been superseded by "till he should come." Nevertheless, those who read his "Shall and Will" (Mauritius: General Steam Printing Company) will know more than ever they knew before about the use, past and present, of these perplexing auxiliaries. When to use which of them is proverbially a puzzle to the foreigner. Even Germans fail to master the distinction; and we can readily understand that, in a population like that of Mauritius, one is sometimes reminded of the traditional "I will be drowned, and nobody shall save me."

"The future of Medicine Hat, wrapped up as it is in the development of the great coalfields around," is, we imagine, a matter of supreme unconcern to most readers of "The Englishman's Guide-book to the United States and Canada" (Sampson Low and Co.). The name, nevertheless, may be cited as a sample of Transatlantic progress in the way of naming places. "Where the river runs close to the mountain" is the English of the melodious and singularly appropriate Chippewa appellation. Unhappily the compilers of guide-books have no control over name-givers; and this guide-maker's work is, as far as we can judge, done carefully and thoroughly. Some of us are very interested in learning that the grass round Calgary is vastly better than that in Montana or in Texas. All of us would be glad if Aylmer Park, west of Padmore, were as well secured against the backwoodsman as the Yosemite Valley. The world will be distinctly poorer if this Canadian "Park" is cleared and laid out in locations. The book is well brought up to date; the maps and plans of the cities, &c., are excellent; the account of Niagara is given in the words of Dickens and Trollope. We wonder the author, who deplores the prevalence of servants' fees in America, says nothing of the ocean gambling. It appears

that in the Land of Equality there are not only emigrant carriages but also "second-class" by some trains.

The only thing wanting to put "British Moths, Butterflies, and Beetles" (Swan Sonnenschein) on the level of the old "Naturalists' Library" and the more modern "Beautiful Butterflies," is that the cuts should be coloured. But if less attractive to the eye, this little volume far surpasses its predecessors in the terseness and clear arrangement of its letterpress. We are sorry Mr. Kirby did not add to the value of this wonderful shillingworth by giving an index.

The Wimpole Street Society offered 80s. for the best essay on "The Causes and Prevention of Blindness" (Baillière and Co.). Out of seven competitors, Dr. Fuchs, of Liège, was successful; and his work has been well translated by Dr. Dudgeon. With German thoroughness, the Liège Professor goes through the whole matter, giving much prominence (especially in regard to that especially German defect, shortsightedness) to statistics. Tabulations based on them, however, are after all inconclusive. When we have decided that blindness is the more frequent the lower the latitude, we are confronted with the fact that in Norway it is as common as along the Bay of Naples. Then there is the undoubted liability of Jews everywhere to glaucoma. The book, however, is not all statistics. It contains many practical hints about early training, position while writing, the least injurious lights, &c. The worst (because the most flickering) form of gas-burner is the bat's wing; and the unsteadiness of the electric light as hitherto used is a grave objection to it from the oculist's point of view. Dr. Fuchs's notes about the effect of drink and tobacco on the sight are important.

Vol. IV., Part II., of "The Encyclopædic Dictionary" (Cassell and Co.), takes us well on into letter M. We have often noticed the comprehensive character of this Dictionary; the scientific part (no small element in a modern dictionary) is beyond praise, and the derivations are carefully indicated.

Colonel Alex. Kinloch's "Large Game Shooting" (Calcutta: Spink; London: Thacker) is the splendidly illustrated record of sport in Thibet, the Himalayas, and Northern India. The photographs, especially the heads of the various antelopes, are lifelike; and the letterpress is very pleasant reading. Of the different Indian bears Colonel Kinloch speaks with authority; he has several new stories about the elephant, and even about that hero of many tales the jungle pig. We hope his attractive notice of the Himalayan ibex will not sensibly diminish the numbers of that fine creature; and we do trust Government may, before it is too late, insist on the non-shooting of female large game, the non-payment of Shikaris with guns and ammunition in lieu of money, &c. The notes on dressing and preserving skins and horns, and on travelling and equipment are very practical. This is a second volume; and during the journeys which it details the Colonel was accompanied by his wife.



THE authors who under the name of E. D. Gerard have already written those memorable novels, "Reata" and "Beggar My Neighbour" have shown no sign of falling off in "The Waters of Hercules" (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons). Indeed, it is quite likely that most readers will consider the latest work the best of the three. While—remarkable to say—there is no loss of spirit and freshness, there is an advance of constructive skill and in the dramatic treatment of character. No doubt a great deal of novelty, not necessarily the result of originality, is obtained from the unfamiliar scenes and surroundings in which the authors continue to set their stories—in the present case, an out-of-the-way Hungarian watering-place on the borders of Roumania. But originality is required to make the best and utmost of even the most favourable materials, as is done here. Nothing could be better than the portrait of that typical Roumanian lady, half-Slav, half-Asiatic, composed of stupidity, laziness, and fierce passion, the Princess Tryphosa. Few things could be better in their different way than that brilliant young savage, Istvan Tolnai, with his outward polish, his absorption in the caprice of the moment, his sparkling good nature, and his unsuspected capacities for barbaric cruelty. The other side of the drama, while constructed on more ordinary lines, is none the less interesting and effective. The reader is not long kept out of the secret that the worldliness of Gretchen Mohr is all a sham and a self-delusion, and that the solid manliness of Dr. Komers, the lawyer, will prove in the end more than a match for all the brilliancy of the Magyar noble. But the process of Gretchen's revelation of her finer nature in her relations to these two men is probably all the more interesting as a fresh and original study for being based on familiar ground. Many of the subordinate characters, who for the most part sustain the comic element, are also admirably sketched, more or less completely—such as Gretchen's friend Belita, with a fashion plate instead of a soul, and a husband whom she graciously permits to adore her costumes; the superlatively calm and easy-going Kurt; and the poetical physician. We do not care so much for Mr. Howard, the Englishman: he is apparently copied from the French caricaturists. It is no longer usual for novels to rely for their effect upon any poetical element, and the fact that "The Waters of Hercules" does this, adds to its freshness, as well as to its charm generally. Its actual tragedy and comedy are inextricably interwoven with a wild Roumanian legend that has descended from the days when Hercules was the local deity. *Gaura Dracului*, the terrible and hidden abyss which claims one human life every century, is among the most important among the *dramatis personæ*, and throws its influence over the whole atmosphere of the story. Altogether, this is among the most delightful novels that have appeared for a long time.

"Zig-Zag: A Quiet Story," by Gertrude M. Ireland Blackburne (1 vol.: London Literary Society), is introduced by a preface wherein the authoress explains her principle of construction and her method of execution. Her idea is "to see whether anything can be done by drawing every-day characters in every-day life without any attempt at introducing the atmosphere of glamour and sensation which belong to those whom children call 'people in books.'" The principle is certainly not new: and experience of other people's work should have informed her that what may be called photographic fiction inevitably results in failure. Artistic realism is quite another thing. Unquestionably people might, and no doubt have, talked and acted precisely as Miss Blackburne makes them talk and act: but somehow a good many liberties must be taken with exact words and actions before the effect of realism can be obtained. The kinship of all the arts has no better proof than this truth, which every artist knows. Miss Blackburne's characters never appear other than ghosts and phantoms, and her careful avoidance of "glamour and sensation" is carried to the opposite extreme. We fear the example of Mr. Henry James must be held answerable for this experiment in trying to overcome "the great difficulty of the common-place." At the same time it should be added that few writers could have grappled with that difficulty so well.

"Madame de Presnel," by E. Frances Poynter (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), consists of a slight story, not particularly interesting, but well written throughout, and sufficiently bright and amusing. Its principal value is as the sketch of a character well enough worth studying to have been yet further developed with advantage. The entire scene is laid in Rome, and the consequent surroundings are also well managed.

The entire interest of "A Happy Error," by Mrs. Hibbert Ware (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), depends upon a curious legal question as to what constitutes the revocation of a will, and upon the much more singular circumstances under which the document was lost and found. Mrs. Ware has shown her ingenuity in adapting both the law and the facts from an actual case, which she quotes from the report: and she may boast henceforth that there is at least one lady novelist who has been absolutely right in her law. As to her facts, they certainly tend to bear out the view that truth often presumes to be stranger than fiction. The case we will leave to Mrs. Ware to discuss. From an artistic view the work is well done, in an unpretentious way, and contains some amusing character sketches, such as that of an old-fashioned servant who plays havoc with the Queen's English. Among future collections of strange stories connected with wills, Mrs. Ware's, as being to a greater extent than usual founded on fact, ought not to be forgotten.

"Madame Naudet," by P. Lerrac, is an exceedingly unpleasant and meaningless tale, serving as a peg whereon to hang sketches of life and society in Algiers—in itself a perfectly unnecessary motive, seeing how familiar that favourite haunt of health and pleasure-seekers has become. The mere fact that anybody goes anywhere seems to be now considered sufficient reason for writing a novel to tell the world so: and, as everybody is always going somewhere in these touring days, the result is becoming a simple nuisance.

THAMES BOTANY

THE *Villarsia* is just now in full bloom. "What in the world is the *Villarsia*?" Well, my dear fellow, you ought to know, you know. Here, year after year you've been getting more and more aquatic; consoling yourself for the shrinkage of the water at Richmond by pulling up to Henley; even adventuring as far as Oxford, not in that steam barge that starts from Windsor, but in your own canoe; and yet you don't know the *Villarsia*. I'm afraid there are a good many like you; though the *Villarsia*, I'm sure, would please a good many of those for whom the Thames has become an established waterway. How they are multiplied within the memory of middle-aged men! When I was at Oxford, a few "pairs" had begun to drop down to Town at the end of the Act Term; but they were few, and the men who rowed them were thought to have gained *kudos* and became heroes of a sort. As for the first "four" that passed safely through all those locks, it was looked on pretty much as the *Argo* must have been after she had winged her flight between the "colliding cliffs." Now, thanks to india-rubber sleeping bags and tents and the Volunteer movement, you think far less of going up than the men of my day did of going down. You even eschew riverside inns, and realise on the water the full freedom of a caravan. The Board of Works, or whatever occult agency has ruined the river between Richmond and Teddington Lock, is partly answerable for this. So long as there was water enough below to satisfy reasonable men, only the enterprising few cared to go up higher; but, now that the river is cut in two halves connected by a muddy ditch, scarcely wide enough for Sir Gorgius Midas's steam launch to rush up and down, you and hundreds like you leave Midas and 'Arry to squabble in the lower water, and push on to Sunbury and Cookham meadows and Cliveden woods and the lovely reaches by Pangbourne. You're quite in the right of it; what I want you to remember is that, once past Richmond, the botany of river and river valley becomes more and more worth studying. Surrey still has for its size more wild land than any other county except Westmoreland; and some of this wild land, happy hunting-ground for botanists, stretches close to the water's edge. I've found the vernal squill just where the boat puts off at Moulsey Ferry. Think of that; if you know the vernal squill you'll know what a prize it was. Prize? Why Apothecaries' Hall is offering botanical prizes for girls; so what can you and Julia do better than study the Thames plants *in situ* next time you go boating? You can't always fish, you know, or sing, or read, or do amateur photography; and to take an interest in the green things that grow along one's way makes a trip ever so many times more enjoyable than it else would be.

I don't mean to talk of all the Thames plants; most of them grow elsewhere. The very handsome "flowering rush," with its umbel of large rose-coloured blossoms, is sure to strike a novice; so is the "bur reed," whose female flowers are little spiky balls stuck round the stalk that higher up bears the male flowers, each a downy pellet which, black when a bud, turns golden yellow when ripe. This colour-arrangement is no doubt to attract the bees, who shake the pollen from the upper flowers on to those below. But both these are found elsewhere, notably in the Trent, though neither is common, and it would be a real triumph to transplant one or both to your garden-pond. The "sweet sedge," or "sweet flag," used to grow in the mud at the bottom of the Chelsea Physic Garden—sole survivor of a trio of which the others were Gerard's Garden in Holborn, and Tradescant's at Lambeth. Gerard brought in the cyclamen ("sow's bread" it used to be called); and finding ladies' skirts then, as now, very destructive among flower-beds, he "fenced his cyclamens over with sticks, and laid others cross-wise," giving out, cunning fellow, that he did it, not for the flowers' sake, but for the ladies', because "to step over that plant doth bring on miscarriage." Gerard's garden was gone long before my day; but, as a boy, living near Cheyne Walk, I had the *entrée* of "the Apothecaries' garden of simples," as Evelyn calls it; and I well remember the two cedars, one of which was blown down just forty years ago. Well, this "sweet sedge" is historical. It grows quite commonly in East Anglian marshes—is still used on certain feast days to strew the floor of Norwich Cathedral; and Cardinal Wolsey, a Suffolk man, used to have it brought all the way to London to strew his palace floors. It is one of the charges against him that he changed his rushes too often, and spent too much money in getting that particular kind, instead of being content with the scentless sedge that the Thames supplies. I wonder none of his people thought of introducing this sweet sedge into the dykes about Hampton Court; but, as I said, it used in pre-Embankment days to flourish at the water-gate of the Physic Garden. I wonder has the Embankment spared the "arrow-head," that really beautiful plant, whose flower has a dark purple centre and three pale pink petals. It used to grow abundantly, not many years ago, outside the Temple Gardens, and also off Hungerford Market. But the plant of plants—found only, as far as I know, in the Thames and the York Ouse, is the *Villarsia nymphaeoides*. I suppose it takes its first name from some modern botanist; for in Withering it stands as one of the *Menyanthes*, bog beans, of which more anon. Its second name shows its likeness to the water-lilies. I found it between Hampton and Sunbury, when I was on pilgrimage to the grave of my old schoolmaster, Dr. Mortimer, one of the best and most loveable of men, as well as one of the ablest of Head Masters; him, I mean, whose tact and ability made the City of London School a success. Do you know the delight of finding a new flower? Here was a quiet backwater carpeted with heart-shaped leaves crinkled at the edges, between which rose up large yellow flowers beautifully fringed. "A yellow water-lily," you say. My dear sir; if you'd ever seen the *Villarsia* you couldn't say so. The yellow water-lily narrowly escapes being what they say is in Nature's harmony impossible—an ugly flower. They call it "brandy bottle" in Norfolk; but that big swollen style, round which the dingy little petals are set, is more like the French soldier's "gourd." Except

that both grow in the water, it has little in common with my bright, handsome *Villarsia*. Till I searched it out in the books, I thought it must be a lotus of some kind escaped from Kew. Look for it when you go boating anywhere above the splendid reach of Kingston, where boating is as much a pleasure as it is a grief and a weariness in the backwaters about Eel Pie Island; and, when you've found it, try to get a root for your pond. I can fearlessly advise this, for I don't think the *Villarsia* will ever be in danger of extermination. Some plants I'd rather lose a a finger-joint than recommend you get roots of. No tortures shall make me tell the pile of Cornish rocks on which the "filmy fern" (extinct in so many of its old haunts) grows secure from marauders, nor the Yorkshire dale in which a friend found the "lady's slipper," rarest of indigenous orchids. But I have no fear for the *Villarsia*; there's more than enough for all the collectors; and the river is safe from the speculative builder who has "improved off" the "cotton grass" that I used as a child to gather on Hampstead Heath, and the great white helleborine (*Epipactis granatiflora*), our handsomest English orchid, which not so many years ago a friend and I used to find at the top of Bathwick Hill, above the city of the hot springs. We found it for three years; the fourth year's search took us into a brand new villa garden, into which the rough woodside had been "improved"; but nothing they will ever plant there will be worth the big flower of Nature's planting, whose destruction is a distinct loss to the neighbourhood. I don't know if the sundew, that unmistakably carnivorous plant, still lingers in out-of-the-way corners on Wimbledon. How I remember coming upon it early in a long botanising ramble, the end of which saw me at Walton-on-Thames gathering the "bog-bean." That was when the South-Western Railway was being made; I can remember my boyish delight at seeing a lot of empty waggons run by themselves, and watching the navvies drive loaded barrows along planks from which the fall would have been some 50 feet. I don't think Blondin wheeling a fellow across the Falls of Niagara would have astonished me more as a man than those navvies' feats did as a boy. But the "bog-bean"—who knows it? It is rare, except in the fens; and, once seen, can never be forgotten, with its rosy blossoms thickly set with white filaments, as if you took the petal of a Japanese lily and cut it up into bits as big as a violet. A really lovely plant—there must be well nigh forty years between my finding it at Walton and my coming upon it the other day as I was driving along the skirts of a Norfolk fen; yet I spotted it at once, despite of bad eyes, and had the pleasure of then and there introducing it to eyes that had never before seen it. I don't think you'll find the "grass of Parnassus" in the Thames Valley. It is also a fen plant, found round Thetford and elsewhere in East Anglia; found abundantly, too, in the bonnie North; and, then, how abundant it is near Martigny, and in other Swiss swamps.

Have you ever been among the fells in spring? It is like a new world, speaking botanically. "Globeflower," "mealy or bird's eye primrose" (like a tiny Japanese primrose rising out of a star of small auricle leaves), "ladies' mantle"—how I remember coming upon them in the dells round Ingleborough, where every mountain beck has its "pots" formed ages on ages ago (as one can see them being formed under one's eyes in Switzerland) by the whirling round of a stone caught in a crevasse; and where most of the mountain sides are riddled with caves in which once hyænas and cave-lions dwelt, and where, ages later, Romano-Britons sought shelter from the Saxon. To come back to the Thames; all the flowers I've been telling you about are really handsome, but a true botanist's flower doesn't depend on its looks. When next you go to Wallingford or Henley, choosing a quiet time after all this picnicking is over, look for the wild "candytuft." It won't repay you as the "bog-bean" would or the "flowering rush;" for it is (as you know from seeing it in gardens)—a rather insignificant cruciferous plant, not so very much better than "shepherd's purse;" but it is rare, so rare that I more than half suspect it is an escaped garden flower, like the sweet alyssum which a Scotch professor found on a bank near Aberdeen, and which has therefore been foisted into the botany books as a native. That is a curious question, whether the snowdrop is indigenous, and the scented blue violet (I suppose there is no doubt about the much commoner sweet white violet), and the poetic narcissus, which (Withering says) "grows in dry, open fields, rare." I should think it was rare indeed; but I put aside that whole matter for the present, contenting myself with having given you a hint about the *flora* of the Thames valley. It is only a hint—I have not even told you of the "meadow saxifrage," with its granulated roots, which I, boyishly proud of my Latin, and thinking a "rock-breaker" must be confined to mountain countries, was so astonished to find in the swampy meadows at the back of Chelsea College. But it is a hint that (take my word for it) will, if acted on, add a great deal to your enjoyment of a river trip. Botany is looking up; it has survived Wordsworth's sneer about "peeping and botanising on your mother's grave;" and being "the science of appreciating minute differences" it ought to be popular in a scientific age.

H. S. F.



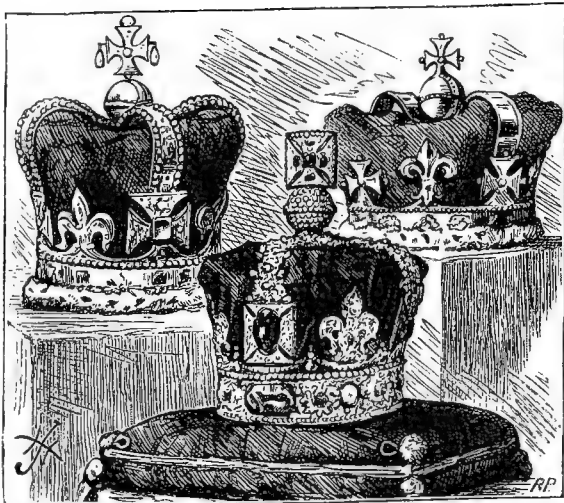
WILLIAM CZERNY.—Very sentimental is "My All in All" (Du bist Mein All), music by Theodor Bradsky, words translated from the German by Edward Oxenford.—Czerny's original and complete edition of major and minor scales in octaves, sixths, and tenths for the pianoforte, with an addenda of major and minor chords, is one of the best examples of its school, a veritable tutor's assistant and scholar's friend.—Two good drawing-room pieces for the pianoforte are "Extase," a fantasia by Richard Rickard, and "La Belle Tyrolienne," by D. Brocca.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Under the collective title of "The Hanover Edition," this firm has brought out a series of classical and standard works for the pianoforte, of which we have six before us, arranged as duets in a moderately difficult and showy manner; they are entitled respectively, "True Love Gavotte," by Resch, arranged by Adrian M. Lorme, who has performed the same task for "Home" (Heimweh), by A. Yungmann; "La Chate-laine," by Leduc; Grand Valse, "Victoria," by Schulhoff, and "Les Cloches du Monastère," by Welby; the two latter are the most difficult of the group; last, but not the least meritorious, is Wollen-haupt's "La Gazelle," a brilliant polka de salon, which he has arranged for himself.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—Two cantatas, written and composed by A. J. Foxwell and T. Mee Pattison, will serve to satisfy the cravings and constant demand for this special school of composition. "John Bull and His Trades" is the more ambitious of the two, it contains ten choruses, and the same number of songs and duets; it is intended to be given with simple scenery, and being on a burlesque and satirical line would well suit the breaking-up at a boys' college; the music is sparkling, and the wit is not overstrained.—For the young ladies' colleges, in the cantata "Sherwood's Queen," *bien entendu* they will require some important aid from their brothers and male cousins, as it is for mixed voices. Four soloists are required (S. T. A. B.). This cantata is well adapted for out-door performance "under the greenwood tree."



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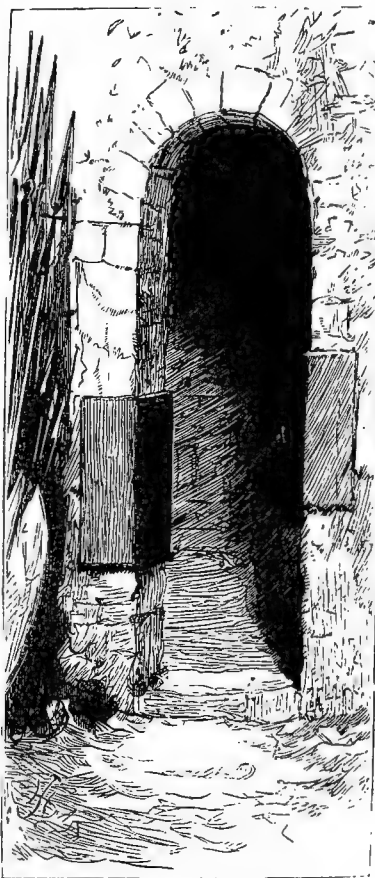
ARMOUR OF HENRY VIII.



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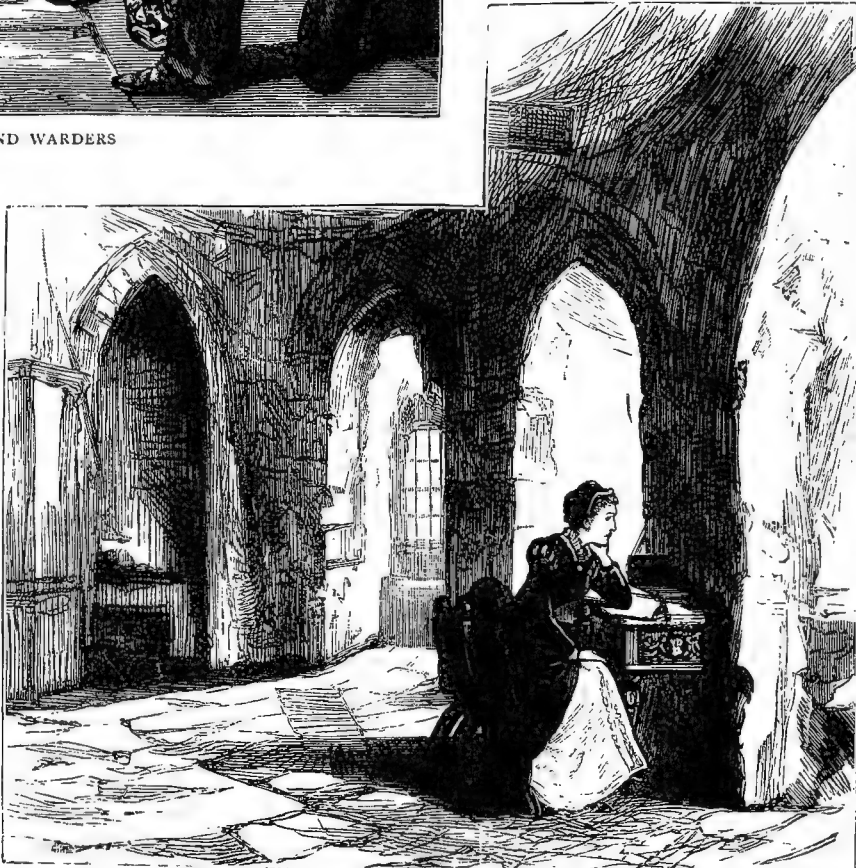
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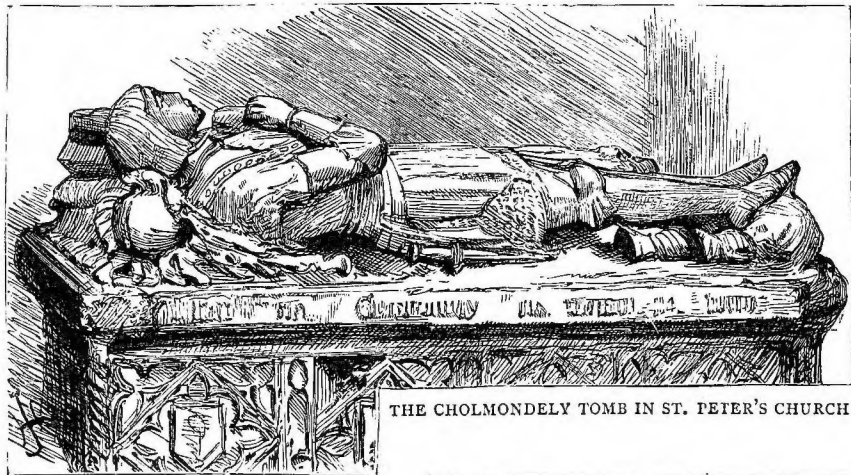
RALEIGH'S CELL



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S WALK



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S PRISON IN BELL TOWER



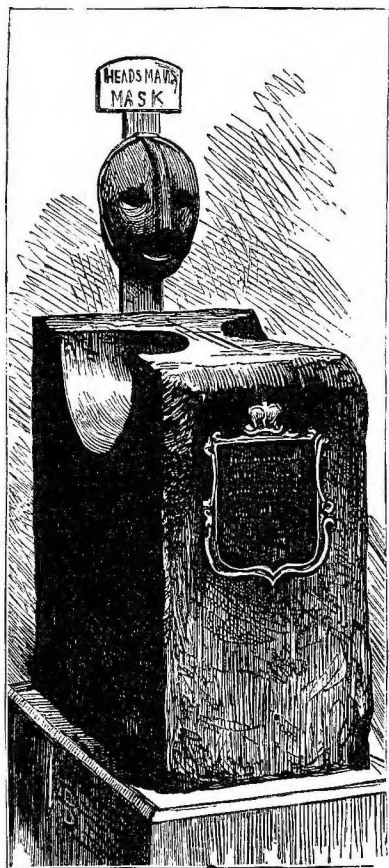
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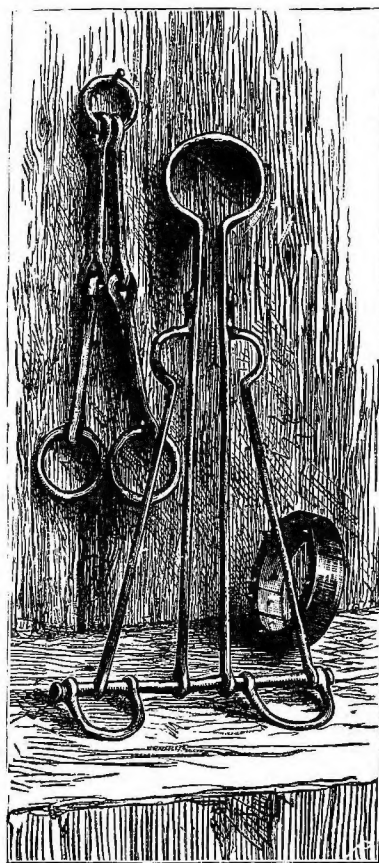
FLUTED ARMOUR (TEMP. HENRY VIII.)



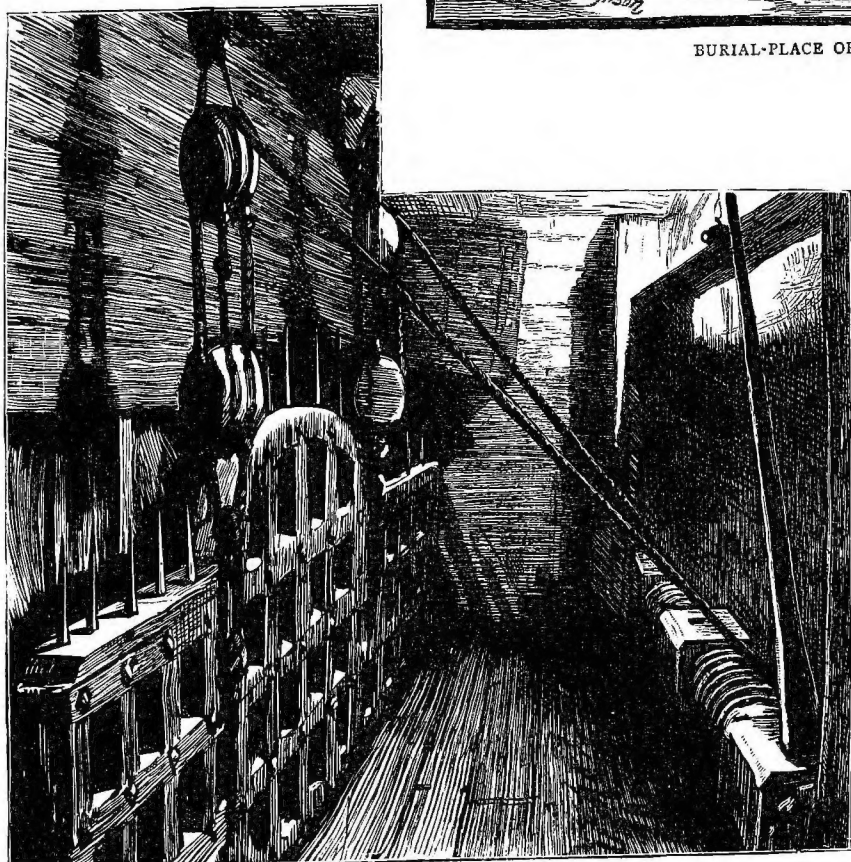
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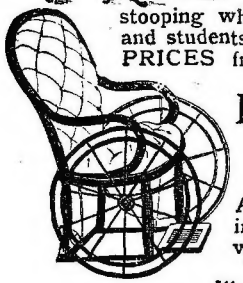
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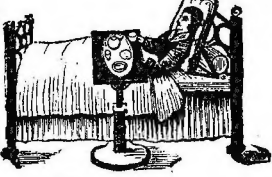


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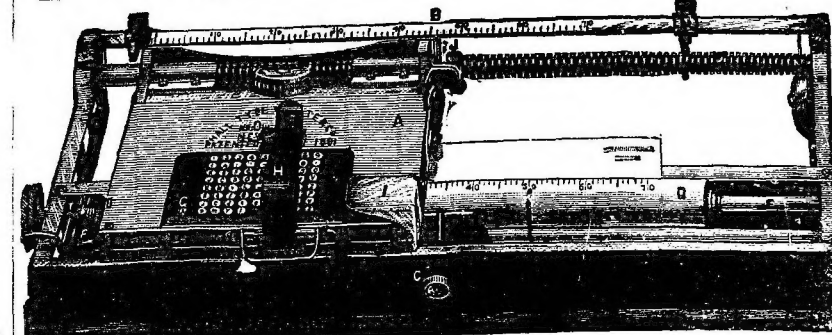
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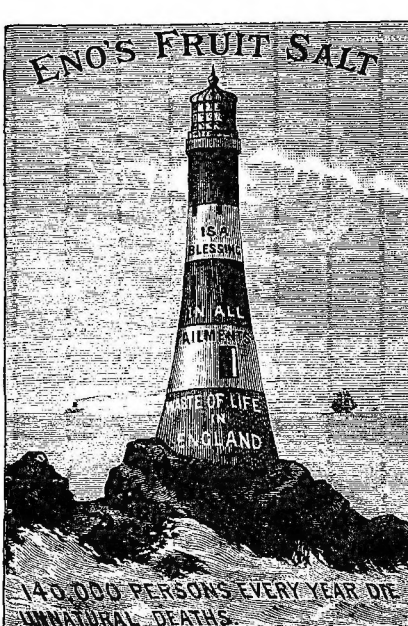
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NOW!!! IS THE CONSTANT SYLLABLE TICKING FROM THE CLOCK OF TIME. NOW!!! IS ON THE BANNER OF THE PRUDENT.
NOW!!! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE; NOW!!! YOU CAN CHANGE THE TRICKLING STREAM;

BUT TO-MORROW YOU MAY HAVE THE RAGING TORRENT TO CONTENT WITH.



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of ENO'S FRUIT SALT been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death? "I have used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life."—J. C. ENO, Hatcham Fruit Salt Works, S.E.

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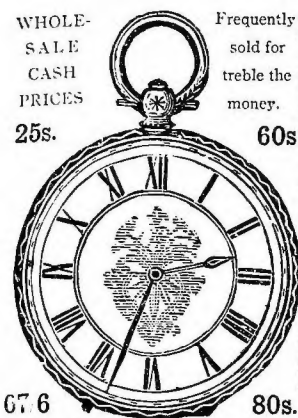
THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all chemists.

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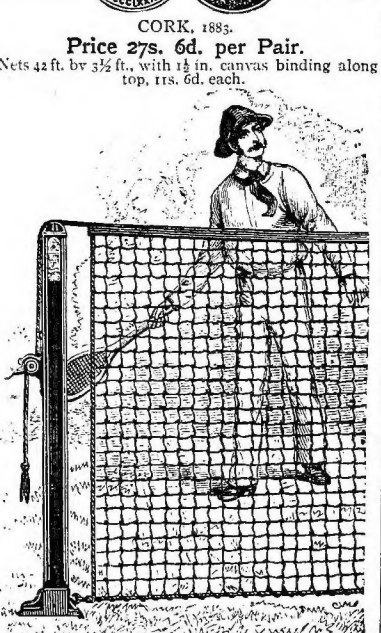
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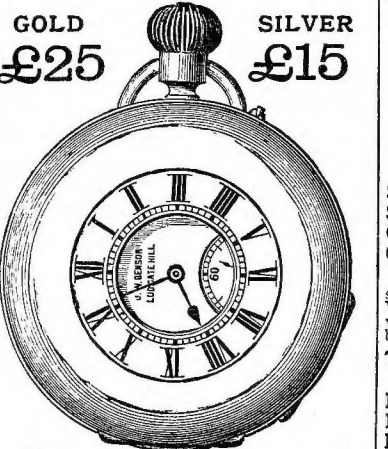
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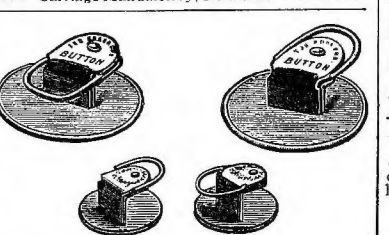
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A LADY in possession of a SECRET for preparing a compound for the destruction of these pests will send full directions and a small Canister of the Compound per Parcel Post for 2s. Address, Madame DE LA GADE, care of Mrs. Norman, 13, Campden Terrace, Guildford Road, Brighton, Sussex.

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No. 62. The Queen newspaper, in commenting upon it, says:—"It weighs only six pounds, and occupies a box 3 inches wide. It is easily packed away in a drawer or travelling trunk. It expands and contracts as desired, and by its means the skirts of the tallest, shortest, stoutest, or thinnest lady can be made, draped, trimmed, looped, cleaned, or dried. It removes all creases after travelling, and can be had for P.O.O. 20s. **GEORGE GRABHAM,** 24 and 26, Whitfield Street, Goudge Street, W."

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WHY HAVE THEM FOUL, SOAPY, UNWHOLESOME, CONTAGIOUS, & DIRTY, WHEN A PENNYWORTH OF



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CLEANSES A DOZEN PERFECTLY. Of all Chemists. 1s. 6d. Bottle.

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D'EL TEB would draw attention to the following Testimonials lately received:—

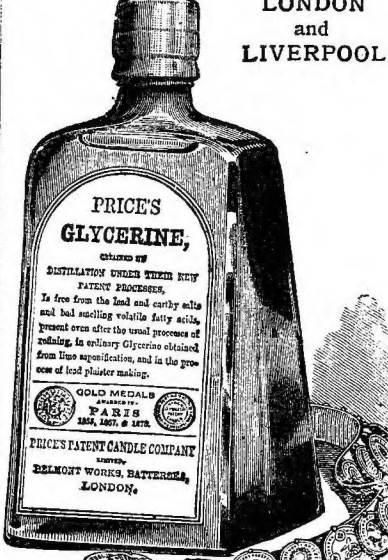
Mrs. ELIZA GREEN, the Principal of a Boarding School for Young Ladies, writes:—"In the belief that it may be of service to others conducting establishments like this, I willingly bear testimony to the advantage we derive from using the Eau d'El Teb to clean our Sponges. I HAVE NEVER MET WITH ANYTHING BEFORE THAT DOES IT SO EFFECTUALLY OR CHEAPLY AS THIS."

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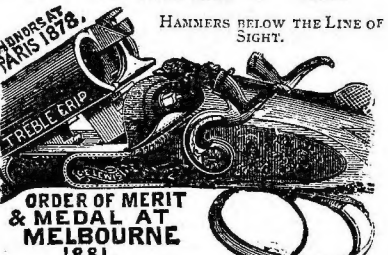
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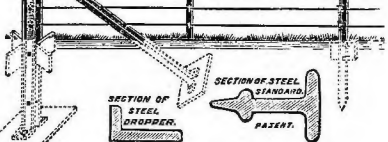
FLOWERS, beautifully painted in Water-colours on cards, suitable either for Book-markers, Birthday or Christmas Cards, 1s. each, two, 1s. 6d. post free.—Address M. M., 16, Montpelier Road, Brighton, Sussex.

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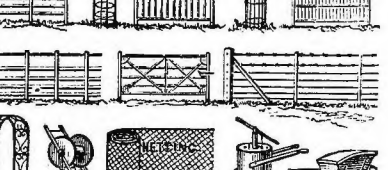
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DISFIGURING BLOTCHES,
Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Skin Tortures, Scrofula, Eczema, and Baby Humours cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

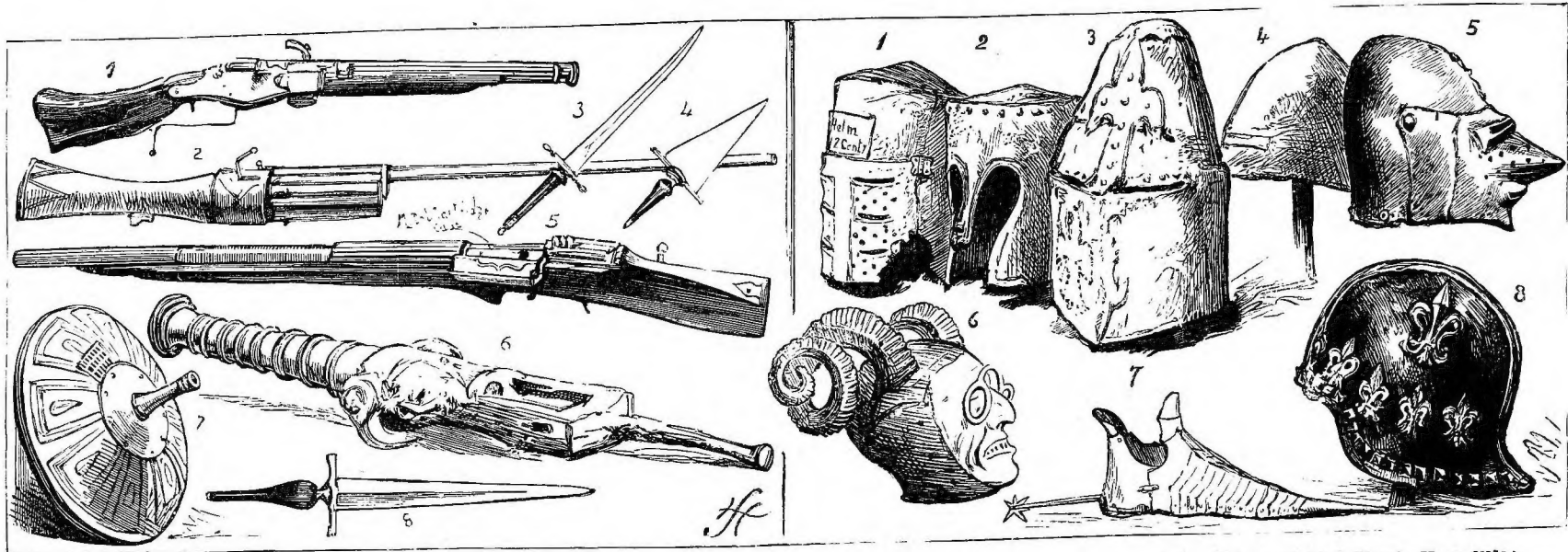
CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humours, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

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Write F. Newbury and Sons for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



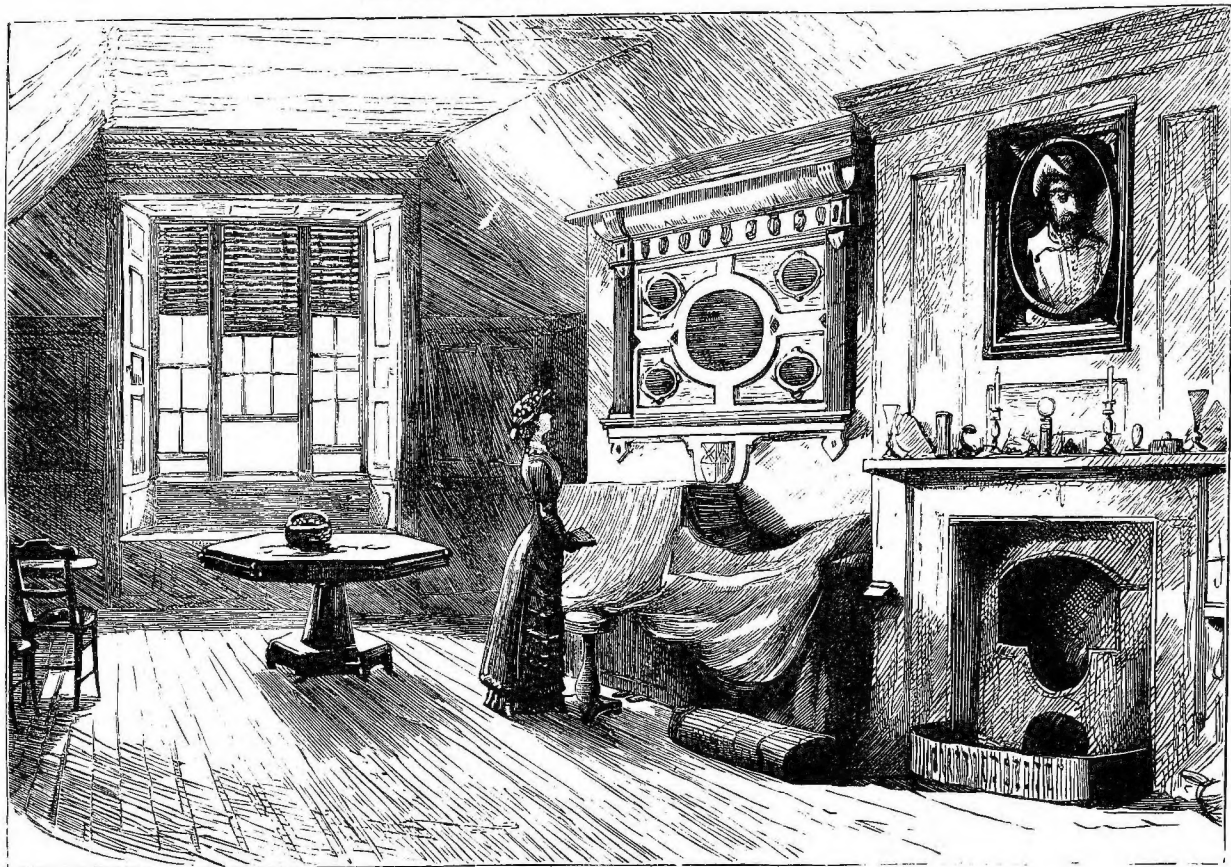
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- 4. Bascinet (temp. Edward II).
- 5. Bascinet of about 1390.

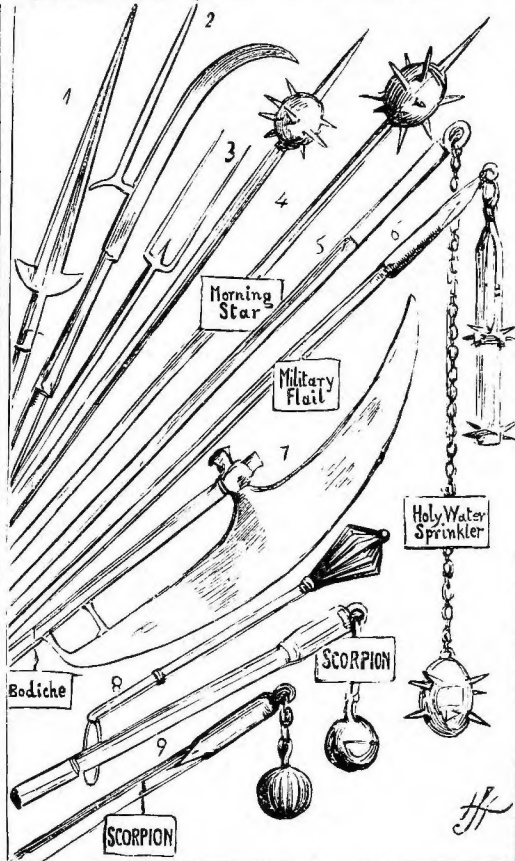
- 6. Iron Helmet and Mask Worn by Henry VIII's Jester.
- 7. Articulated Solleret of about 1470.
- 8. Salade with its Original Ornamentation (temp. Edward IV.).

REMARKABLE ARMOUR, ETC.

REMARKABLE ARMS



COUNCIL-CHAMBER IN GOVERNOR'S OR LIEUTENANT'S HOUSE



- 1. Partisan.
- 2. Guisarme.
- 3. Military Fork.
- 4. Morning Stars.
- 5. Holy Water Sprinkler.
- 6. The Military Flail.
- 7. Bodiche.
- 8. Mace (temp. Henry V.).
- 9. Two Scorpions. (The last five instruments were used for smashing Armour).

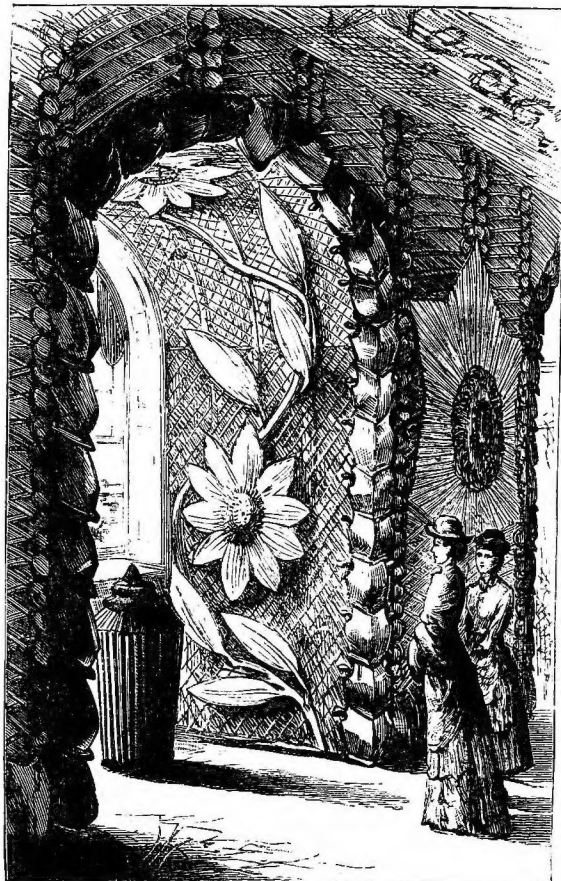
ARMS OF 14TH, 15TH, AND 16TH CENTURIES



LOWER CHAMBER, BROAD ARROW TOWER



LARGE DUNGEON, WHITE TOWER



A WINDOW IN THE BANQUETING ROOM, SHOWING DECORATIONS OF SWORD BLADES, RAMRODS, CUIRASSES, ETC.